THE HYMNAL of the REFORMED CHURCH

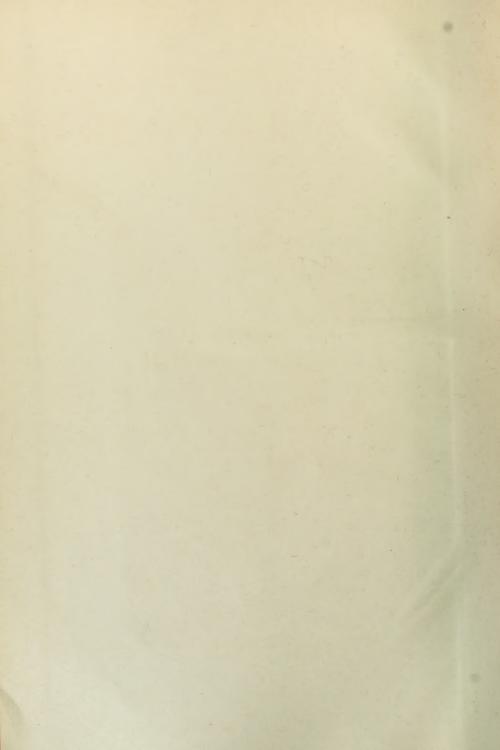


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THE HYMNAL

OF THE

REFORMED CHURCH

PREPARED BY THE HYMNAL COMMITTEE



PUBLICATION AND SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD OF THE REFORMED CHURCH
IN THE UNITED STATES
FIFTEENTH AND RACE STREETS
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1920

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The General Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States

The General Synod of the Reformed Church in America



PREFACE

The General Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States, at its meeting in 1911 at Canton, Ohio, appointed a committee to prepare a new Hymnal. The Committee, as one of its earliest acts, decided to invite the Reformed Church in America to join them in the work. This invitation conveyed to their General Synod in 1912 was accepted and a committee of three was appointed, and afterwards enlarged to seven members. These two committees, diligently working together, have prepared "The Hymnal of the Reformed Church" for use in both denominations. The completed work was submitted to both General Synods in 1917 and was adopted by them.

It has been the especial aim of the Hymnal Committee in presenting this book to the congregations of the Reformed Churches to provide a hymnal that would be acceptable and useful to all elements in both denominations. In the selection of tunes it has been our purpose in determining their range and degree of difficulty to prepare a hymnal for congregational singing, and where desirable to suggest an alternate, simpler tune. Tunes have been sought with pleasing, yet dignified melody, and with rich harmony. Attention is also called to the chants where the accented, prolonged syllable is printed in heavier type. Our purpose has been to lead congregations in every way possible into a more heartfelt worship in all Church services, and a more general participation in congregational singing.

The Committee desires to express cordial thanks to the following authors, composers and music publishers, who have without compensation kindly given us the privilege of using their hymns and tunes: The Century Company, Oliver Ditson and Company, Miss Alice Nevin, Rev. Charles Hutchins, Rev. Dr. Louis F. Benson, Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Professor Kurzenknabe, Rev. Dr. J. H. Vincent, C. Harold Lowden, The Continent, The Publication and Sunday School Board, Central Publishing House, F. F. Bullard, and Rev. F. W. Bartlett.

Ambrose M. Schmidt, Secretary James I. Good, Edward P. Johnson, Chairmen.

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Oh come, let us sing unto Jehovah; Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving;

Let us make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

The Hymnal of the Reformed Church

Call to Worship



- 2 O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care, And all Thy works from day to day declare; Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned? Does not Thine arm encircle us around?
- 3 Alas, unworthy of Thy boundless love, Too oft our feet from Thee, our Father, rove; But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come, Returning sinners to a Father's home.
- 4 O by that Name in whom all fulness dwells,
 O by that love which every love excels,
 O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
 Open blest mercy's gate and take us in.



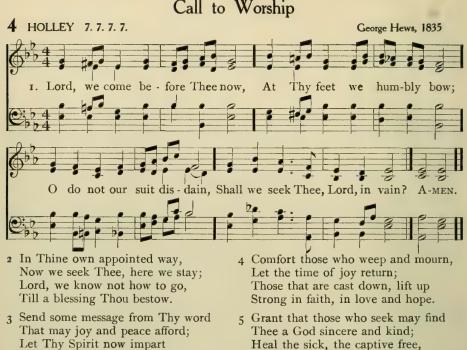
2 Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our prayer attend: Come, and Thy people bless, And give Thy word success. Spirit of holiness, On us descend.

- 3 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour:
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.
- 4 To the great One in Three
 The highest praises be
 Hence evermore:
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.



- 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
 Round Thy altars, O Most High!
 Happier souls that find a rest
 In a heavenly Father's breast!
 Like the wandering dove, that found
 No repose on earth around,
 They can to their ark repair
 And enjoy it ever there.
- 3 Happy souls! their praises flow Even in this vale of woe; Waters in the desert rise, Manna feeds them from the skies:
- On they go from strength to strength, Till they reach Thy throne at length; At Thy feet adoring fall, Who hast led them safe through all.
- 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
 Guide me through a world of sin;
 Keep me by Thy saving grace;
 Give me at Thy side a place.
 Sun and Shield alike Thou art;
 Guide and guard my erring heart:
 Grace and glory flow from Thee;
 Shower. O shower them, Lord, on me.

Henry F. Lyte, 1834

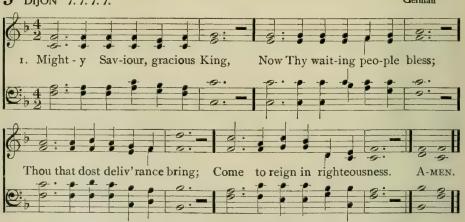




Full salvation to each heart.

German

William Hammond, 1745



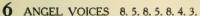
2 Thou dost heavenly light impart; Tune the ear to Zion's song; Teach and guide the wayward heart, Loose and prompt the stammering 4 Light shall then possess Thine own, tongue.

3 Pour Thy Spirit from on high; [bless; Come, Thy mourning Church to Streams of life and joy supply; Fill the world with righteousness;

Let us all rejoice in Thee.

Holy quiet, perfect peace; And where heavenly seed is sown, Thou wilt give the blest increase.

Edward Osler

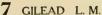


Arthur Sullivan, 1872

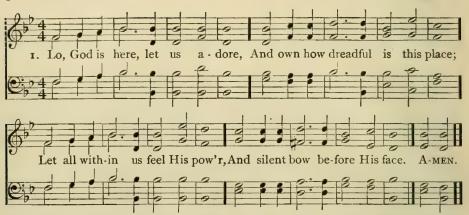


- 2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest Mental eye can scan,
 Can it be that Thou regardest Songs of sinful man?
 Can we feel that Thou art near us,
 And wilt hear us?
 Yea, we can.
- 3 Yea, we know Thy love rejoices O'er each work of Thine; Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices, For Thy praise combine; Craftsman's art and music's measure For Thy pleasure Didst design.
- 4 Here, Great God, to-day we offer
 Of Thine own to Thee;
 And for Thine acceptance proffer,
 All unworthily, [voices,
 Hearts and minds, and hands and
 In our choicest
 Melody.
 - Thine shall ever be,
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Blessèd Trinity!
 Of the best that Thou hast given
 Earth and heaven
 Render Thee.
 Francis Pott, 1861

5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,



Etienne Nicolas Mehul



2 Lo, God is here: Him day and night United choirs of angels sing;

To Him, enthroned above all height, Let saints their humble worship bring. 3 Lord God of hosts, O may our praise Thy courts with grateful incense fill; Still may we stand before Thy face, Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.

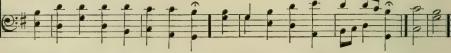
Gerhard Tersteegen, 1731 Tr. by John Wesley, 1739

OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Genevan Psalter, 1551

1. Be - fore Je - ho-vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa - cred joy;

Know that the Lord is God a lone, He can cre-ate, and He de-stroy. A-MEN.



2 His sovereign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men; And when like wandering sheep we strayed,

He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care, Our souls and all our mortal frame; What lasting honors shall we rear, Almighty Maker, to Thy name? 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,

High as the heavens our voices raise; Andearth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command, Vast as eternity Thy love; Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand, When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, 1706, 1719: v. 1, lines 1, 2, alt. John Wesley, 1736



O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength, Through this dark vale of tears, Till each arrives at length, Till each in heaven appears: O glorious seat, when God, our King, Shall thither bring our willing feet!

4 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With gifts His hands are filled;
We draw our blessings thence.
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee.

Isaac Watts, 1719

10 OLD HUNDREDTH L. M. (No. 8)

- I All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye before Him, and rejoice.
- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed: Without our aid He did us make; We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts unto. Praise, laud, and bless His Name always, For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? The Lord our God is good, His mercy is for ever sure; His truth at all times firmly stood, And shall from age to age endure.

 William Kethe, 1560



- 2 Let us devote this consecrated day To learn His will, and all we learn obey; So shall He hear, when fervently we raise Our supplications and our songs of praise.
- 3 Father of heaven, in whom our hopes confide, Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide; In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend, Glory supreme be Thine till time shall end.

William Mason, 1796

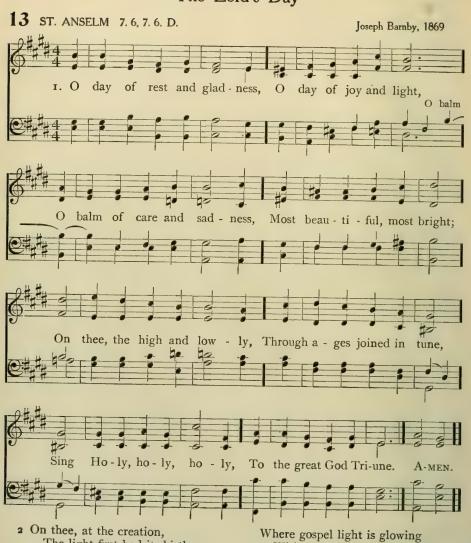


2 While we pray for pardoning grace, Through the dear Redeemer's name, Show Thy reconciled face,

Take away our sin and shame: From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee. 3 Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near; May Thy glory meet our eyes,

While we in Thy house appear: Here afford us, Lord, a taste Of our everlasting feast.

4 May Thy Gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of grace abound, Bring relief for all complaints: Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church above.



- On thee, at the creation,

 The light first had its birth;
 On thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depths of earth;
 On thee, our Lord, victorious,
 The Spirit sent from heaven;
 And thus on thee, most glorious,
 A triple light was given.
- 3 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,

- Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.
- 4 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father, and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest Three in One.
 Christopher Wordsworth, 1858



(Also STATE STRIET, No. 499.)

- 2 The King Himself comes near
 And feasts His saints to-day;
 Here may we sit and see Him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place Where my great God hath been Is sweeter than ten thousand days Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And wait to hail the brighter day
 Of everlasting bliss.



- 2 Fount of all our joy and peace,
 To Thy living waters lead me;
 Thou from earth my soul release,
 And with grace and mercy feed me;
 Bless Thy word, that it may prove
 Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.
- 3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice
 That upon my lips is lying;
 Clear the shadows from my eyes,
 That, from every error flying,
 No strange fire may in me glow
 That Thine altar doth not know.
- 4 Let me, with my heart to-day,
 Holy, holy, holy, singing,
 Rapt awhile from earth away,
 All my soul to Thee upspringing,
 Have a foretaste inly given
 How they worship Thee in heaven.
- 5 Hence all care, all vanity!
 For the day to God is holy;
 Come, Thou glorious Majesty,
 Deign to fill this temple lowly;
 Naught to-day my soul shall move,
 Simply resting in Thy love.

Benjamin Schmolck, 1714: tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858



Lowell Mason, 1840



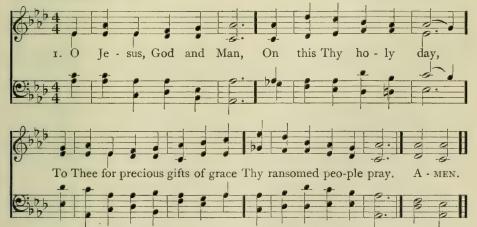
2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mortal cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 Lord, I shall share a glorious part, When grace hath well refined my heart, And fresh supplies of joy are shed, Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know, All I desired or wished below; And every power find sweet employ, In that eternal world of joy.

17 SCHUMANN S.M.

Isaac Watts, 1719 Arr. from Robert Schumann



2 We pray for child-like hearts, For gentle, holy love, For strength to do Thy will below As angels do above.

3 On friends around us here O let Thy blessing fall; We pray for grace to love them well, But Thee beyond them all.

4 O joy to live for Thee! O joy in Thee to die!

O very joy of joys to see Thy face eternally!

Henry Williams Baker, 1867

Morning



2 Pray that He may prosper ever Each endeavor.

When thine aim is good and true; But that He may ever thwart thee, And convert thee,

When thou evil would'st pursue.

3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth; He unfoldeth

Every fault that lurks within; He, the hidden shame glossed over, Can discover,

And discern each deed of sin.

4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow, Free from sorrow,

Pass away in slumber sweet; And, released from death's dark sadness, Rise in gladness,

That far brighter Sun to greet,

5 Only God's free gifts abuse not, Light refuse not,

But His Spirit's voice obey; Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding Light enfolding

All things in unclouded day.

F. R. L. von Canitz, 1699 Tr. Rev. H. J. Buckoll, 1848

Morning



- I cry with glowing love,

 May Jesus Christ be praised:
 This song of sacred joy,
 It never seems to cloy;

 May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 3 Does sadness fill my mind?
 A solace here I find,
 May Jesus Christ be praised:
 Or fades my earthly bliss?
 My comfort still is this,
 May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 4 When evil thoughts molest,
 With this I shield my breast,
 May Jesus Christ be praised:
 The powers of darkness fear,
 When this sweet chant they hear;
 May Jesus Christ be praised.
- 5 Be this, while life is mine,
 My canticle divine,
 May Jesus Christ be praised:
 Be this the eternal song,
 Through all the ages on;
 May Jesus Christ be praised.
 Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1858

Morning



- 2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,

 The solemn hush of nature newly born;

 Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,

 In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
- 3 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber, Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading, But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.
- 4 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
 When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
 O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
 Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.



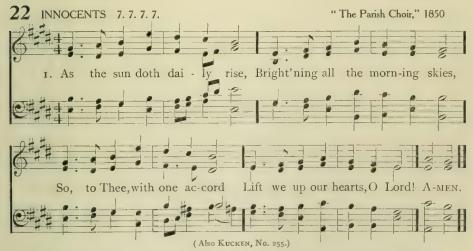


- 2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone To plead for all His saints, Presenting at His Father's throne, Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 But to Thy house will I resort, To taste Thy mercies there;

- I will frequent Thy holy court, And worship in Thy fear.
- 4 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet In ways of righteousness; Make every path of duty straight

And plain before my face.

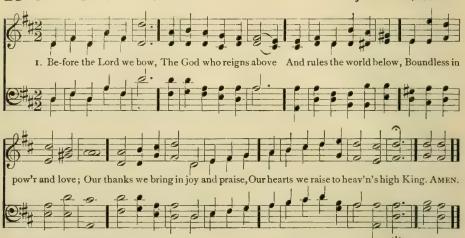
Isaac Watts, 1719



- 2 Day by day provide us food, For from Thee come all things good; Strength unto our souls afford From Thy living Bread, O Lord!
- 3 Be our Guard in sin and strife, Be the Leader of our life;

- Lest like sheep we stray abroad, Stay our wayward feet, O Lord!
- 4 When the sun withdraws his light, When we seek our beds at night, Thou, by sleepless hosts adored, Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord.

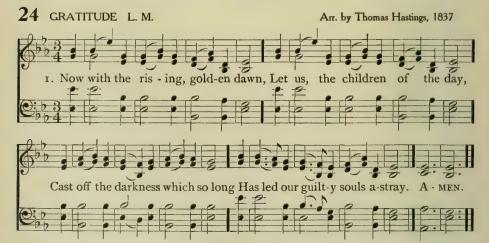
Anon. (Latin) Tr. "O. B. C." Recast by Horatio Nelson, 1864



2 The people Thou hast blessed
May well thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by thy care;
For this fair land, for this bright day,
Our thanks we pay, gifts of thy hand.

3 May every mountain height,
Each vale and forest green,
Shine in thy world's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen;
May every tongue be tuned to praise
And join to raise a grateful song.

Francis Scott Key, 1832



- 2 O may the morn so pure, so clear, Its own sweet calm in us instill; A guileless mind, a heart sincere, Simplicity of word and will.
- 3 Grant us a body pure within; A wakeful heart, a ready will;
- That no dark deed nor cherished sin, The fervor of the soul may chill.
- 4 Fill Thou our souls, Redeemer true!
 With Thy most pure, celestial ray;
 So may we walk in safety through
 All the temptations of this day.

 Latin Hymn Tr. Edward Caswall

Evening



- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away; Change and decay in all around I see; O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power? Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness; Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory? I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies; Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Evening



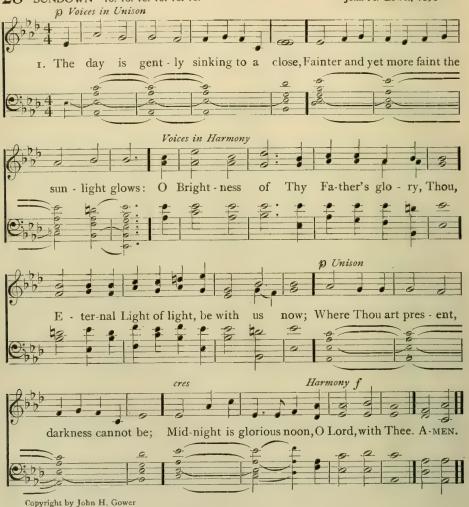
- 2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord, O do not Thou despise,
 - But let the incense of our prayers Before Thy mercy rise.
 - The brightness of the coming night Upon the darkness rolls;
 - With hopes of future glory, chase The shadows from our souls.
- 3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade; So fade within our heart The hopes in earthly love and joy That one by one depart.

- Slowly the bright stars, one by one, Within the heavens shine;
- Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven, And trust in things divine.
- 4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God, Upon our souls descend;
 - From midnight fears, and perils, Thou Our trembling hearts defend:
 - Give us a respite from our toil, Calm and subdue our woes;
 - Through the long day we labor, Lord, O give us now repose.

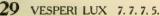
Adelaide Anne Procter, 1862



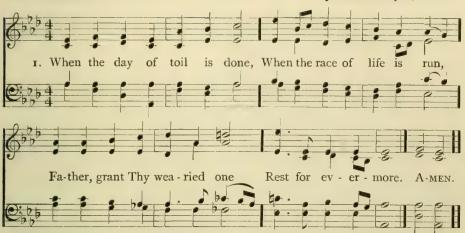
- 2 Lord of life, beneath the dome Of the universe, Thy home, Gather us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
- 3 While the deepening shadows fall, Heart of love, enfolding all, Through the glory and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts ascend.
- 4 When for ever from our sight
 Pass the star, the day, the night,
 Lord of angels, on our eyes
 Let eternal morning rise,
 And shadows end.



- Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
 Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
 O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our Guide,
 Be Thou our Light in death's dark eventide;
 Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
 No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
- 3 The weary world is mouldering to decay;
 Its glories wane, its pageants fade away:
 In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
 May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
 With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
 In that blest day which has no eventide.

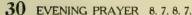


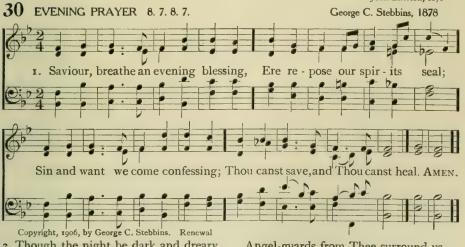
John Bacchus Dykes, 1875



- 2 When the strife of sin is stilled, When the foe within is killed, Be Thy gracious word fulfilled, Peace for evermore!
- 3 When the darkness melts away At the breaking of the day, Bid us hail the cheering ray; Light for evermore!
- 4 When the heart by sorrow tried Feels at length its throbs subside. Bring us, where all tears are dried, Toy for evermore!
- 5 When the breath of life is flown, When the grave must claim its own, Lord of life! be ours Thy crown— Life for evermore!

John Ellerton, 1871





2 Though the night be dark and dreary, Darkness cannot hide from Thee; Thou art He who, never weary, Watchest where Thy people be.

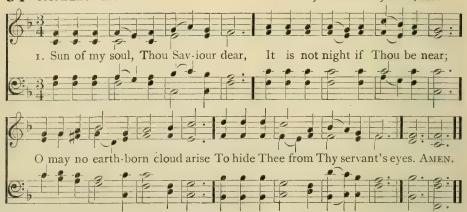
3 Though destruction walk around us, Though the arrow past us fly,

Angel-guards from Thee surround us, We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch become our tomb, May the morn in heaven awake us, Clad in light and deathless bloom. James Edmeston, 1820

31 HURSLEY L. M.

Arr. by William Henry Monk, 1861



- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eyelids gently steep, Be my last thought, how sweet to rest Forever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I cannot live; Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine Have spurned to-day the voice divine, Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor With blessings from Thy boundless store; Be every mourner's sleep to-night, Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.



33 ST. VINCENT L. M.

Theodore Neukomm



- 2 That sleep may wearied limbs restore,
 And fit for toil and use once more;
 May gently soothe the careworn breast,
 And lull our anxious griefs to rest.
- 3 We thank Thee for the day that's gone; 5 We pray Thee, now the night comes on; O help us sinners as we raise
 To Thee our grateful hymn of praise.
- 2 That sleep may wearied limbs restore, 4 To Thee our hearts their music bring, And fit for toil and use once more:

 To Thee our lips in concord sing;
 - To Thee our rapt affections soar, And Thee our chastened souls adore.
 - Lord, when the parting beams of day In evening's shadows fade away, Let faith no wildering darkness know, But night with faith's own splendor glow.

J. D. Chambers

32 Continued [ST. CLEMENT]

2 We thank Thee that Thy Church un- 4 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking sleeping,

Our brethren 'neath the western sk

While earth rolls onward into light, Through all the world her watch is keeping,

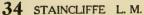
And rests not now by day or night.

- 3 As o'er each continent and island
 The dawn leads on another day,
 The voice of prayer is never silent,
 Nor dies the strain of praise away.
- 4 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
 Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
 And hour by hour fresh lips are making

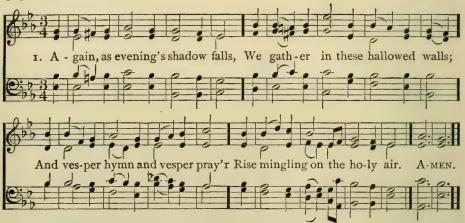
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never, Like earth's proud empires, pass away, But stand, and rule, and grow forever, Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

John Ellerton, 1870



R. W. Dixon



2 May struggling hearts, that seek release, Here find the rest of God's own peace; And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,

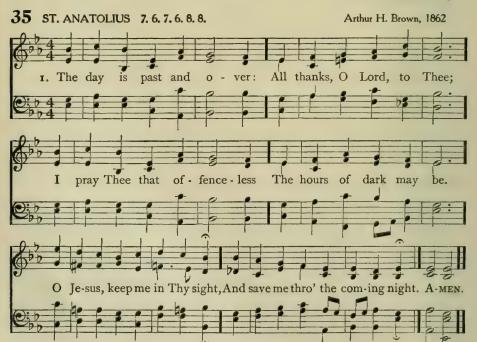
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God, our Light, to Thee we bow; Within all shadows standest Thou; Give deeper calm than night can bring;

Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

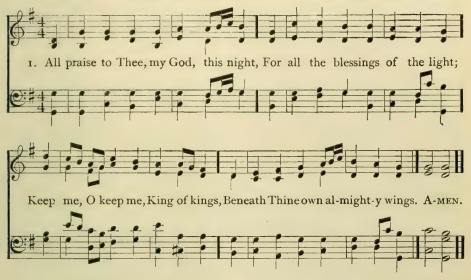
4 Life's tumult we must meet again; We cannot at the shrine remain; But in the spirit's secret cell May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

Samuel Longfellow, 1859



36 TALLIS' EVENING HYMN L. M.

Arr. from Thomas Tallis, 1565



- Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,The ill that I this day have done,That with the world, myself, and Thee,I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- Teach me to live that I may dread The grave as little as my bed, Teach me to die, that so I may Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,

Sleep that may me more vigorous make To serve my God when I awake.

- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie, My soul with heavenly thoughts supply; Let no ill dreams disturb my rest, No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Praise God, from whomall blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

 Thomas Ken, 1695 (Text of 1709)

35 Continued [ST. ANATOLIUS]

- 2 The joys of day are over;
 I lift my heart to Thee,
 And call on Thee that sinless
 The hours of gloom may be;
 O Jesus, make their darkness light,
 And save me through the coming night.
- 3 The toils of day are over;
 I raise my hymn to Thee,
 And ask, that free from peril,

The hours of fear may be;
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go;
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

Anatolius, 800 Tr. John M. Neale, 1853



(Also BETHANY, No. 296.)

Evening



2 At evening time let there be light; Stormy and dark hath been my day Yet rose the morn divinely bright. Dews, birds, and blossoms cheered the way;

O for one sweet, one parting ray! At evening time let there be light.

3 At evening time there shall be light!
For God hath spoken; it must be;
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their
flight;

His glory now is risen on me; Mine eyes shall His salvation see; 'Tis evening time, and there is light!

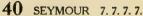
Anon.

38 Continued [ST. EDMUND]

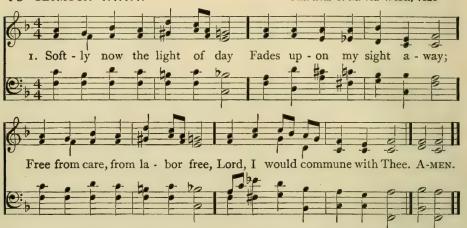
- 2 Slowly on failing wing
 Daylight has passed;
 Sleep, like an angel kind,
 Folds us at last.
 Peace be our lot this night,
 Safe be our slumber light,
 Watched by Thine angels bright,
 Father above.
- 3 And when the gleam of morn
 Touches our eyes,
 And the returning day
 Bids us arise,
 Happy beneath Thy will,
 Steadfast in joy or ill,
 Lord, may we serve Thee still,
 Father above.

A. N. Blatchford, 1875





Arr. from C. M. von Weber, 1826



- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye Naught escapes, without, within, Pardon each infirmity, Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for ever pass away;
- Then, from sin and sorrow free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
- 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
 All of man's infirmity,
 Then, from Thine eternal throne,
 Jesus, look with pitying eye.

 George W. Doane, 1824

41 ALBERT 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Henry Albert, 1643



- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers, Dwelling in the midst of foes, Us and ours preserve from dangers; In Thine arms may we repose; And, when life's brief day is past, Rest with Thee in heaven at last.
- 3 Triune God, let all adore Thee,
 Saints on earth, and saints in heaven;
 Every creature bow before Thee,
 Who hast all their being given;

Who hast all their being given; Who dost seek and save the lost; Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1806



- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way; With Thee began, with Thee shall end, the day, Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called upon Thy Name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night; Turn Thou for us its darkness into light; From harm and danger keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton, 1866



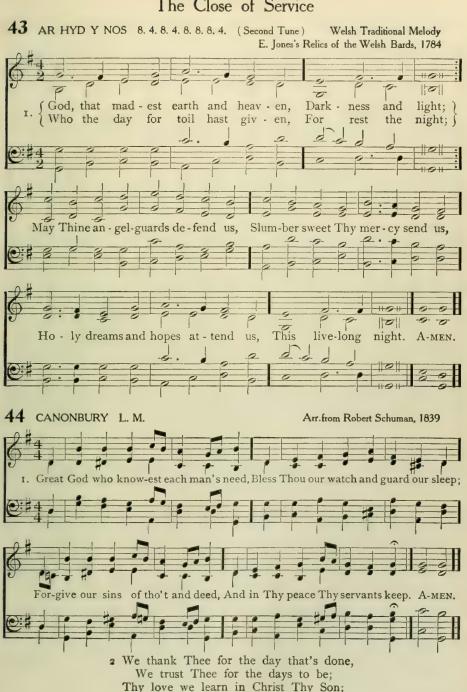
2 And when morn again shall call us To run life's way,

May we still, whate'er befall us, Thy will obey.

From the power of evil hide us, In the narrow pathway guide us, Nor Thy smile be e'er denied us, The live-long day.

3 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie;
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high.

Reginald Heber, 1827 Richard Whately, 1855



O may we all His glory see.

5

Emily Tennyson



- The day is gone, its hours have run,
 And Thou hast taken count of all,
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.
 Through life's long day and death's
 dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
 True absolution and release;

And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

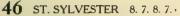
Through life's long day and death's dark night,

O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

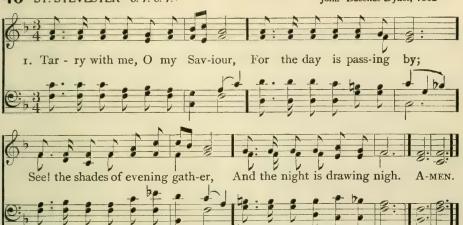
- 4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
 Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
 And simple hearts without alloy
 That only long to be like Thee.
 Through life's long day and death's
 dark night.
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
- 5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto Thee we call;
 Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad;
 Thou art our Jesus, and our all.

Through life's long day and death's dark night,

O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
Frederick W. Faber, 1849



John Bacchus Dykes, 1862

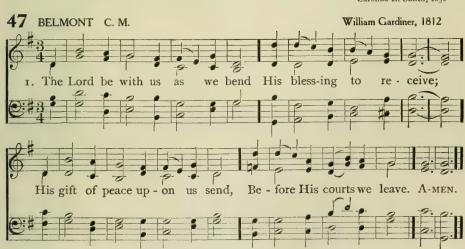


- 2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows, Paler now the glowing west, Swift the night of death advances; Shall it be the night of rest?
- 3 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying, Lord, I cast myself on Thee;

Tarry with me through the darkness; While I sleep, still watch by me.

4 Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
Lay my head upon Thy breast,
Till the morning; then awake me,
Morning of eternal rest.

Caroline L. Smith, 1852



- 2 The Lord be with us as we walk Along our homeward road; In silent thought, or friendly talk, Our hearts be still with God.
- 3 The Lord be with us till the night Shall close the day of rest;
- Be He of every heart the Light, Of every home the Guest.
- 4 The Lord be with us still, we pray,
 His nightly watch to keep;
 Crown with His peace His own blest day,
 And guard His people's sleep.

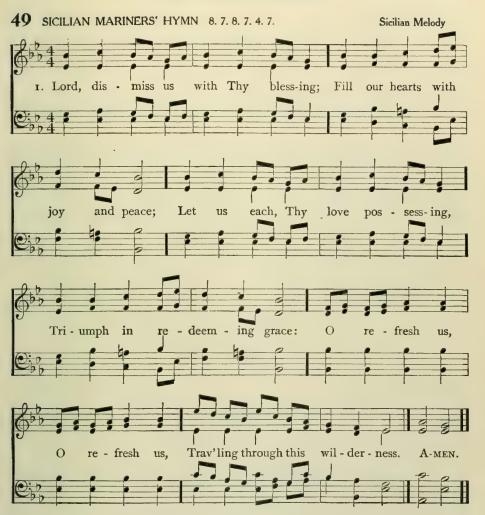
John Ellerton, 1872



- 2 God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you, Daily manna still provide you; God be with you till we meet again.
- 3 God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you, Put His arms unfailing round you; God be with you till we meet again.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you, Smite death's threatening wave before you; God be with you till we meet again.

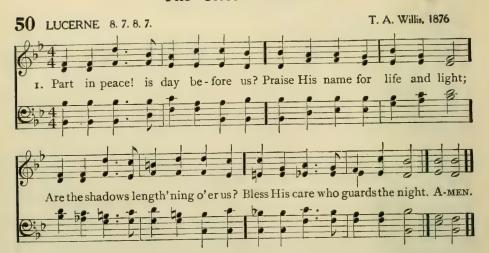
Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1879

The Close of Service



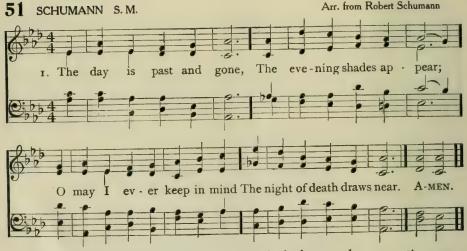
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound:
 Ever faithful
 To the truth may we be found;
- 3 So that when Thy love shall call us,
 Saviour, from the world away,
 Let no fear of death appal us,
 Glad Thy summons to obey:
 May we ever
 Reign with Thee in endless day.

The Close of Service



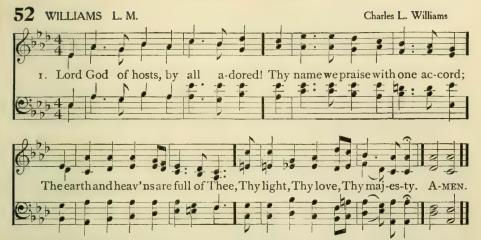
- 2 Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving; Rendering, as we homeward tread, Gracious service to the living, Tranquil memory to the dead.
- 3 Part in peace! such are the praises God, our Maker, loveth best; Such the worship that upraises Human hearts to heavenly rest.
- 4 Part in peace! our duties call us;
 We must serve as well as praise;
 Ask not what may here befall us;
 Leave to God the coming days.

Sarah F. Adams, 1805-1848

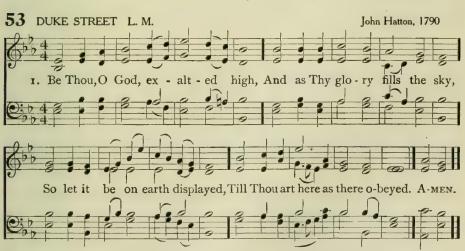


2 Lord, keep me safe this night, Secure from all my fears, May angels guard me while I sleep, Till morning light appears. 3 And when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Lord, may I in Thy bosom rest,
The bosom of Thy love.

John Leland



- 2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy name
 Angels and seraphim proclaim;
 Eternal praise to Thee is given
 By all the powers and thrones in heaven.
- 3 The apostles join the glorious throng; The prophets aid to swell the song; The noble and triumphant host Of martyrs make of Thee their boast.
- 4 The holy Church in every place Throughout the world exalts thy praise; Both heaven and earth do worship Thee. Thou Father of eternity!
- 5 From day to day, O Lord, do we Highly exalt and honor Thee; Thy name we worship and adore, World without end, forevermore. John Gambold, 1754 Tr. by Thomas Cotterill, 1810



- 2 O God, my heart is fixed: 'tis bent Its thankful tribute to present; And with my heart my voice I'll raise To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.
- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound To all the listening nations round; Thy mercy highest heaven transcends; Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Tate and Brady, 1696



2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling Wretched wanderer, far astray; Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee From the paths of death away: Praise, with love's devoutest feeling, Him, who saw Thy guilt-born fear, And, the light of hope revealing, Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

Vainly would my lips express; Low before Thy footstool kneeling, Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless: Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure, Love's pure flame within me raise; And, since words can never measure, Let my life show forth Thy praise.

Francis Scott Key, 1826

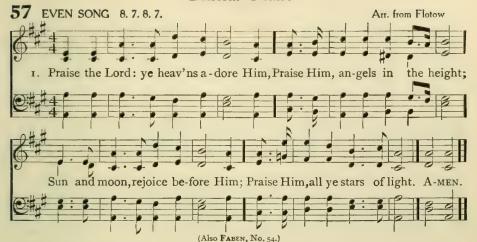


- Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 "Holy, holy, holy," singing,
 "Lord of Hosts, the Lord most high."
 With His seraph train before Him,
 With His holy Church below,
 Thus unite we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow.
- "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fulness stored;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
 Thus Thy glorious name confessing,
 We adopt the angels cry,
 "Holy, holy, holy," blessing
 Thee, the Lord of Hosts most high.
 Richard Mant, 1837



- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save; And still He is nigh—His presence we have; The great congregation His triumph shall sing, Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God Who sits on the throne! Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son; The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim, Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right, All glory and power, and wisdom and might, All honor and blessing, with angels above, And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Charles Wesley, 1744: v. 3, l. 3, alt.



- 2 Praise the Lord for He hath spoken; Worlds His mighty voice obeyed; Laws which never shall be broken, For their guidance He hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious; Never shall His promise fail;
- God hath made His saints victorious; Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation; Hosts on high His power proclaim; Heaven and earth, and all creation Laud and magnify His name.

Anon. c. 1801

58 LYONS 10. 10. 11. 11. (No. 56)

- O worship the King, all glorious above!
 O gratefully sing His power and His love;
 Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
 Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space, His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth with its store of wonders untold, Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old; Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree, And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?

 It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;

 It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain;

 And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end, Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!
- 6 O measureless Might! Ineffable Love! While angels delight to hymn Thee above, Thy humbler creation, though feeble their lays, With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

Robert Grant, 1833



- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though, in solemn silence, all Move round the dark terrestrial ball? What though nor real voice nor sound Amidst their radiant orbs be found? In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice, For ever singing as they shine, "The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison, 1712



2 To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too;
Who bought us with His blood
 From everlasting woe:
And now He lives and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God, the Spirit's name Immortal worship give, Whose new-creating power Makes the dead sinner live: His work completes the great design, And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,

The great and glorious One: Where reason fails, with all her powers, There faith prevails and love adores.

Isaac Watts, 1709

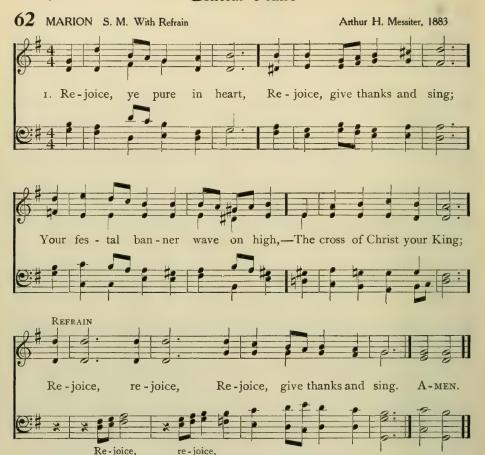
61 CREATION L. M. D. (No. 59)

- Eternal Source of every joy,
 Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
 While in Thy temple we appear,
 To hail Thee, Sovereign of the year.
 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
 The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 2 The flowery spring, at Thy command, Perfumes the air and paints the land; The summer rays with vigor shine, To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

Thy hand in autumn richly pours Through all our coasts redundant stores; And winters, softened by Thy care, No more a face of horror wear.

3 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
Here in Thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

Philip Doddridge, 1740



- 2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age, Strong men and maidens meek, Raise high your free, exulting song, God's wondrous praises speak.
- With all the angel choirs,With all the saints on earth,Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,True rapture, noblest mirth.
- 4 Yes, on through life's long path,
 Still chanting as ye go;
 From youth to age, by night and day,
 In gladness and in woe.

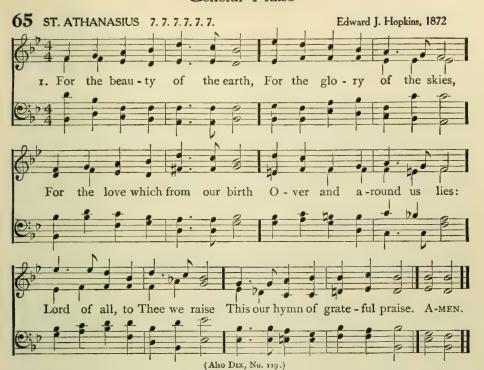
- Still lift your standard high,
 Still march in firm array,
 As warriors through the darkness toil
 Till dawns the golden day.
- 6 At last the march shall end, The wearied ones shall rest, The pilgrims find their Father's house, Jerusalem the blest.
- 7 Then on, ye pure in heart,
 Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
 Your glorious banner wave on high,
 The cross of Christ your King.
 Edward H. Plumtre, 1865



- 2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry; Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply; Above, beneath us, and around, The dead and living swell the sound:
- 3 O Saviour, with protecting care, Return to this Thy house of prayer; Assembled in Thy sacred Name, Where we Thy parting promise claim:
- 4 But chiefest in our cleansed breast, Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest, And make our secret soul to be A temple pure, and worthy Thee:
- 5 So, in the last and dreadful day, When earth and heaven shall melt away, Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain, Shall swell the sound of praise again:



Thanks for the gift of His only dear Son!
Thanks for His goodness life's journey to run!
Thanks for the summer and winter between!
Thanks for the autumn, and spring ever green!
Thanks for the air, and for winds, and for sky!
Thanks for the sun, and for stars upon high!
Thanks for the moon, and for day, and for night!
Thank Him for dew, and for rain, and for light!



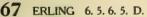
- 2 For the wonder of each hour Of the day and of the night; Hill and vale, and tree and flower, Sun and moon, and stars of light: Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grateful praise.
- 3 For the joy of human love,
 Brother, sister, parent, child,
 Friends on earth, and friends above,
 Pleasure pure and undefiled:
 Lord of all to Thee we raise
 This our hymn of grateful praise.
- 4 For each perfect gift of Thine
 To our race so freely given,
 Graces human and divine,
 Flowers of earth and buds of heaven:
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise
 This our hymn of grateful praise.
- 5 For Thy Church that evermore
 Lifteth holy hands above,
 Offering up on every shore
 Her pure sacrifice of love:
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise
 This our hymn of grateful praise.
 Folliott S. Pierpont, 1864

64 Continued [THANKSGIVING]

3 Praise His great name! let the nations adore;
Redeemer and Saviour, our God evermore;
Enthroned with the angels, most blessed above;
Praise Him, O earth, for His wonderful love!
Praise Him, ye smallest and greatest of all!
Praise Him, ye kindred that rise from the fall!
Praise Him, ye children of weakness and death!
Praise Him! O praise Him! all ye that have breath!



- 2 Praise to the Lord! Who in glorious majesty reigning, Beareth thee upward, on wings like eagles' sustaining; Thee to uphold, arms of His mercy enfold; Faithful 'mid all Thy complaining.
- 3 Praise to the Lord! Who with honor and blessing hath crowned thee, Pouring His gifts out of heaven like showers around thee;
 Think of it too, what the Almighty can do;
 How by His love He hath bound thee.
- 4 Praise to the Lord! and let all that is in me adore Him; All that hath breath sing, with Abraham's children before Him; He is our Light, Fountain of glory and might, Come, let us kneel and adore Him.



G. Edward Stubbs, 1889



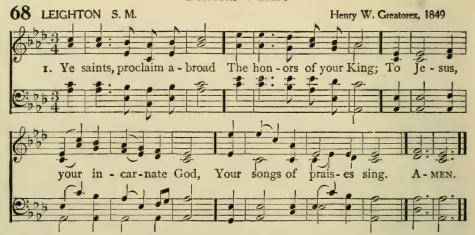
Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou, for our redemption,
Camest on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great, and ever greater,
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,

Where no pain nor sorrow, Toil nor care, is known; Where the angel-legions Circle round Thy throne.

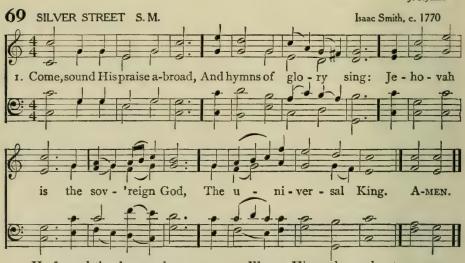
4 Higher then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

Godfrey Thring, 1862



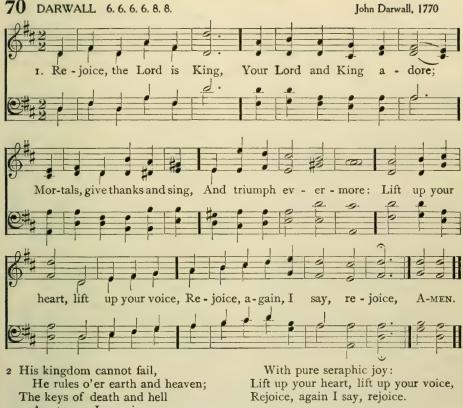
- 2 Not angels round the throne Of majesty above, Are half so much obliged as we, To our Immanuel's love.
- 3 They never sank so low,
 They are not raised so high;
 They never knew such depths of woe,
 Such heights of majesty.
- 4 The Saviour did not join
 Their nature to His own;
 For them He shed no blood divine,
 Nor breathed a single groan.
- 5 May we with angels vie,
 The Saviour to adore;
 Our debts are greater far than theirs,
 O be our praises more.

 J. Ryland



- He formed the deeps unknown, He gave the seas their bound; The watery worlds are all His own, And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at His throne; Come, bow before the Lord:
- We are His works, and not our own; He formed us by His word.
- 4 To-day attend His voice, Nor dare provoke His rod; Come, like the people of His choice, And own your gracious God.

 Isaac Watts, 2719



He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 He all His foes shall quell, Shall all our sins destroy, And every bosom swell 4 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home: [voice,
We soon shall hear the archangel's
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

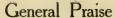
Charles Wesley, 1748

71 SILVER STREET S. M. (No. 69)

- To God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis His almighty love, His counsel and His care, Preserves us safe from sin and death, And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls, Unblemished and complete,

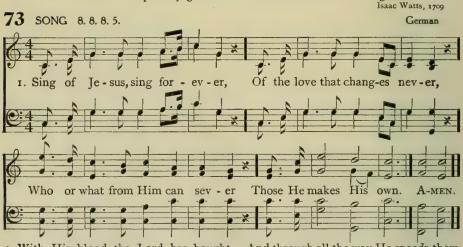
- Before the glory of His face, With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet before the throne,
 Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
 And make His wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God Wisdom and power belongs, Immortal crowns of majesty, And never-ending songs.

Isaac Watts, 1709





- 2 Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God; But children of the heavenly King Should speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found Glory begun below; Celestial fruits on earthly ground From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound
 And every tear be dry; [ground
 We're marching through Emmanuel's
 To fairer worlds on high.



2 With His blood the Lord has bought them; [them, When they knew Him not, He sought

When they knew Him not, He sought 4
And from all their wanderings brought
His the praise alone. [them:

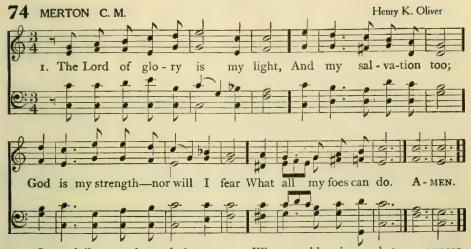
3 Through the desert Jesus leads them, With the bread of heaven He feeds them,

And through all the way He speeds them To their home above.

There they see the Lord who bought them, [them, Him who came from heaven, and sought

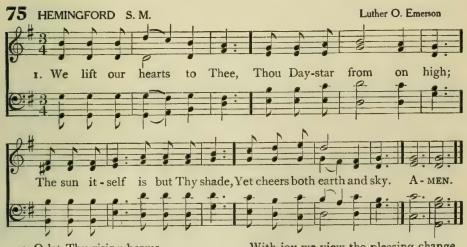
Him who came from neaven, and sought Him who by His Spirit taught them, Him they serve and love.

Thomas Kelly, 1815



- One privilege my heart desires;
 O grant me an abode,
 Among the churches of Thy saints,
 The temples of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
 And see Thy beauty still;
 Shall hear Thy messages of love,
 And there inquire Thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
 There may His children hide;
 God has a strong pavilion, where
 He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high Above my foes around, And songs of joy and victory Within Thy temple sound.

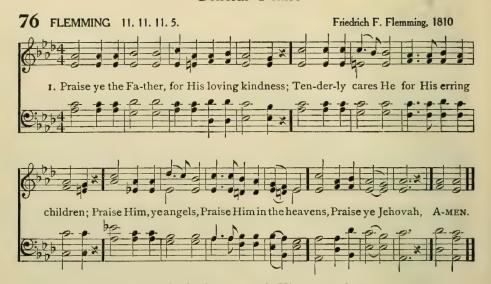
Isaac Watts, 1719



- O let Thy rising beams
 Dispel the shades of night;

 And let the glories of Thy love,
 Come like the morning light.
- 3 How beauteous nature now! How dark and sad before!
- With joy we view the pleasing change, And nature's God adore.
- 4 May we this life improve,
 To mourn for error's past;
 And live this short revolving day
 As if it were our last.

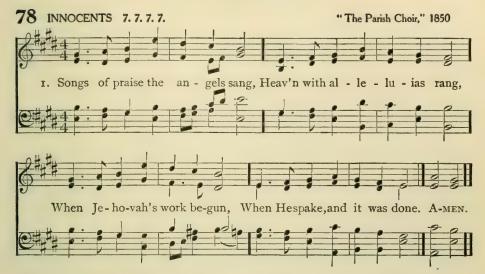
 John Wesley



- 2 Praise ye the Saviour, great is His compassion; Graciously cares for His chosen people; Young men and maidens, ye old men and children, Praise ye the Saviour.
- 3 Praise ye the Spirit, Comforter of Israel, Sent of the Father and the Son to bless us Praise ye the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit Praise ye the Triune God.

Elizabeth Charles



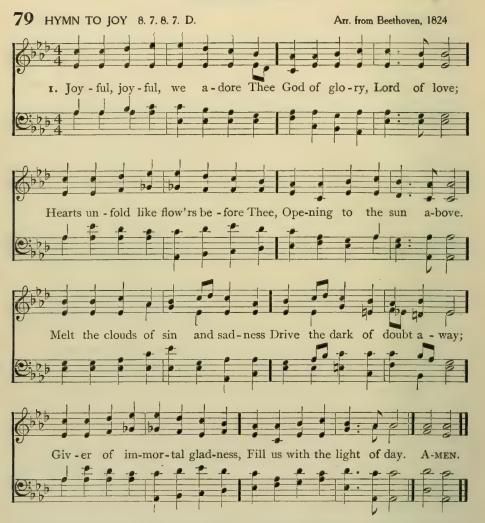


- Songs of praise awoke the morn,
 When the Prince of Peace was born;
 Songs of praise arose, when He
 Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away, Songs of praise shall crown that day; God will make new heavens, new earth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And can man alone be dumb,
 Till that glorious kingdom come?
 No; the Church delights to raise
 Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise rejoice, Learning here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath, Songs of praise shall conquer death; Then, amidst eternal joy, Songs of praise their power employ,

James Montgomery, 1819

77 Continued [ROSEFIELD]

- 2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord! Let Thy love on all be poured; Let the nations shout and sing Glory to their Saviour King; At Thy feet their tribute pay, And Thy holy will obey.
- Earth shall then her fruits afford, God to man His blessings give, Man to God devoted live; All below, and all above, One in joy, and light, and love.



- 2 All Thy works with joy surround Thee, Earth and heaven reflect Thy rays, Stars and angels sing around Thee, Center of unbroken praise. Field and forest, vale and mountain, Flowery meadow, flashing sea, Chanting bird and flowing fountain, Call us to rejoice in Thee.
- 3 Thou art giving and forgiving, Ever blessing, ever blest, Well-spring of the joy of living, Ocean-depth of happy rest!
- Thou our Father, Christ our Brother, All who live in love are Thine; Teach us how to love each other, Lift us to the Joy Divine.
- 4 Mortals, join the happy chorus
 Which the morning stars began;
 Father-love is reigning o'er us,
 Brother-love binds man to man.
 Ever singing, march we onward,
 Victors in the midst of strife,
 Joyful music leads us sunward
 In the triumph song of life.

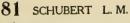
 Henry Van Dyke, 1907



Old Netherlands Melody, 1625



- 2 We worship Thee, God of our fathers, we bless Thee; Through life's storm and tempest, our Guide hast Thou been; When perils o'ertake us, escape Thou wilt make us, And with Thy help, O Lord, our battles we win.
- 3 With voices united our praises we offer, To Thee, great Jehovah, glad anthems we raise; Thy strong arm will guide us, our God is beside us, To Thee, our great Redeemer, fore'er be praise.



Arr. from Franz Schubert

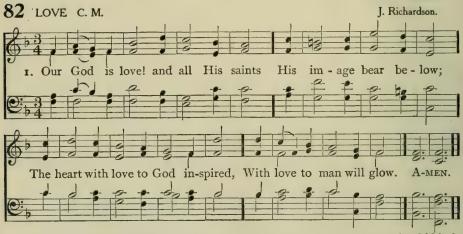


- 2 God's patient love! misunderstood By hearts that suffer in the night, Doubted—yet waiting till heaven's light Shall show how all things work for good.
- 3 God's mighty love! on Calvary's hight, 5
 Suffering to save us from our sin,
 To bring the heavenly kingdom in,
 And fill our lives with joy and light.
- 4 God's changeless love! the wandering one

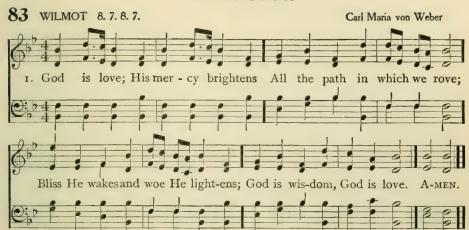
Forsakes, forgets, dishonors; yet Repenting, going home is met With no reproach—"Welcome, my son!"

God's endless love! what will it be
When earthly shadows flee away,
For all eternity's bright day,
The unfolding of that love to see!

Malthie D. Babcock



- 2 O may we love each other, Lord, As we are loved of Thee: For none are truly born of God Who live in enmity.
- 3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss, Our hopes and fears the same,
- The cords of love our hearts should bind, The law of love inflame.
- 4 So shall the vain contentious world
 Our peaceful lives approve,
 And wondering say, as they of old,
 "See how the Christians love."
 Thomas Cotterill

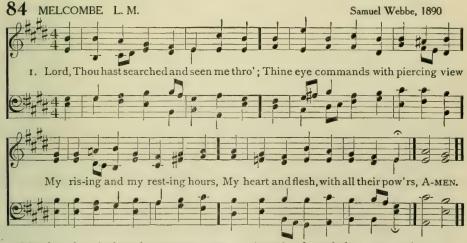


- 2 Chance and change are busy ever; Man decays, and ages move; But His mercy waneth never; God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth Will His changeless goodness prove;

From the gloom His brightness stream-God is wisdom, God is love. [eth;

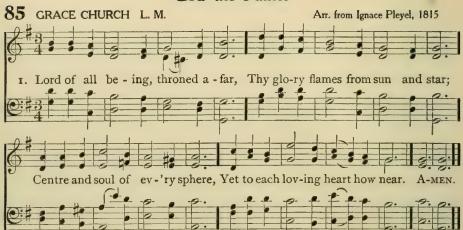
4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

J. Bowring, 1825

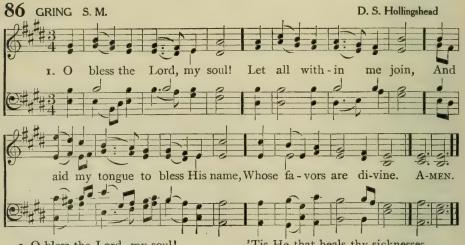


- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own, 4 Are to my God distinctly known; He knows the words I mean to speak, Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within Thy circling power I stand, On every side I find Thy hand; Awake, asleep, at home, abroad, I am surrounded still with God.
- Amazing knowledge, vast and great! What large extent, what lofty height! My soul, with all the powers I boast, Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast, Where'er I rove, where'er I rest! Nor let my weaker passions dare Consent to sin, for God is there.

Isaac Watts, 1719

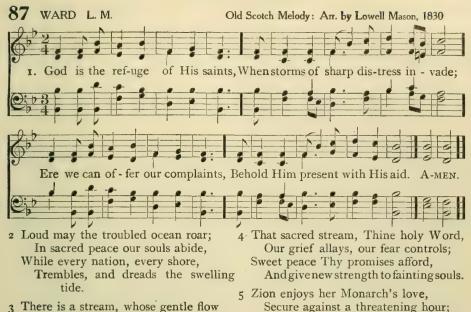


- 2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray Sheds on our path the glow of day; Star of our hope, Thy softened light Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn; 5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free, Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn; Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign: All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above, Whose light is truth, whose warmth is Before Thy ever-blazing throne We ask no lustre of our own.
- And kindling hearts that burn for Thee; Till all Thy living altars claim One holy light, one heavenly flame. Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1848



- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul! Nor let His mercies lie Forgotten in unthankfulness, And without praises die.
- 'Tis He forgives thy sins; 'Tis He relieves thy pain;
- 'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses, And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love, When ransomed from the grave; He, who redeemed my soul from hell, Hath sovereign power to save.

Isaac Watts. 1719



88 RUSSIAN HYMN L.M.

Supplies the city of our God,

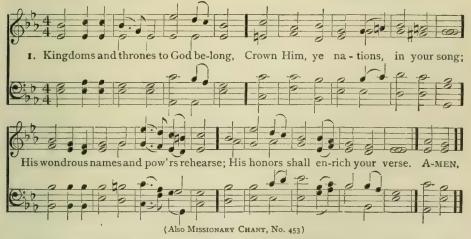
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,

And watering our divine abode.

Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His truth, and armed with
power.

Isaac Watts, 1719

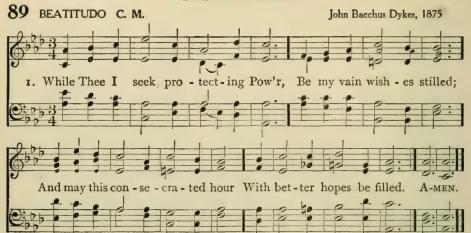
Alexis Lwoff, 1833 Arr.



2 He shakes the heavens with loud 3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him alarms;
blest;

How terrible is God in arms! In Israel are His mercies known, Israel is His peculiar throne. He's your defence, your joy, your rest; When terrors rise, and nations faint, God is the strength of every saint.

Isaac Watts, 1719



- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed; To Thee my thoughts would soar: Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed; That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see;
 Each blessing to my soul more dear
 Because conferred by Thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days, In every pain I bear,

- My heart shall find delight in praise, Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill; Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower My soul shall meet Thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear, The lowering storm shall see; My steadfast heart shall know no fear; That heart will rest on Thee.

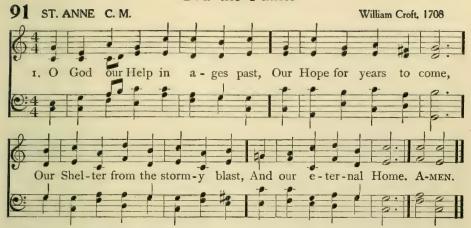
Helen M. Williams, 1786



- 2 Since Thou, the everlasting God, My Father art become, Jesus my Guardian and my Friend, And heaven my final home:
- 3 I welcome all Thy sovereign will, For all that will is love; And when I know not what Thou dost, I wait the light above.

Anon-





- 2 Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame, From everlasting Thou art God, To endless years the same.
- 3 A thousand ages in Thy sight Are like an evening gone; Short as the watch that ends the night Before the rising sun.
- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.
- 5 O God, our Help in ages past, Our Hope for years to come, Be Thou our Guard while life shall last, And our eternal Home.

Isaac Watts, 1719



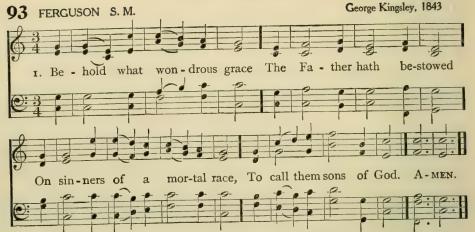
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright Morning Star,
And He my rising Sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine, With beams of sacred bliss, While Jesus shows His heart is mine, And whispers—I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,

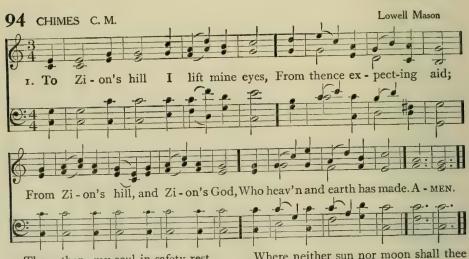
To embrace my dearest Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1707



- Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we must be made;
 But when we see our Saviour here,
 We shall be like our Head.
- 3 A hope so much divine May trials well endure, May purge our souls from sense and sin, As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 4 If in my Father's love
 I share a filial part,
 Send down Thy Spirit like a dove,
 To rest upon my heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie
 Like slaves beneath the throne;
 Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
 And Thou the kindred own.

 Isaac Watts, 1707

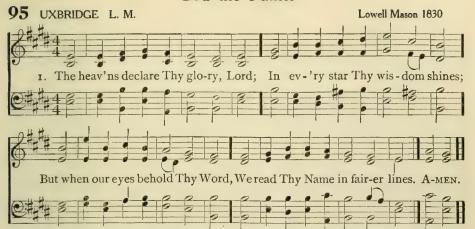


2 Thou, then, my soul in safety rest, Thy Guardian will not sleep; His watchful care that Israel guards, Will thee in safety keep.

3 Sheltered beneath the Almighty's wings, Thou shalt securely rest; Where neither sun nor moon shall thee By day or night molest.

4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.

Isaac Watts, 1719



2 The rolling sun, the changing light, And nights and days, Thy power confess;

But the blest volume Thou didst write Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars convey Thy praise 5 'Round the whole earth, and never stand;

So when Thy truth began its race, It touched and glanced on every land.

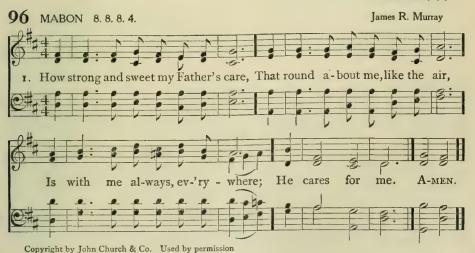
4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has
run;

Till Christ has all the nations blessed That see the light, or feel the sun.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly
light;

Thy gospel makes the simple wise, [right. Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments

Isaac Watts, 1719

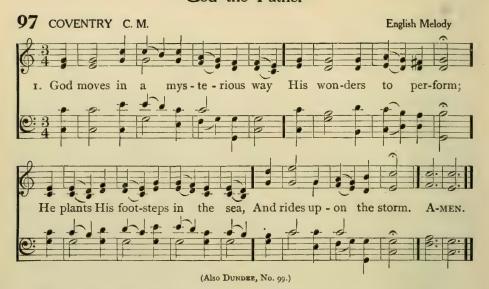


2 The thought great wonder with it brings, My cares are all such little things, But to the truth my glad faith clings;

He cares for me.

3 O keep me ever in Thy love,
Dear Father, watching from above,
And let me still Thy mercy prove,
And care for me.

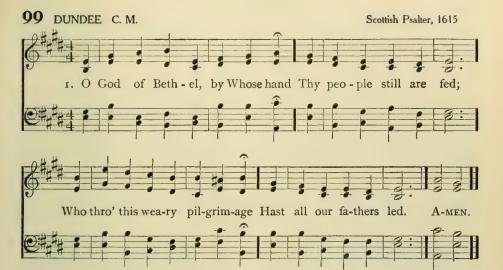
Anon.



- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines Of never-failing skill, He treasures up His bright designs, And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust Him for His grace;

- Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain:
 God is His own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.
 William Cowper, 1772





- Before Thy throne of grace: God of our fathers, be the God Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life Our wandering footsteps guide; Give us each day our daily bread, And raiment fit provide.
- 2 Our yows, our prayers, we now present 4 O spread Thy sheltering wings around, Till all our wandering cease, And at our Father's loved abode Our souls arrive in peace.
 - 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand Our humble prayers implore; And Thou shalt be our chosen God, And portion evermore.

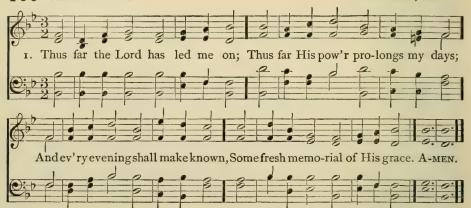
Philip Doddridge, 1737

98 Continued [BELMONT]

- 2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul Thy tender care bestowed, Before my infant heart conceived From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When worn with sickness oft hast Thou With health renewed my face; And, when in sins and sorrows sunk, Revived my soul with grace.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts My daily thanks employ; Nor is the least a cheerful heart That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through all eternity to Thee A joyful song I'll raise; But O eternity's too short To utter all Thy praise.

100 HEBRON L. M.

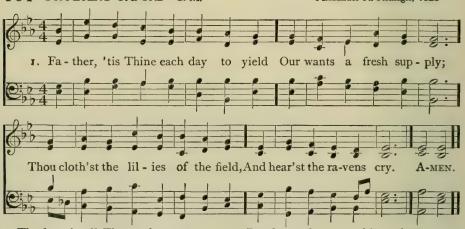
Lowell Mason, 1830



- 2 Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home; But He forgives my follies past, [come. And gives me strength for days to
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep;
 Peace is the pillow for my head,
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Faith in His name forbids my fear;
 O may Thy presence ne'er depart;
 And, in the morning, make me hear
 The love and kindness of Thy heart.
- 5 Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest beneath the ground; And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb, With sweet salvation in the sound.

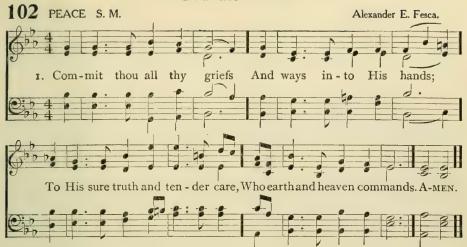
101 ST. PETER'S OXFORD C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1826



- 2 Thy love in all Thy works we see, Thy promise, Lord, we plead; And humbly cast our care on Thee, Who knowest all our need.
- 3 Let not the world engage our love, Nor cares our bosoms fill;
- But fix our heart on things above, That we may do Thy will.
- 4 The comfort of Thy light bestow; Our faith and hope increase; And let us in Thy presence know Contentment, joy, and peace.

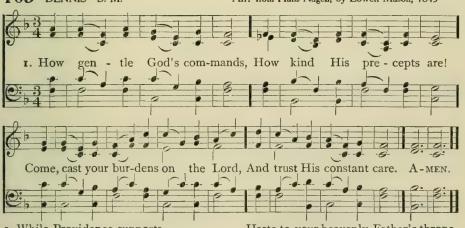
Edward Osler



- 2 Who points the clouds their course, Whom winds and seas obey, He shall direct thy wandering feet, He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be undismayed; God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care;
 To Him commend thy cause; His ear
 Attends the softest prayer.
- 5 Thy everlasting truth,
 Father, Thy ceaseless love,
 Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
 What best for each will prove.
 Paul Gerhardt, 1656 Tr. John Wesley, 1739

103 DENNIS S. M.

Arr. from Hans Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1845



While Providence supports,
 Let saints securely dwell;
 That hand, which bears all nature up,
 Shall guide His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load Press down your weary mind? Haste to your heavenly Father's throne, And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge, 1740



Through all our life be near us, With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

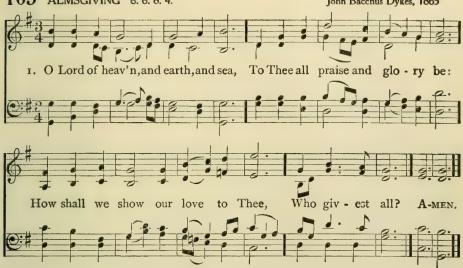
3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Martin Rinkart, 1636 Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

God the Father

105 ALMSGIVING 8. 8. 8. 4.

John Bacchus Dykes, 1865



- 2 For peaceful homes, and healthful days, For all the blessings earth displays, We owe Thee thankfulness and praise, Who givest all.
- 3 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son, But gav'st Him for a world undone, And freely with that blessed One Thou givest all.
- 4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven, For means of grace and hopes of heav'n,

- O Lord, what can to Thee be given, Who givest all?
- 5 We lose what on ourselves we spend; We have as treasure without end Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend, Who givest all.
- 6 To Thee, from Whom we all derive Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
 - O may we ever with Thee live, Who givest all.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1872

106 ST. ANNE C. M. (No. 91)

- My God, how wonderful Thou art,
 Thy majesty how bright!
 How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
 In depths of burning light!
- 2 How dread are Thine eternal years, O Everlasting Lord, By prostrate spirits, day and night, Incessantly adored!
- 3 O how I fear Thee, living God, With deepest, tenderest fears, And worship Thee with trembling hope, And penitential tears.
- 4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
 Almighty as Thou art;
 For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
 The love of my poor heart.
- 5 No earthly father loves like Thee, No mother half so mild Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done With me, Thy sinful child.
- 6 Father of Jesus, love's Reward!
 What rapture will it be,
 Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
 And gaze and gaze on Thee.
 Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1846



- 2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free Thine own from Satan's tyranny; From depths of hell Thy people save, And give them victory o'er the grave. Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel.
- **3** O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer

Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come, And open wide our heavenly home; Make safe the way that leads on high;

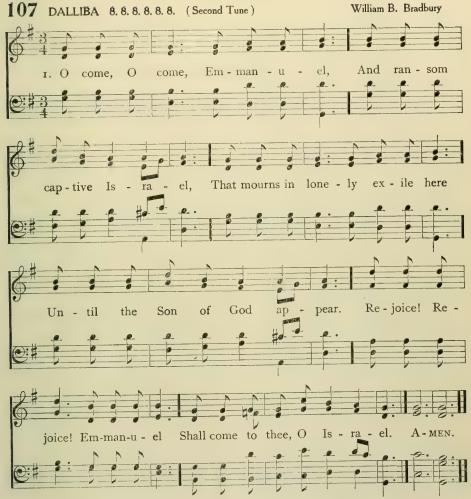
And close the path to misery.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might, Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's hight, In ancient times didst give the law, In cloud, and majesty, and awe.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Anon. (Latin, c. 12th Cent) Tr. John M. Neale, 1851



- 2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free Thine own from Satan's tyranny; . From depths of hell Thy people save, And give them victory o'er the grave. Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel.
- 3 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
 Our spirits by Thine advent here;
 Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
 And death's dark shadows put to flight.
 Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.
- 4 O come, Thou Key of David, come, And open wide our heavenly home; Make safe the way that leads on high;

And close the path to misery.

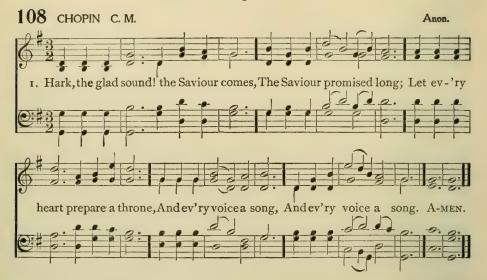
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel

Shall come to thee, O Israel.

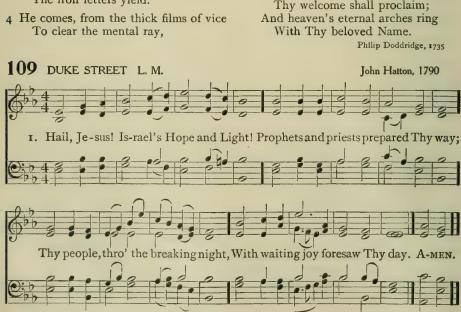
O come, O come, Thou Lord of might, Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's hight, In ancient times didst give the law, In cloud, and majesty, and awe.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel.

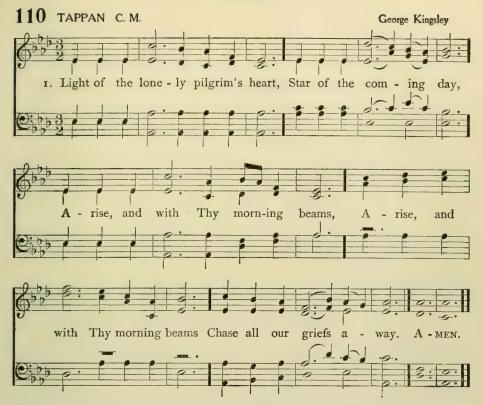
Anon. (Latin, c. 12th Cent.) Tr. John M. Neale, 1851



- On Him the Spirit, largely poured, Exerts its sacred fire;
 - Wisdom and might, and zeal and love, His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release In Satan's bondage held; The gates of brass before Him burst, The iron fetters yield.
- And on the eve-balls of the blind To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind, The bleeding soul to cure;
 - And with the treasures of His grace To enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace, Thy welcome shall proclaim;



Advent



- 2 Come, blessed Lord, bid every shore And answering island sing The praises of Thy royal name, And own Thee as their King.
- 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now To the bright world above, Break forth in sweetest strains of joy, In memory of Thy love.
- 4 Jesus, Thy fair creation groans. The air, the earth, the sea, In unison with all our hearts, And calls aloud for Thee.
- 5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits Of grace and peace divine; Be Thine the crown of glory now, The palm of victory Thine.

Edward Denny, 1842

109 Continued [DUKE STREET]

- 2 Thine advent, Lord, revives the world, 3 The vales, where darkness lingers last, Thy life shall waiting nations know; The banner of thy truth unfurled Shall glorious on the mountains glow.
 - Now kindle in prophetic light: The morning breaks, for ever past The fearful reign of ancient night.
 - 4 Hail, glorious advent, heavenly birth! Shout, saints, in triumph Christ appears; Good-will to men and peace on earth Shall reign throughout the golden years.

Henry Harbaugh, 1860



(Also REGENT SQUARE, No. 236.)

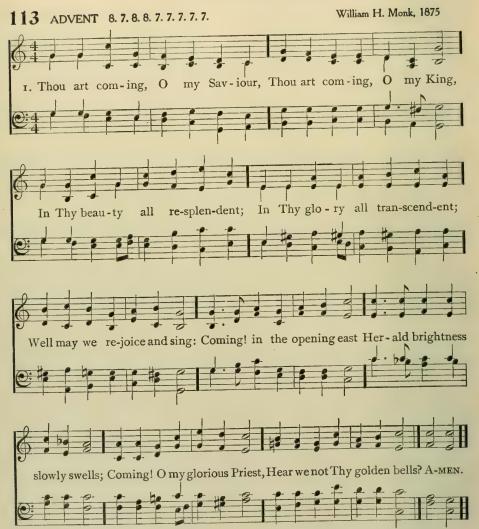
- 2 O Thou long-expected! weary Waits my anxious soul for Thee; Life is dark, and earth is dreary, Where Thy light I do not see; O my Saviour, O my Saviour, When wilt Thou return to me?
- 3 Nearer now my soul's salvation,
 Spent the night, the day at hand;
 Keep me in my lowly station,
 Watching for Thee, till I stand;
 O my Saviour, O my Saviour,
 In Thy bright, Thy promised land.
- 4 With my lamp well trimmed and burning
 Swift to hear and slow to roam,
 Watching for Thy glad returning
 To restore me to my home.
 Come, my Saviour, come, my Saviour,
 Thou hast promised: quickly come.

John S. B. Monsell, 1862



- 2 The watchers on the mountain
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
 Go meet Him as He cometh,
 With hallelujahs clear.
 The marriage-feast is waiting,
 The gates wide-open stand;
 Up, up, ye heirs of glory!
 The Bridegroom is at hand.
- 3 Ye saints, who here in patience
 Your cross and sufferings bore,
 Shall live and reign forever,
 Where sorrow is no more:
- Around the throne of glory,
 The Lamb ye shall behold,
 In triumph cast before Him
 Your diadems of gold.
- 4 Our Hope and Expectation,
 O Jesus, now appear;
 Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of earth's redemption,
 That brings us unto Thee.

Laurentius Laurenti, 1690 Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1853

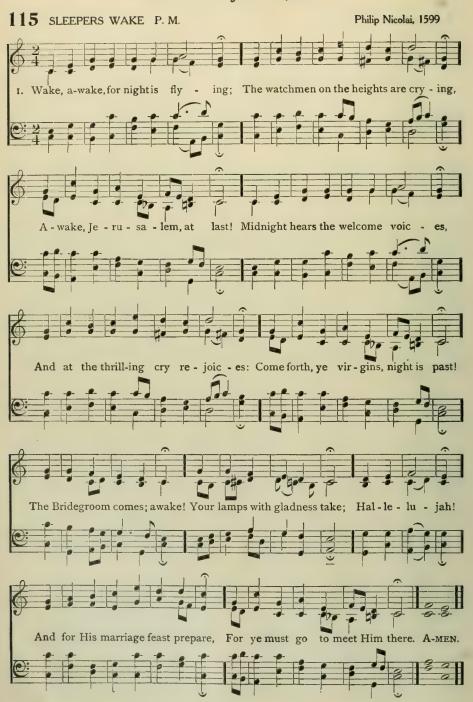


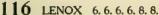
- 2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming; We shall meet Thee on Thy way, We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee, We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee All our hearts could never say: What an anthem that will be, Ringing out our love to Thee, Pouring out our rapture sweet At Thine own all-glorious feet.
- 3 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
 Thee, my own beloved Lord!
 Every tongue Thy name confessing,
 Worship, honor, glory, blessing
 Brought to Thee with glad accord;
 Thee, my Master and my Friend,
 Vindicated and enthroned;
 Unto earth's remotest end
 Glorified, adored, and owned.
 Frances R. Havergal, 1873

Advent

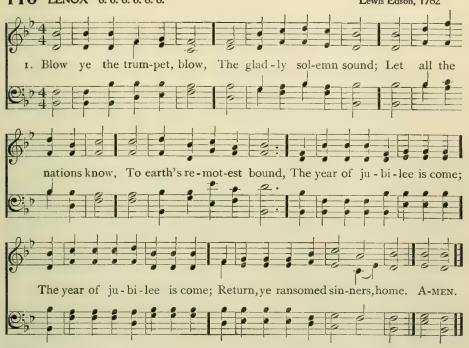


- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him, Robed in dreadful majesty; Those who set at naught and sold Him, Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree, Deeply wailing, Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
 All who hate Him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day;
 Come to judgment!
 Come to judgment, come away!
- 4 Now Redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear!
 All His saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air:
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear.
- 5 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne:
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own;
 O come quickly,
 Everlasting God, come down.





Lewis Edson, 1782



Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atoning Lamb;
 Redemption by His blood
 Through all the lands proclaim:
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near;

Behold your Saviour's face; The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley, 1750

115 Continued [SLEEPERS WAKE]

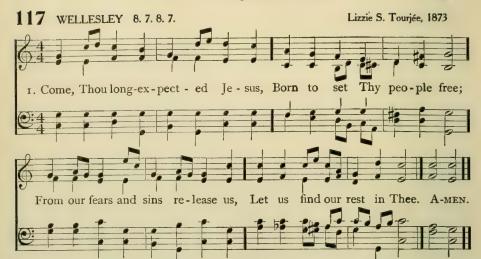
2 Zion hears the watchmen singing, And all her heart with joy is springing, She wakes, she rises from her gloom; For her Lord comes down all glorious, The strong in grace, in truth victorious, Her Star is risen, her Light is come. Ah, come, Thou blessed Lord, O Jesus, Son of God, Halleluiah!

We follow till the halls we see
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee,

3 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear
What there is ours;

But we rejoice, and sing to Thee Our hymns of joy eternally.

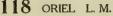
Philip Nicolai, 1598 Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1858



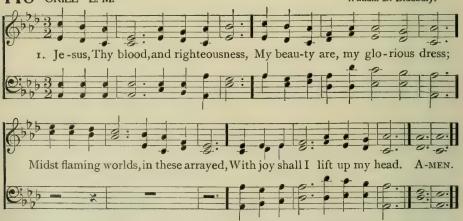
- 2 Israel's Strength and Consolation, Hope of all the earth Thou art; Long desired of every nation, Joy of every waiting heart.
- 3 Born Thy people to deliver, Born a child, yet God our King;

Born to reign in us for ever, Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.
Charles Wesley, 1744







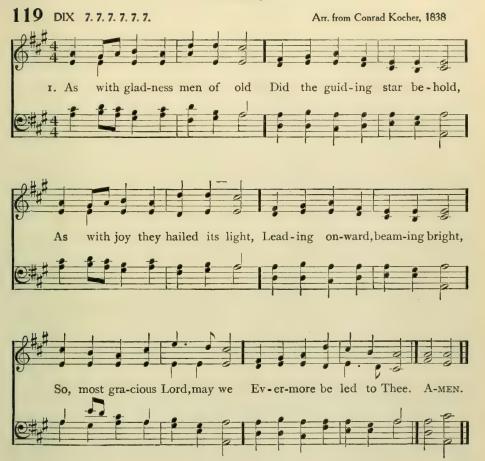
- 2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day, For who aught to my charge shall lay? Fully-absolved through these I am, From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 When from the dust of death I rise To claim my mansion in the skies;

E'en then, this shall be all my plea; Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

4 O let the dead now hear Thy voice, Bid, Lord, Thy mourning ones rejoice; Their beauty this, their glorious dress, Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

Zinzendorf Tr. by John Wesley

Nativity



- 2 As with joyful steps they sped
 To that lowly manger-bed,
 There to bend the knee before
 Him whom heaven and earth adore,
 So may we with willing feet
 Ever seek the mercy-seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
 At that manger rude and bare,
 So may we with holy joy,
 Pure and free from sin's alloy,
 All our costliest treasures bring,
 Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.
- 4 Holy Jesus, every day
 Keep us in the narrow way;
 And, when earthly things are past,
 Bring our ransomed souls at last
 Where they need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds Thy glory hide.
- 5 In the heavenly country bright,
 Need they no created light;
 Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
 Thou its Sun which goes not down;
 There forever may we sing
 Alleluias to our King.

William C. Dix, 1856



- 2 "To you in David's town this day, Is born of David's line,
 - The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, And this shall be the sign:
 - The heavenly Babe you there shall find, To human view displayed,
 - All meanly wrapt in swathing bands, And in a manger laid."
- 3 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith Appeared a shining throng
 - Of angels, praising God, who thus Addressed their joyful song:
 - "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace; [men
 Good-will henceforth from heaven to
 Begin, and never cease."

Nahum Tate, 1703







Copyright by Horatio W. Parker

- 2 Hark, a voice from yonder manger, Soft and sweet, doth entreat:
 - "Flee from woe and danger!
 Brethren, come! from all that grieves
 You are freed; all you need [you
 I will surely give you."
- 3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
 Here let all, great and small,
 Kneel in awe and wonder!
 Love Him who with love is yearning!
 Hail the Star, that from far
 Bright with hope is burning!
 - 4 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
 Live to Thee, and with Thee
 Dying, shall not perish;
 But shall dwell with Thee forever,
 Far on high, in the joy
 That can alter never.



3 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,—

They bend on hovering wing,

And ever o'er its Babel sounds

The blessèd angels sing.

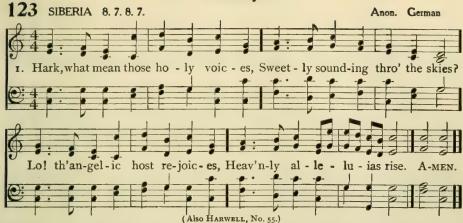
4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth

Its ancient splendors fling,

And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears, 1850





2 Listen to the wondrous story Which they chant in hymns of joy:

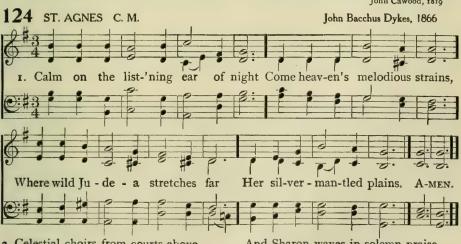
"Glory in the highest, glory, Glory be to God Most High!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heav-Reaching far as man is found; [en, Souls redeemed and sins forgiven; Loud our golden harps shall sound.

"Christ is born, the great Anointed; Heaven and earth His praises sing:

O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King."

John Cawood, 1810



2 Celestial choirs from courts above Shed sacred glories there;

And angels, with their sparkling lyres, 5
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine Send back the glad reply,

And greet from all their holy heights The Day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee There comes a holier calm;

And Sharon waves in solemn praise Her silent groves of palm.

Glory to God!" the lofty strain.
The realm of ether fills;

How sweeps the song of solemn joy O'er Judah's sacred hills!

6 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:

"Peace on the earth; good-will tomen, From heaven's eternal King."

Edmund H. Sears, 1854



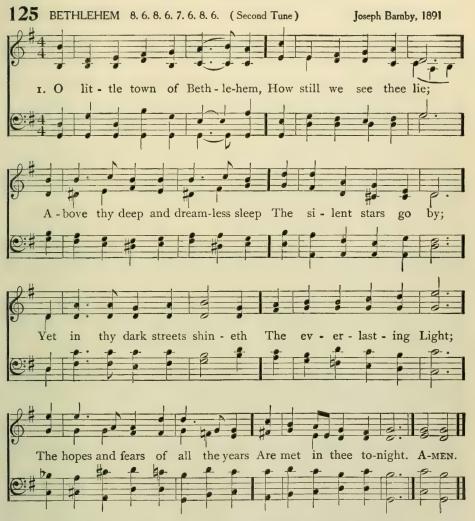
2 For Christ is born of Mary;
 And gathered all above,
 While mortals sleep, the angels keep
 Their watch of wondering love.
 O morning stars, together
 Proclaim the holy birth;
 And praises sing to God the King,

And peace to men on earth.

- 3 How silently, how silently,
 The wondrous gift is given!
 So God imparts to human hearts
 The blessings of His heaven.
- No ear may hear His coming, But in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.
- 4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
 Descend to us, we pray;
 Cast out our sin and enter in;
 Be born in us to-day.
 We hear the Christmas angels
 - We hear the Christmas angels
 The great glad tidings tell;
 - O come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel.

Phillips Brooks, 1868

Nativity



2 For Christ is born of Mary; And gathered all above, While mortals sleep, the angels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.

O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King

And praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.

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The wondrous gift is given!
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Cast out our sin and enter in; Be born in us to-day.

We hear the Christmas angels The great glad tidings tell;

O come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel.

Phillips Brooks, 1868



- 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored, Christ, the everlasting Lord, Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see, Hail the incarnate Deity!
 Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die;
 Born to raise the sons of earth;
 Born to give them second birth.
- 3 Hail the heavenly Prince of Peace!
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.
 Come, Desire of nations, come!
 Fix in us Thy humble home;
 O to all Thyself impart,
 Formed in each believing heart.

Charles Wesley, 1743



2 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Through heaven's high arches be your praises poured;
Now to our God be
Glory in the highest;

3 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morning, Jesus, forever be Thy name adored; Word of the Father Now in flesh appearing;

Anon. (Latin, 17th Cent.) Tr. F. Oakeley, 1841



2 Shepherds, in the fields abiding, Watching o'er your flocks by night, God with man is now residing, Yonder shines the infant Light: Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 All creation, join in praising
God the Father, Spirit, Son;
Evermore your voices raising
To the Eternal Three in One:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
James Montgomery, 1816. Doxology added

Nativity



- Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and Repeat the sounding joy. [plains
- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns: 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; He comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found.
 - 4 He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glories of His righteousness, And wonders of His love.



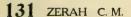
Timothy R. Matthews 1876



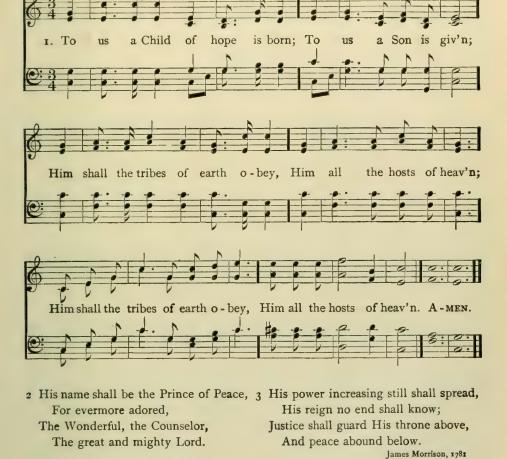
Heaven's arches rang
When the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But of lowly birth
Cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth,
And in great humility:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest,
And the bird its nest,
In the shade of the cedar tree;
But Thy couch was the sod,
O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:

O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, There is room in my heart for Thee.



Lowell Mason, 1837

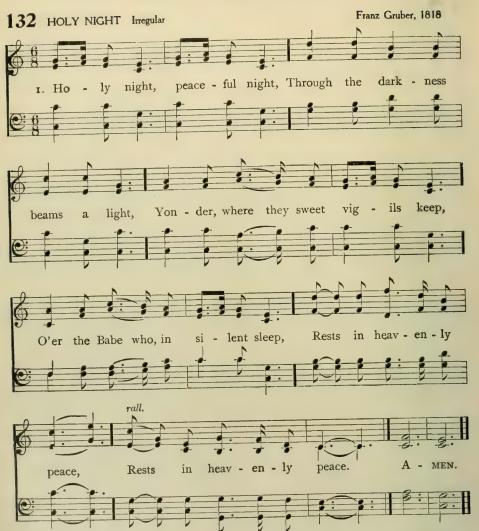


1.30 Continued [MARGARET]

4 Thou camest O Lord, With the living word That would set Thy children free; But with mocking scorn, And with crown of thorn, They bore Thee to Calvary:

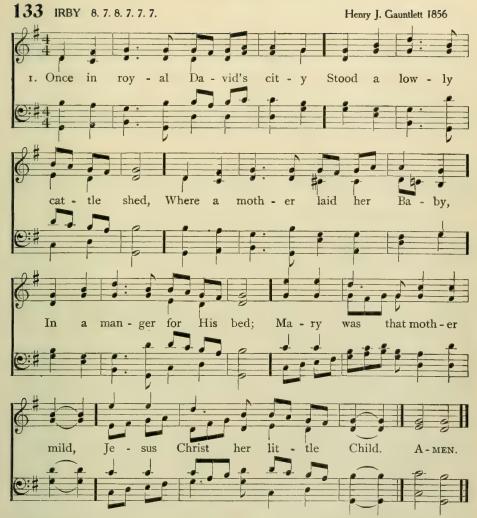
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When heaven's arches shall ring, And her choir shall sing, At Thy coming to victory, Let Thy voice call me home, Saying, "Yet there is room, There is room at My side for thee." And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus, When Thou comest and callest for me. Emily E. S. Elliott, 1864



- 2 Silent night, holiest night, Darkness flies, and all is light; Shepherds hear the angels sing: "Alleluia! hail the King, Jesus the Saviour is here."
- 3 Silent night, holiest night, Guiding Star, O lend thy light; See the eastern wise men bring Gifts and homage to our King, Jesus the Saviour is here.
- 4 Silent night, holiest night,
 Wondrous Star, O lend thy light;
 With the angels let us sing
 Alleluia to our King,
 Jesus the Saviour is here.

Nativity



- 2 He came down to earth from heaven Who is God and Lord of all, And His shelter was a stable, And His cradle was a stall: With the poor, and mean, and lowly, Lived on earth our Saviour holy.
- 3 And, through all His wondrous child- 5 Not in that poor lowly stable, He would honor and obey, Thood, Love and watch the lowly maiden In whose gentle arms He lay: Christian children all must be Mild, obedient, good as He.
- 4 For He is our childhood's Pattern, Day by day like us He grew, He was little, weak and helpless,

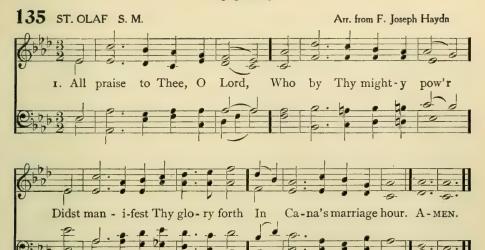
Tears and smiles like us He knew: And He feeleth for our sadness, And He shareth in our gladness.

With the oxen standing by, We shall see Him; but in heaven, Set at God's right hand on high: When like stars His children crowned. All in white shall wait around.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848



Epiphany



- 2 Thou speakest; it is done; Obedient to Thy word, The water reddening into wine Proclaims the present Lord.
- 3 Blest were the eyes which saw
 That wondrous mystery;
 The great beginning of Thy works,
 That kindled faith in Thee.
- 4 And blessed they who know
 Thine unseen Presence true,
 When in the Kingdom of Thy grace
 Thou makest all things new.
- 5 For by Thy loving hand
 Thy people still are fed;
 Thou art the Cup of Blessing, Lord,
 And Thou the heavenly Bread.
- 6 O may that grace be ours, In Thee for aye to live, And drink of those refreshing streams Which Thou alone canst give.
- 7 So, led from strength to strength, Grant us, O Lord, to see The marriage supper of the Lamb, Thy great Epiphany.

Hyde W. Beadon

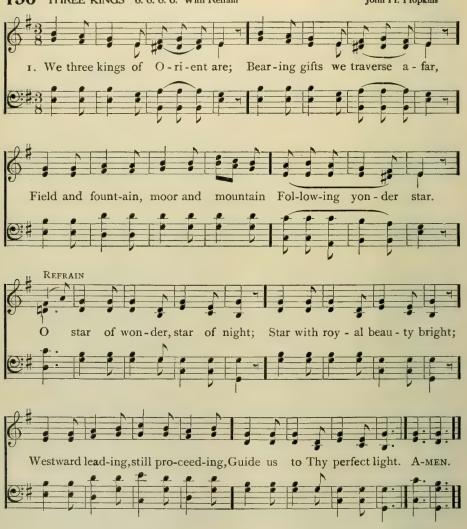
134 Continued [SCHILLING]

- Slumbering in a lowly manger
 Lies the mighty Lord of all,
 And before the holy stranger
 See the trembling shepherds fall.
 He has come, the long expected,
 Full of wisdom, love and grace,
 To redeem His ruined creatures,
 To restore our fallen race.
- Ref.—So let angels wake the chorus, So let ransomed men reply, Chanting the celestial anthem, "Glory be to God on high."
- 3 And this joyful Christmas morning,
 Breaking o'er the world below,
 Tells again the wondrous story
 Shepherds heard so long ago.
 Who shall still our tuneful voices,
 Who the tide of praise shall stem,
 Which the blessèd angels taught us
 In the fields of Bethlehem?
- Ref.—Hark, we hear again the chorus
 Ringing through the starry sky,
 And we join the heavenly anthem,
 "Glory be to God on high."

Mrs. M. N. Meigs



John H. Hopkins



- 2 Born a King on Bethlehem plain, Gold I bring to crown Him again King forever; ceasing never Over us all to reign.
- 3 Frankincense to offer have I;
 Incense owns a Deity nigh:
 Prayer and praising, all men raising,
 Worship Him, God on high.
- 4 Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
 Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
 Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying
 Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
- 5 Glorious now behold Him arise King, and God, and Sacrifice, Alleluia, Alleluia! Heaven and earth replies.

John H. Hopkins, 1862

Epiphany



- The star shone brightly overhead,
 The air was calm and still;
 O'er Bethlehem's fields its rays were shed,
 The dew lay on the hill;
 We see no throne, no palace fair,
 Where is the King? O where? O where?
 O where is the King? O where?
- 3 An old man knelt at a manger low,
 The Babe lay in the stall;
 The starlight played on the infant brow,
 Deep silence lay o'er all;
 A maiden bent o'er the Babe in prayer,
 There is the King! O there! O there!
 O there is the King! O there!

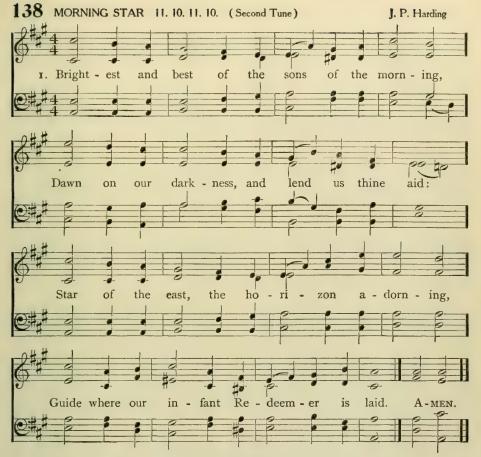
Anon. 16th Cent.



- 2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining; Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall; Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining, Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion, Odors of Edom, and offerings divine, Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean, Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation, Vainly with gifts would His favor secure; Richer by far is the heart's adoration, Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Reginald Heber, 1811

Epiphany



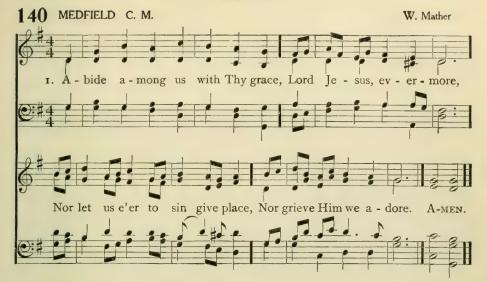
- 2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining; Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall; Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining, Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
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- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the horizon adorning, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.



(Also St. THERESA No. 398.)

- 2 There their Lord and Saviour Meek and lowly lay, Wondrous light that led them Onward on their way, Ever now to lighten Nations from afar. As they journey homeward By that guiding star.
- Thou who in a manger
 Once hast lowly lain,
 Who dost now in glory
 O'er all kingdoms reign,
 Gather in the peoples
 Who in lands afar
 Ne'er have seen the brightness
 Of Thy guiding star.

Epiphany



- 2 Abide among us with Thy Word, Redeemer whom we love; Thy help and mercy here afford, And life with Thee above.
- 3 Abide among us with Thy ray, O light that light'nest all; And let Thy truth preserve our way, Nor suffer us to fall.
- 4 Abide with us to bless us still, O bounteous Lord of peace;

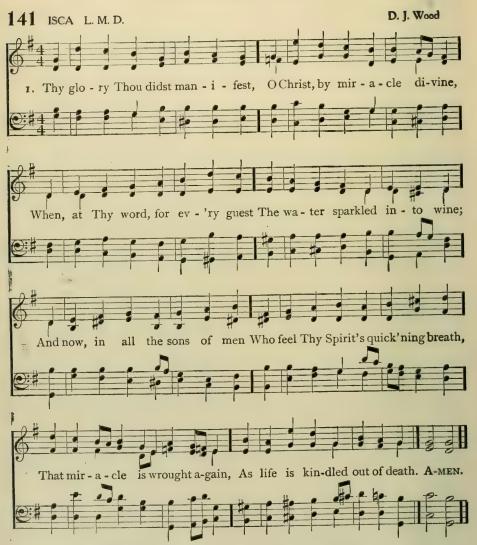
- With grace and power our souls fulfil, Our faith and love increase.
- 5 Abide among us as our Shield, O Captain of Thy host; That to the world we may not yield, Nor e'er forsake our post.
- 6 Abide with us in faithful love,
 Our God and Saviour be;
 Thy help in need, O let us prove,
 And keep us true to Thee.
 - J. Stegmann Tr. by Catherine Winkworth

139 Continued [VALOR]

- 4 Gather in the outcasts,
 All who've gone astray,
 Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
 Guide them on their way;
 Those who never knew Thee,
 Those who've wandered far,
 Lead them by the brightness
 Of Thy guiding star.
- 5 Onward through the darkness
 Of the lonely night,
 Shining still before them
 With Thy kindly light,

- Guide them, Jew and Gentile, Homeward from afar, Young and old together, By Thy guiding star.
- 6 Until every nation, .
 Whether bond or free,
 'Neath Thy starlit banner,
 Jesus, follows Thee
 O'er the distant mountains
 To that heavenly home,
 Where no sin or sorrow
 Evermore shall come.

Godfrey Thring, 1873



2 What festal raptures fill our hearts When heaven and earth are married there;

What hope, what love, the Lord imparts,
What tenderness and strength of
prayer:

For then within, His glory glows,
And gifts and graces all divine
Again that miracle disclose
Of water glorified in wine.

3 O Christ, unfold Thy quickening might

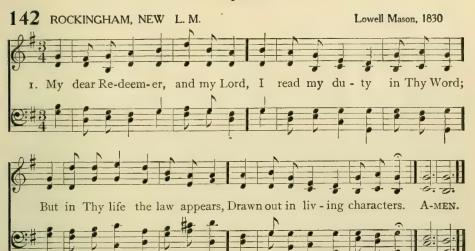
From day to day, that all may see Within each saint, still beaming bright,

Thy glorious Epiphany:

And find that best of wine at last,
That sweetest gift of grace outpoured,
Richer than Cana's humble feast,

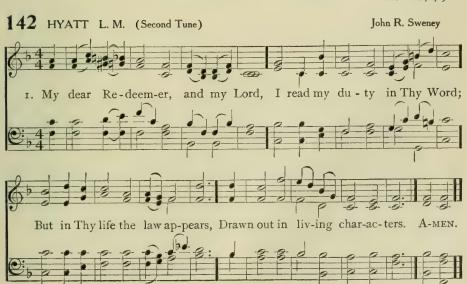
The marriage supper of the Lord.
E. E. Highee

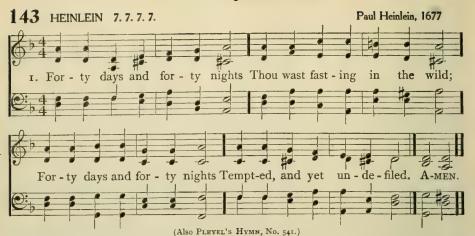
Temptation



- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal, 3 Cold mountains and the midnight Such deference to Thy Father's will, Such love, and meekness so divine, I would transcribe and make them mine.
 - air Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer; The desert Thy temptations knew, Thy conflict and Thy victory too.
 - 4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear More of Thy gracious image here; Then God, the Judge, shall own my name Among the followers of the Lamb.

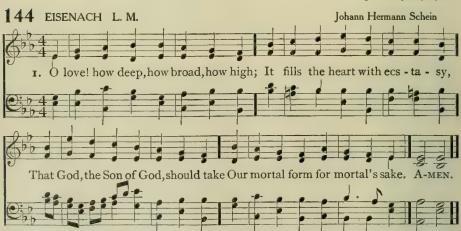
Isaac Watts, 1709





- 2 Shall not we Thy sorrow share, And from earthly joys abstain, Fasting with unceasing prayer, Glad with Thee to suffer pain?
- 3 And if Satan, vexing sore,
 Flesh or spirit should assail,
 Thou, his Vanquisher before,
 Grant we may not faint or fail.
- 4 So shall we have peace divine; Holier gladness ours shall be; Round us, too, shall angels shine, Such as ministered to Thee.
- 5 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear, Ever constant by Thy side; That with Thee we may appear At the eternal Easter-tide.

George H. Smyttan, 1856



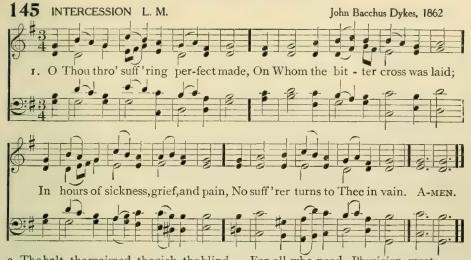
- 2 He sent no angel to our race, Of higher or of lower place, But wore the robe of human frame Himself, and to this lost world came.
- 3 For us He prayed, for us He taught, For us His daily works He wrought,

He bore the shameful cross and death; For us at length gave up His breath.

4 For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent His Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen and to cheer.

Tr. by John M. Neale, 1851

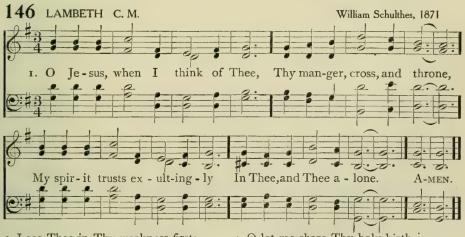
Life, Ministry and Example



- 2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind, Sought not in vain thy tendance kind; Now in Thy poor, Thyself we see, And minister through them to Thee.
- 3 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure The pains and woes Thou didst endure;

For all who need, Physician great, Thy healing balm we supplicate.

4 O heal the bruised heart within!
O save our souls all sick with sin!
Give life and health in bounteous store,
That we may praise Thee evermore.
William Walsham How



- 2 I see Thee in Thy weakness first; Then glorious from Thy shame, I see Thee death's strong fetters by
 - I see Thee death's strong fetters burst, And reach heaven's mightiest name.
- 3 For me Thou didst become a man, For me didst weep and die; For me achieve Thy wondrous plan, For me ascend on high.
- 4 O let me share Thy holy birth,
 Thy faith, Thy death to sin!
 And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
 My heavenly life begin.
- 5 Then shall I know what means the strain Triumphant of Saint Paul:
 - "To live is Christ, to die is gain;"
 "Christ is my all in all."

 George W. Bethune, 1847



Owned Thee, the Lord of Light:

And now, O Lord, be near to bless, Almighty as of yore,

In crowded streets, by restless couch, As by Gennesareth's shore.

To hands that work and eyes that see Give wisdom's heavenly lore, That whole and sick, and weak and strong, May praise Thee evermore.

Edward H. Plumptre, 1866

Life, Ministry and Example



3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

Yet no ungentle, murmuring word

Escaped Thy silent tongue.

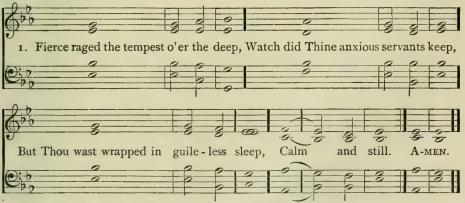
A weight of sorrow hung;

- 4 O give us hearts to love like Thee, Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve Far more for other's sins than all The wrongs that we receive.
- 5 One with Thyself, may every eye In us, Thy brethren, see The gentleness and grace that spring From union Lord, with Thee.

Edward Denny, 1839

149 TROYTE'S CHANT

Arthur H. D. Troyte, 1857



2 "Save, Lord; we perish," was their cry;
"O save us in our agony!"

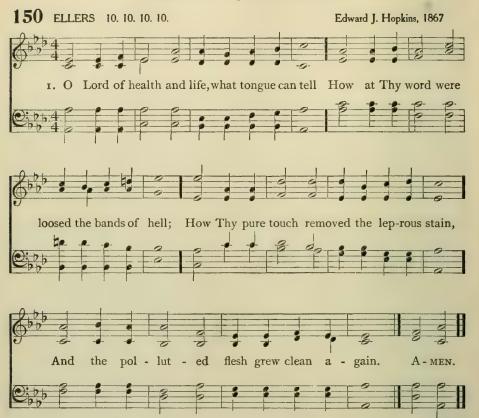
Thy word above the storm rose high, "Peace, be still."

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep Sank, like a little child, to sleep;

The sullen billows ceased to leap, At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

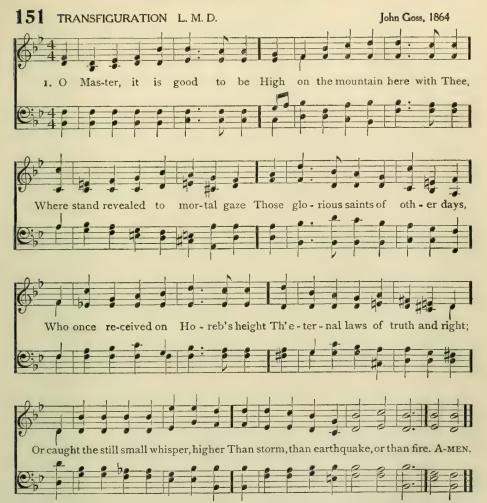
Godfrey Thring, 1858



- 2 O wash our hearts, restore the contrite soul, Stretch forth Thy healing hand, and make us whole; O bend our stubborn knees to kneel to Thee; Speak but the word, and we once more are free.
- 3 Yea, Lord, we claim the promise of Thy love, Thy love which can all guilt, all pain remove; Nigh to our souls Thy great salvation bring, Then sickness hath no pang, and death no sting.
- 4 We hail this pledge in all Thy deeds of grace; As once disease and sorrow fled Thy face, So, when that face again unveiled we see Sickness and tears and death no more shall be.
- 5 Then grant us strength to pray "Thy kingdom come," When we shall know Thee in Thy Father's home, And at Thy great Epiphany adore
 The co-eternal Godhead evermore.

Greville Phillimore

Life, Ministry and Example



2 O Master, it is good to be With Thee, and with Thy faithful three; Here, where the apostle's heart of rock Is nerved against temptation's shock; Here, where the son of thunder learns The thought that breathes, and word 4 that burns;

Here, where on eagle's wings we move With Him whose last, best creed is love.

3 O Master, it is good to be Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee; And watch Thy glistering raiment glow Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow, The human lineaments that shine Irradiant with a light divine, Till we too change from grace to grace, Gazing on that transfigured face.

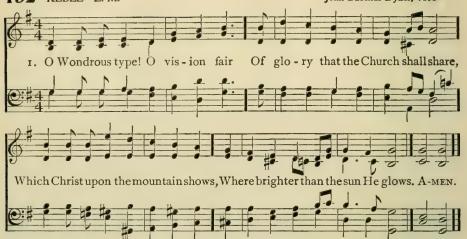
O Master, it is good to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee,
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be
dim,

"This is my Son, O hear ye Him."

Arthur P. Stanley, 1872

152 KEBLE L. M.

John Bacchus Dykes, 1875

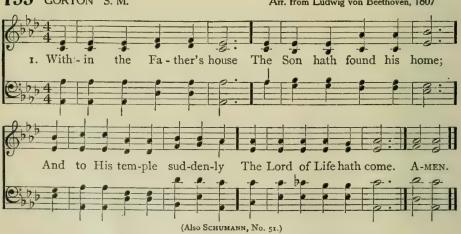


- 2 From age to age the truth declare, How with the three disciples there, Where Moses and Elias meet, The world holds converse high and sweet.
- 3 With shining face and bright array, Christ deigns to manifest to-day What glory shall be theirs above, Who joy in God with perfect love.
- 4 And faithful hearts are raised on high By this great vision's mystery; For which in joyful strains we raise The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.
- 5 O Father, with the eternal Son, And Holy Spirit, ever One, Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace To see Thy glory face to face.

Tr. by John M. Neale

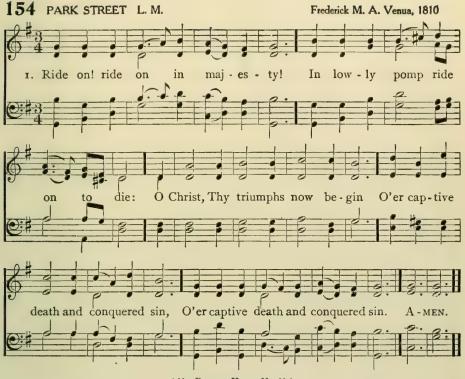
153 GORTON S. M.

Arr. from Ludwig von Beethoven, 1807



- 2 The doctors of the law Gaze on the wondrous Child, And marvel at His gracious words Of wisdom undefiled.
- 3 Yet not to them is given The mighty truth to know, To lift the fleshly veil which hides Incarnate God below.

Triumphal Entry



- (Also Russian Hymn, No. 88.)
- 2 Ride on! ride on in majesty! Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry; O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strowed.
- 3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 The winged squadrons of the sky
 Look down with sad and wondering eyes
 To see the approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
 The Father on His sapphire throne
 Expects His own Anointed Son.
- 5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp ride on to die;
 Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
 Then take, O God, Thy power, and
 reign.

Henry H. Milman, 1827

153 Continued [GORTON]

- 4 The secret of the Lord
 Escapes each human eye,
 And faithful pondering hearts await
 The full epiphany.
- 5 Lord, visit Thou our souls,
 And teach us by Thy grace
 Each dim revealing of Thyself
 With loving awe to trace;
- 6 Till from our darkened sight The cloud shall pass away, And on the cleansed soul shall burst The everlasting day.

James R. Woodford



- Are praising Thee on high,
 And mortal men and all things
 Created make reply.
 The people of the Hebrews
 With palms before Thee went;
 Our praise and prayer and anthems
 Before Thee we present.
- They sang their hymns of praise;
 To Thee, now high exalted,
 Our melody we raise.
 Thou didst accept their praises;
 Accept the praise we bring,
 Who in all good delightest,
 Thou good and gracious King.
 Theodulph, 820 Tr. John M. Neale, 1854

Triumphal Entry



(Also WEBB, No. 394, leaving out refrain.)

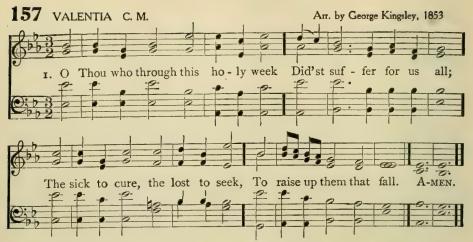
2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"

Hosanna! Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

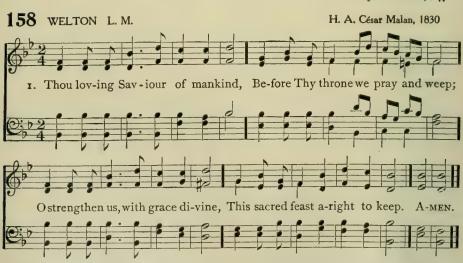
3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

Hosanna! Hosanna to Jesus our King.

John King, 1830



- 2 We cannot understand the woe Thy love was pleased to bear;
 - O Lamb of God, we only know That all our hopes were there.
- 3 Thy feet the path of suffering trod; Thy hand the victory won;
- What shall we render to our God For all that He hath done?
- 4 To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Holy Ghost, By man on earth be honor done, And by the heavenly host. Tr. John M. Neale, 1844



- 2 Searcher of hearts! Thou dost our ills Discern and all our weakness know: Again to Thee in tears we turn; Again to us Thy mercy show.
- 3 Much have we sinned, but we confess Our guilt and all our faults deplore:
- O for the praise of Thy great name, These fainting souls to health restore.
- 4 And grant us, while by fasts we strive
 This mortal body to control;
 To fast from all the food of sin,
 And so to purify the soul.

 Gregory the Great Tr. by E. Caswall

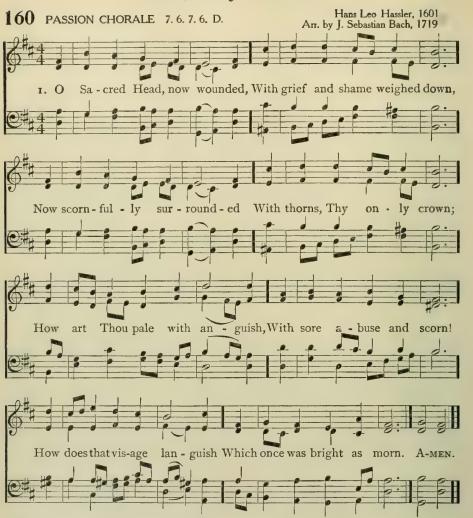


Richard Redhead, 1853



- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
 View the Lord of life arraigned;
 O the wormwood and the gall!
 O the pangs His soul sustained!
 Shun not suffering, shame nor loss;
 Learn of Him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
 There, adoring at His feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,
 God's own sacrifice complete:
 "It is finished," hear the cry;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb
 Where they laid His breathless clay;
 All is solitude and gloom,
 Who hath taken Him away?
 Christ is risen! He meets our eyes;
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery, 1820 (text of 1853)



- What Thou, my Lord hast suffered Was all for sinner's gain; Mine, mine was the transgression, But Thine the deadly pain.
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
 'Tis I deserve Thy place; Look on me with Thy favor, Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
- 3 What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
 For this, Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?
- O make me Thine forever; And should I fainting be, Lord, let me never, never Outlive my love to Thee.
- 4 Be near when I am dying,
 O show Thy cross to me;
 And for my succor flying,
 Come, Lord, and set me free.
 These eyes, new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move,
 For He who dies believing,
 Dies safely through Thy love.



- What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered Was all for sinner's gain;
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain.
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
 'Tis I deserve Thy place;
 Look on me with Thy favor,
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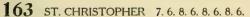
Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. by Paul Gerhardt, 1656, tr. by J. W. Alexander, 1829



We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

Copyright by John H. Gower

- 3 He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good, That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by His precious blood.
- 4 There was no other good enough
 To pay the price of sin;
 He only could unlock the gate
 Of heaven, and let us in.
- 5 O dearly, dearly has He loved, And we must love Him too, And trust in His redeeming blood, And try His works to do. Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander, 1848



Frederick C. Maker, 1881



2 Upon that cross of Jesus Mine eye at times can see The very dying form of One Who suffered there for me: And from my smitten heart with tears Two wonders I confess,-The wonders of His glorious love

And my own worthlessness.

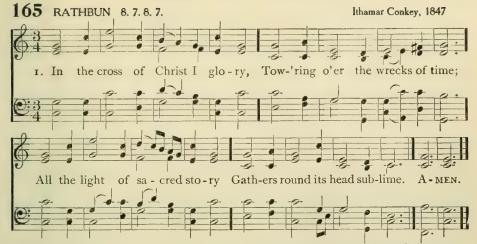
3 I take, O cross, thy shadow For my abiding-place; I ask no other sunshine than The sunshine of His face; Content to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss, My sinful self, my only shame, My glory, all the cross.

Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1868



- 2 Do we pass that cross unheeding,
 Breathing no repentant vow,
 Though we see Thee wounded, bleeding,
 See Thy thorn-encircled brow!
 Yet Thy sinless death has brought us
 Life eternal, peace and rest;
 Only what Thy grace has taught us
 Calms the sinner's stormy breast.
- 3 Jesus, may our hearts be burning
 With more fervent love for Thee!
 May our eyes be ever turning
 To Thy cross of agony;
 Till in glory, parted never
 From the blessed Saviour's side,
 Graven in our hearts for ever,
 Dwell the cross, the Crucified.

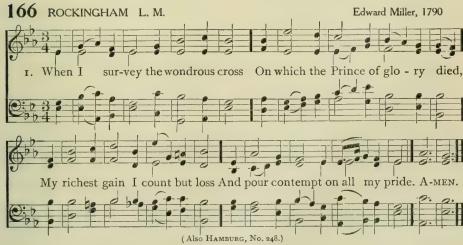
 Jerome Savonarola, 1498 Tr. Anon.



- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy, Never shall the cross forsake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming,
 Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanctified; Peace is there that knows no measure,
- Joys that through all time abide.
 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sacred story
Gather 'round its head sublime.

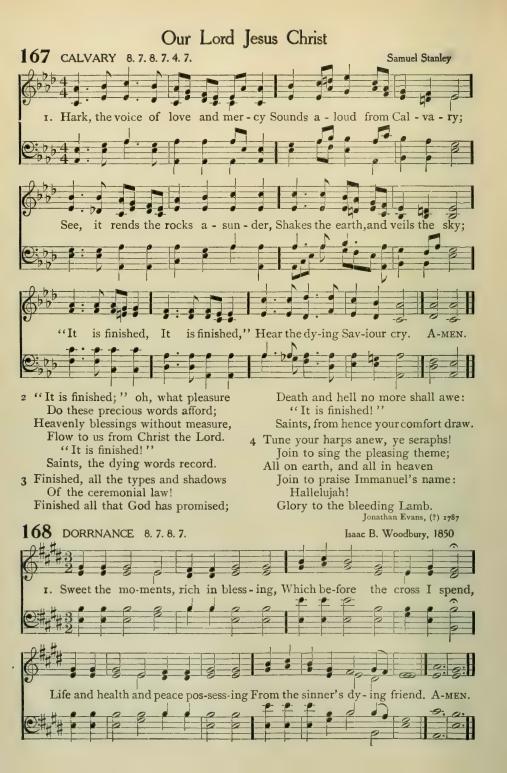
John Bowring, 1825



- 2 Forbid it Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God: All the vain things that charm me most, 4 I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
- Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown? Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small; Love so amazing, so divine,

Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1707





- 2 Now hast Thou laid Thee down in perfect peace Where all the wicked from their troubling cease, Thy tranquil Sabbath in the grave to keep; Thy Father giveth His Beloved sleep.
- 3 Yet in Thy glory, on the throne above, Thou wast abiding ever, Love of Love, Eternal, filling all created things With Thine own presence, Jesus, King of kings!
- 4 E'en now our place is with Thee on the throne, For Thou abidest ever with Thine own; Yet in the tomb with Thee, we watch for day; O let Thine angel roll the stone away!
- 5 O by Thy life within us, set us free! Reveal the glory that is hid with Thee! Glory to God the Father, God the Son, And God the Holy Spirit, ever One.

E. W. Eddis

168 Continued [DORRNANCE]

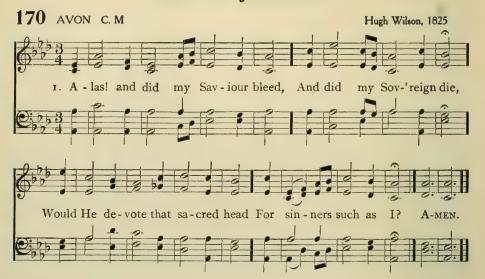
- 2 Here it is I find my heaven, While upon the Lamb I gaze; Here I see my sins forgiven, Lost in wonder, love and praise.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing, With my tears His feet I'll bathe,

Constant still in faith abiding, Life deriving from His death.

4 May I still enjoy this feeling,

In all need to Jesus go,
Prove His blood each day more healing,
And Himself more deeply know.

James Allen, 1757

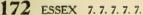


- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned upon the tree? Amazing pity! grace unknown, And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glories in, When God, the mighty Maker, died For man the creature's sin!
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While His dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away;
 'Tis all that I can do.

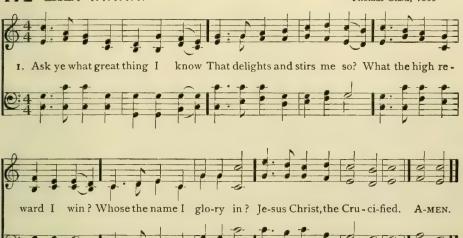
 Isaac Watts, 1707, v. x alt.

I. On the cross is One up - lift - ed Who in love di - vine,

Ev - 'ry griev-ous bur-den bear-eth, Bear - eth mine. A-MEN.



Thomas Clark, 1805



(Also HENDON No. 179.)

- 2 Who defeats my fiercest foes? Who consoles my saddest woes? Who revives my fainting heart, Healing all its hidden smart? Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- Who is life in life to me?
 Who the death of death will be?
 Who will place me on His right
 With the countless hosts of light?
 Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- 4 This is that great thing I know;
 This delights and stirs me so:
 Faith in Him who died to save,
 Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
 Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

Johann C. Schwedler Tr. by Benjamin H. Kennedy, 1863

171 Continued [BULLINGER]

- 2 Wide outstretched the arms of mercy On that cruel tree; Sweet the voice that calleth, calleth, Calleth me.
- 3 O my heart so heavy-laden,
 Weary and distressed, [perfect,
 Find thou there, through love made
 Perfect peace.
- 4 There thine only hope and comfort Now, and when at last, Shades of night are o'er thee falling, Falling fast.
 - 5 O my Saviour, I am coming, Coming unto Thee; Thine the voice that calleth, calleth, Calleth me!
 - 6 Glory be to God the Father!
 Glory to the Son!
 Glory to the Holy Spirit!
 Three in One!



A sol-emn dark-ness veils the skies; A sudden trembling shakes the ground. A-MEN.

(Also Hamburg, No. 248.) 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree: 4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell The Lord of glory dies for men; But lo, what sudden joys we see, Iesus, the dead, revives again.

3 The rising God forsakes the tomb; Up to His Father's court He flies; Cherubic legions guard Him home, And shout Him welcome to the skies.

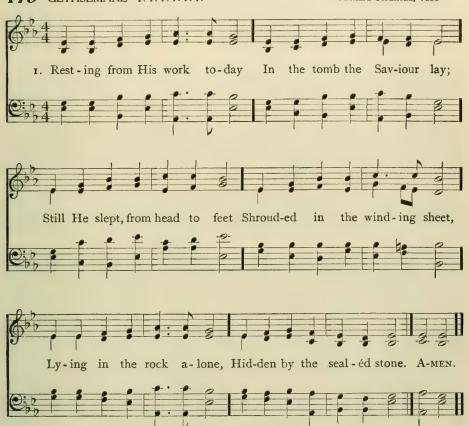
How high our great Deliverer reigns; Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell, And led the tyrant death in chains.

5 Live Thou for ever, glorious King, Born to redeem, and strong to save! Where now, O death, where is thy sting? And where thy victory, boasting grave? Isaac Watts

(Easter Eve)

175 GETHSEMANE 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Richard Redhead, 1853



- 2 Late at even there was seen
 Watching long the Magdalene;
 Early, ere the break of day,
 Sorrowful she took her way
 To the holy garden glade,
 Where her buried Lord was laid.
- 3 So with Thee, till life shall end I would solemn vigil spend: Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine In this rocky heart of mine; Where in pure embalméd cell None but Thou may ever dwell.
- 4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
 True affection's offering;
 Close the door from sight and sound
 Of the busy world around;
 And in patient watch remain
 Till my Lord appear again.

Thomas Whytehead, 1842



- 2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ has burst the gates of hell; Death in vain forbids Him rise; Christ has opened Paradise. Alleluia!
 - d Paradise. Where's thy victory, O grave?

 Alleluia!

 4 Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted Head:

3 Lives again our glorious King:

Where, O death, is now thy sting?

Once He died our souls to save:

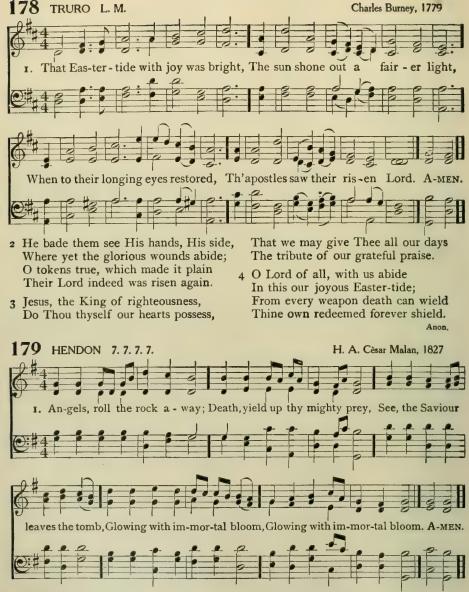
4 Soar we now where Christ has led, Following our exalted Head: Made like Him, like Him we rise; Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Alleluia!

Resurrection



- 2 The powers of death have done their worst, But Christ their legions hath dispersed; Let shouts of holy joy outburst.

 Alleluia!
- 3 The three sad days are quickly sped; He rises glorious from the dead: All glory to our risen Head! Alleluia!
- 4 He closed the yawning gates of hell; The bars from heaven's high portals fell; Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.
 Alleluia!
- 5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee, From death's dread sting Thy servants free, That we may live and sing to Thee.
 Alleluia!



- 2 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes; Now to glory see Him rise In long triumph through the sky, Up to waiting worlds on high.
- 3 Heaven unfolds its portals wide; Mighty Conqueror, through them ride:
- King of glory, mount Thy throne, Boundless empire is Thine own.
- 4 Powers of heaven, seraphic choirs, Sing and sweep your golden lyres; Sons of men, in humbler strain Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

Thomas Scott, 1769

Resurrection

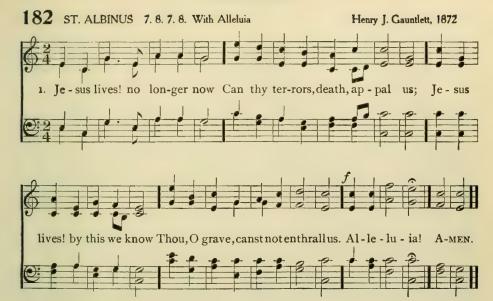


- 2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day: Christ hath burst His prison, And from three days sleep in death As a sun hath risen; All the winter of our sins, Long and dark, is flying From His light, to whom we give Thanks and praise undying.
- Now the queen of seasons, bright With the day of splendor, With the royal feast of feasts, Comes its joy to render;
- Comes to glad Jerusalem, Which with true affection, Welcomes in unwearied strains Jesus' resurrection.
- "Alleluia" now we cry
 To our King immortal,
 Who, triumphant burst the bars
 Of the tomb's dark portal;
 "Alleluia" with the Son,
 God the Father praising;
 "Alleluia" yet again
 To the Spirit raising.



- Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring, See good gifts returned with her returning King. Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough, Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now. Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.
- 3 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all, Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall; Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son, Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on. Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day.

Resurrection

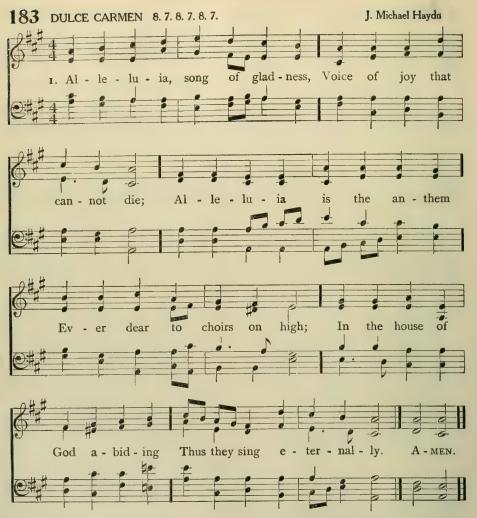


- 2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death But the gate of life immortal; This shall calm our trembling breath, When we pass its gloomy portal.
 Alleluia!
- 3 Jesus lives! for us He died; Then, alone to Jesus living, Pure in heart may we abide, Glory to our Saviour giving. Alleluia!
- 4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
 Nought from us His love shall sever;
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
 Tear us from His keeping ever.
 Alleluia!
- 5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
 Over all the world is given;
 May we go where He is gone,
 Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
 Alleluia!

Christian F. Gellert, 1757 Tr. by Frances E. Cox, 1841

181 Continued [FORTUNATUS]

- 4 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo, Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show; Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word; 'Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord! Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.
- 5 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain, All that now is fallen raise to life again; Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see; Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee. Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day.



- 2 Alleluia thou resoundest,

 True Jerusalem and free;
 Alleluia, joyful mother,
 All thy children sing with thee;
 But by Babylon's sad waters

 Mourning exiles now are we.
- 3 Alleluia cannot always
 Be our song while here below;
 Alleluia our transgressions
 Make us for a while forego;
 For the solemn time is coming
 When our tears for sin must flow.
- 4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
 Grant us, blessed Trinity,
 At the last to see Thy glory
 In our home beyond the sky;
 There to Thee forever singing
 Alleluia joyfully.

Latin Hymn, 11th cent. Tr. John M. Neale, 1851

Resurrection



- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection-light;
 And, listening to His accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
 May raise the victor-strain.
- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful;
 Let earth her song begin;
 Let all the world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein;
 In grateful exultation
 Their notes let all things blend,
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,
 Our Joy that hath no end.

John of Damascus, (8th Cent.) Tr. by John M. Neale. 1862



- 2 Lo, the angelic bands In full assembly meet, To wait His high commands And worship at His feet: Joyful they come, and wing their way, From realms of day to Jesus' tomb.
- 3 Then back to heaven they fly, 5 All hail! triumphant Lord! And the glad tidings bear, Hark, as they soar on high, What music fills the air! Their anthems say, "Jesus, who bled, Hath left the dead; He rose to-day,"
- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound, Redeemed by Him from hell; And send the echo round The globe on which you dwell: Transported cry, "Jesus, who bled, Hath left the dead, no more to die."
 - Who sav'st us with Thy blood! Wide be Thy name adored, Thou rising, reigning God! With Thee we rise, with Thee we reign And empires gain, beyond the skies.

Philip Doddridge, 1740

Resurrection



- 2 Now the iron bars are broken,
 Christ from death to life is born,
 Glorious life, and life immortal
 On this holy Easter morn:
 Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
 By His mighty enterprise,
 We with Him to life eternal
 By His resurrection rise.
- 3 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits Of the holy harvest field, Which will all its full abundance At His second coming yield;
- Men the golden ears of harvest Will their heads before Him wave, Ripened by His glorious sunshine, From the furrows of the grave.
- 4 Christ is risen; we are risen!
 Shed upon us heavenly grace,
 Rain and dew and gleams of glory
 From the brightness of Thy face;
 That with hearts in heaven dwelling,
 We on earth may fruitful be,
 And by angel hands be gathered,
 And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862



- 2 In the dreadful desert, where the Lord was tried, There the faithful angels gathered at His side; And when in the garden, grief and pain and care Bowed Him down with anguish, they were with Him there.
- 3 Yet the Christ they honor is the same Christ still, Who, in light and darkness, did His Father's will; And the tomb deserted shineth like the sky, Since He passed out from it into victory.
- 4 God has still His angels, helping, at His word. All His faithful children, like their faithful Lord; Soothing them in sorrow, arming them in strife, Opening wide the tomb-doors, leading into life.

Resurrection



2 Life eternal! heaven rejoices, Jesus lives who once was dead; Join, O man, the deathless voices, Child of God, lift up thy head! Patriarchs from distant ages, Saints all longing for their heaven; Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sages, All await the glory given.

3 Life eternal! O what wonders
Crowd on faith; what joy unknown,
When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
Saints shall stand before the throne.
O to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with Thee, O God immortal,
Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent.
William Joseph Irons, 1875



- 2 The Lord of life is risen, And love no longer grieves; In ruin lies death's prison, Sing, heralds, Jesus lives. We hear Thy blessed greeting; Salvation's work is done! We worship Thee repeating: "Life for the dead is won!"
- Around Thy tomb, O Jesus,
 How sweet the Easter breath;
 Hear we not in the breezes
 "Where is thy sting, O death?"
 Dark hell flies in commotion,
 The heavens their anthems sing;
 While far o'er earth and ocean
 Glad hallelujahs ring!
- 4 O publish this salvation,
 Ye heralds, through the earth,
 To every buried nation
 Proclaim the day of birth.
 Till, rising from their slumbers
 In long and ancient night,
 The countless heathen numbers
 Shall hail the Easter light.
- 5 Hail, hail, our Jesus risen!
 Sing, ransomed brethren, sing!
 Through death's dark, gloomy prison
 Let Easter chorals ring.
 Haste, haste, ye captive legions,
 Accept your glad reprieve;
 Come forth from sin's dark regions;

In Jesus' kingdom live.

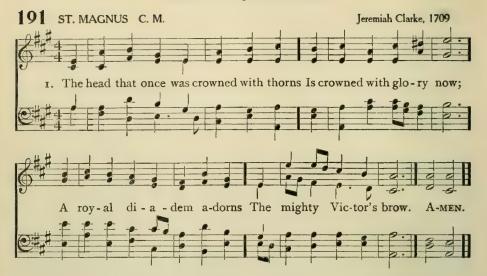
J. P. Lange, 1851 Tr. by H. Harbaugh



(Also St. Asaph, No. 653.)

- Who is this that comes in glory,
 With the trump of jubilee?
 Lord of battles, God of armies,
 He hath gained the victory;
 He who on the cross did suffer,
 He who from the grave arose,
 He has vanquished sin and Satan;
 He by death has spoiled His foes.
- 3 Thou hast raised our human nature
 On the clouds to God's right hand;
 There we sit in heavenly places,
 There with Thee in glory stand.
 Jesus reigns, adored by angels,
 Man with God is on the throne;
 Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension,
 We by faith behold our own.

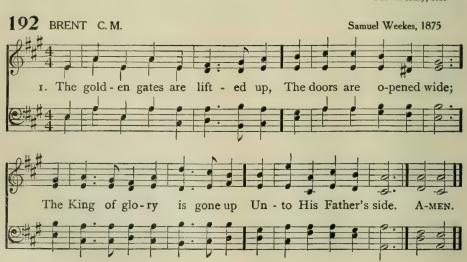
Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

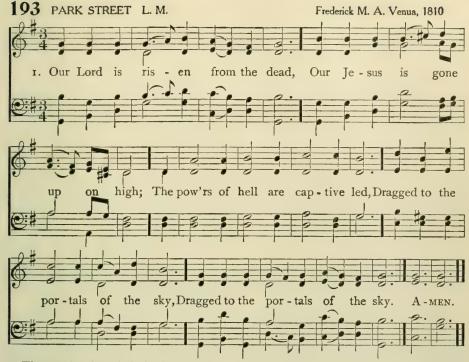


- 2 The highest place that heaven affords Is His, is His by right, The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
 - And heaven's eternal light.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above, The joy of all below, To whom He manifests His love And grants His Name to know.
- 4 To them the cross with all its shame, With all its grace, is given;

- Their name, an everlasting name, Their joy, the joy of heaven.
- They suffer with their Lord below, They reign with Him above, Their profit and their joy to know The mystery of His love.
- 6 The cross He bore is life and health, Though shame and death to Him: His people's hopes, His people's wealth, Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly, 1820





- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay:
 "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light, And wide unfold the radiant scene; He claims these mansions as His right; Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of glory, who?

 The Lord that all His foes o'ercame,

The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew, And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!

"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

6 Who is the King of glory, who?

The Lord, of boundless power possessed,

The King of saints and angels too, God, over all, for ever blest.

Charles Wesley, 1741

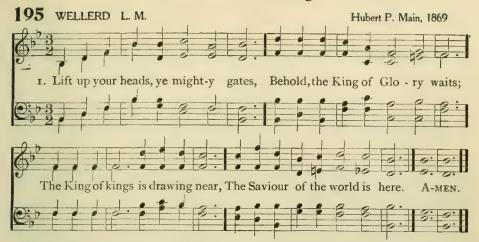
192 Continued [BRENT]

- 2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord, To make for us a place, That we may be where now Thou art And look upon Thy face.
- And ever on our earthly path
 A gleam of glory lies,
 A light still breaks behind the cloud
 That veiled Thee from our eyes.
- 4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds, Let Thy dear grace be given, That while we wander here below, Our treasure be in heaven;
- 5 That where thou art at God's right hand, Our hope, our love may be: Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell For evermore in Thee.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1852, 1858



- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him; 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him, Rich the trophies Jesus brings; On the seat of power enthrone Him, While the vault of heaven rings: Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown the Saviour King of kings.
- Mocking thus the Saviour's claim: Saints and angels crowd around Him, Own His title, praise His name: Crown Him! Crown Him! Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
 - 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation! Hark, those loud triumphant chords! Jesus takes the highest station, O what joy the sight affords: Crown Him! Crown Him! King of kings, and Lord of lords.

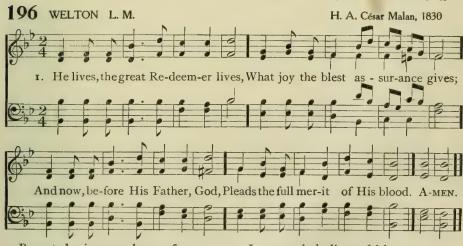


- 2 Fling wide the portals of your heart, Make it a temple, set apart From earthly use for heaven's employ, Adorned with prayer and love and joy.
- 3 Redeemer, come, I open wide My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!

Let me Thy inner presence feel, Thy grace and love in me reveal.

4 So come, my Sovereign, enter in; Let new and nobler life begin; Thy Holy Spirit guide us on, Until the glorious crown is won.

George Weissel, 1630 Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1855



- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears, And justice, armed with frowns, appears; But in the Saviour's loving face; Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye black despairing 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend! thoughts; Above our fears, above our faults,

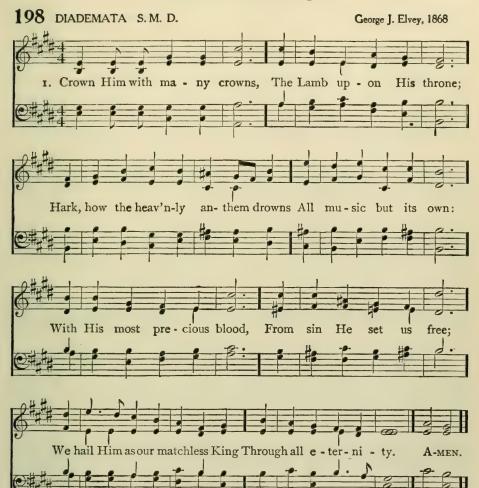
His powerful intercessions rise, And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

- 4 In every dark distressful hour. When sin and Satan join their power, Let this dear hope repel the dart, That Jesus bears us on His heart.
- On Him our humble hopes depend; Our cause can never, never fail, For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

Anne Steele, 1760



- There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
 Heaven above and earth below;
 While the depths of hell before Thee,
 Trembling and defeated bow.
 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
 Follow Thee above the sky:
 Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,
 Lift our souls to Thee on high.
- On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
 We, Thy flock, may stand before Thee,
 Owned for evermore as Thine.
 Hail! all hail! in Thee confiding,
 Jesus, Thee shall all adore;
 In Thy Father's might abiding,
 With one Spirit evermore.
 Latin Hymn Tr. by James Russell Woodford, 1852



- 2 Crown Him, the Lord of love:
 Behold His hands and side,
 Rich wounds, yet visible above
 In beauty glorified:
 No angel in the sky
 Can fully bear that sight,
 But downward bends his burning eye
 At mysteries so bright.
- 3 Crown Him, the Lord of peace,
 Whose power a sceptre sways
 From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
 And all be prayer and praise:
 (12)

His reign shall know no end, And round His pierced feet, Fair flowers of Paradise extend Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him, the Lord of heaven,
One with the Father known,
One with the Spirit through Him given
From yonder glorious throne:
To Thee be endless praise,
For Thou for us hast died!

Be Thou, O Lord, through endless days, Adored and magnified.

Matthew Bridges, 1848



- He who came to save us,

 He who bled and died,

 Now is crowned with glory

 At His Father's side.

 Nevermore to suffer,

 Nevermore to die,

 Jesus, King of glory,

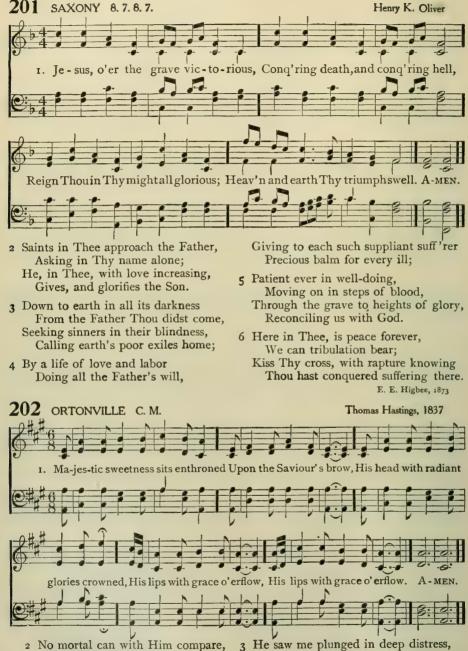
 Is gone up on high.
- 3 Praying for His children
 In that blessèd place,
 Calling them to glory,
 Sending them His grace;
 His bright home preparing,
 Faithful ones, for you;
 Jesus ever liveth,
 Ever loveth too.
 Frances R. Havergal, 1872



There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

John Bakewell, 1760



Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

PRAISE 8. 7. 8. 7. With Alleluia.

Albert Lowe



- 2 Brightness of the Father's glory, Shall Thy praise unuttered lie? Shun, my tongue, the guilty silence Sing the Lord who came to die. Alleluia! Amen.
- 3 From the highest throne in glory To the cross of deepest woe, All to ransom guilty captives: Flow, my praise, forever flow. Alleluia! Amen.
- 4 Come, return, immortal Saviour; Come, Lord, Jesus, take Thy throne; Quickly come, and reign for ever, Make the kingdom all Thine own. Alleluia! Amen.

Anon.

202 Continued [ORTONVILLE]

- 4 To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me triumph over death, And saves me from the grave.
- 5 To heaven, the place of His abode, He brings my weary feet;
- Shows me the glories of my God, And makes my joys complete.
- 6 Since from His bounty I receive Such proofs of love divine, Had I a thousand hearts to give. Lord, they should all be Thine. Samuel Stennett, 1837



2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms Thy saints on
earth;

When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign forever!
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever

Those whom Thou hast made Thine

Happy objects of Thy grace, Destined to behold Thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing; Bring, O bring the glorious day, When, the awful summons hearing,

Heaven and earth shall pass away, Then with golden harps we'll sing, "Glory, glory to our King!"

Thomas Kelly, 1804



- 2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of sin, and wrath divine; I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In which all-perfect, heavenly dress My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
 And all the forms of love He wears
 Exalted on His throne;
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would to everlasting days
 Make all His glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest eternity I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace.



2 That life of truth, those deeds of love, That death of pain, 'mid hate and scorn; These all are past, and now above He reigns our King, once crowned with thorn. "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;" So sang His hosts, unheard by men; "Lift up your heads, for you He waits." We lift them up! Amen, Amen!

NOTE: - Small notes for Instrument

207 DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton, 1790

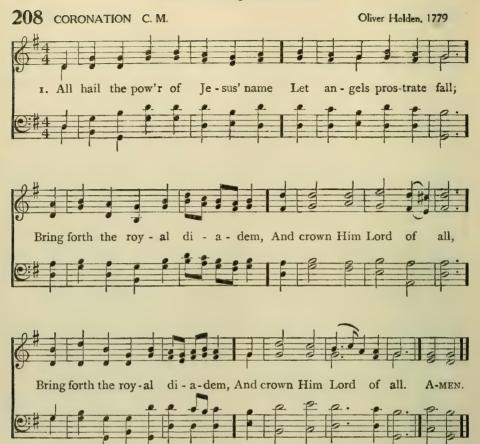


- 2 He calls His chosen from afar, They all at Zion's gates arrive; Those who were dead in sin before, By sovereign grace are made alive.
- 3 Gentiles and Jews His laws obey, Nations remote their offerings bring, And unconstrained their homage pay To their exalted God and King.
- 4 O may His holy Church increase, His Word and Spirit still prevail, While angels celebrate His praise, And saints His growing glories hail.
- 5 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb, From all below, and all above; In lofty songs exalt His name,— In songs as lasting as His love.

Benjamin Beddome

206 Continued. [LIDDON]

- 3 Nations afar in ign'rance deep;
 Isles of the sea, where darkness lay;
 These hear His voice, they wake from sleep,
 And throng with joy their upward way.
 They cry with us, "Send forth Thy light,"
 O Lamb, once slain for sinful men;
 Burst Satan's bonds, O God of might;
 Set all men free! Amen, Amen!
- 4 Sing to the Lord a glorious song,
 Sing to His name, His love forth tell;
 Sing on, heaven's hosts, His praise prolong;
 Sing, ye who now on earth do dwell;
 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
 From angels, praise; and thanks from men;
 Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to reign,
 Glory and power! Amen, Amen!



- 2 Crown Him ye martyrs of your God Who from His altar call; Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him, who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng We at His feet may fall, We'll join the everlasting song And crown Him Lord of all.



Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,

And crown Him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, 1779

Hail Him who saves you by His grace,

And crown Him Lord of all.





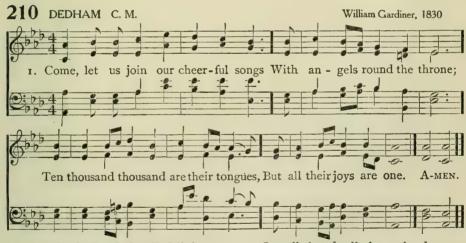
2 Great Prophet of my God
My tongue would bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest, Offered His blood and died; My guilty conscience needs No sacrifice beside;

His powerful blood did once atone, And now it pleads before the throne.

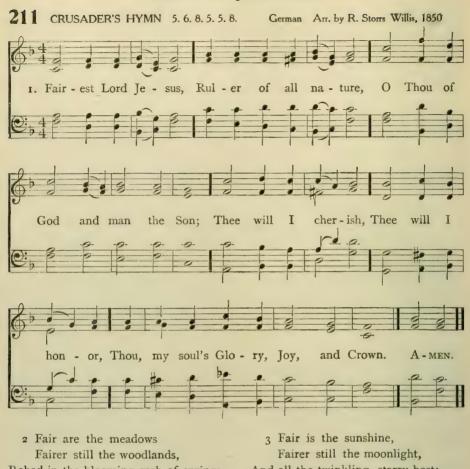
4 My dear and mighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King;
Thy scepter and Thy sword
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power; behold! I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

Isaac Watts



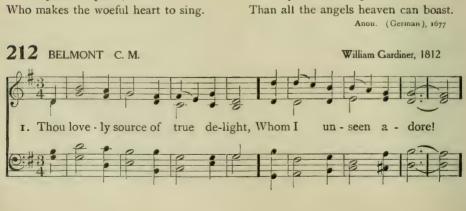
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus;"
 - "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply, "For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive Honor and power divine; And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, forever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky, And air, and earth, and seas, Conspire to lift Thy glories high, And speak Thine endless praise.
- The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

 Isaac Watts, 1707



2 Fair are the meadows
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the weeful heart to sing

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.
Anon. (German), 1677



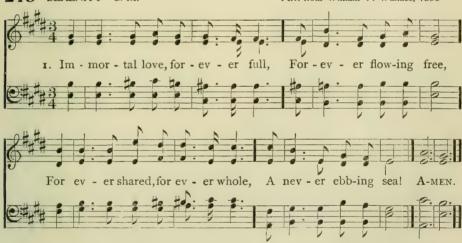


- Thy glory o'er creation shines; But in Thy sacred word, I read in fairer brighter lines, My bleeding, dying Lord.
- And sins and sorrows rise, Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope, My fainting heart supplies.
- 4 Jesus, my Lord, my Life, my Light, O come with blissful ray; Break radiant through the shades of night And chase my fears away.
- 3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop 5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace The wonders of Thy love; But the full glories of Thy face Are only known above.

Anne Steele, 1760

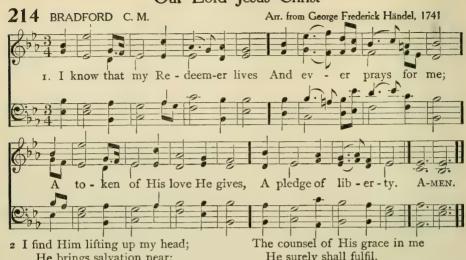
213 SERENITY C. M.

Arr. from William V. Wallace, 1856



- We may not climb the heavenly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down; In vain we search the lowest deeps, For Him no depths can drown:
- 3 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet A present help is He; And faith has still its Olivet, And love its Galilee.
- 4 The healing of His seamless dress Is by our beds of pain;

- We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole again.
- 5 Through Him the first fond prayers are Our lips of childhood frame, The last low whispers of our dead Are burdened with His name.
- 6 Our Lord, and Master, of us all, Whate'er our name or sign, We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine. John Greenleaf Whittier, 1866

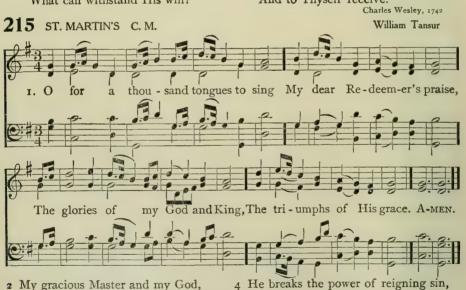


He brings salvation near; His presence makes me free indeed, And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be: What can withstand His will? He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy Word: I steadfastly believe

Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord, And to Thyself receive.



Assist me to proclaim,

To spread through all the earth abroad, The honors of Thy name.

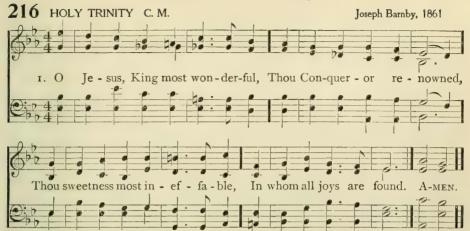
3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears, 5 Glory to God, and praise, and love, That bids our sorrows cease;

'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace. He sets the prisoners free;

His blood can make the foulest clean, His blood availed for me.

Be ever, ever given;

By saints below and saints above, The Church in earth and heaven. Charles Wesley, 1740

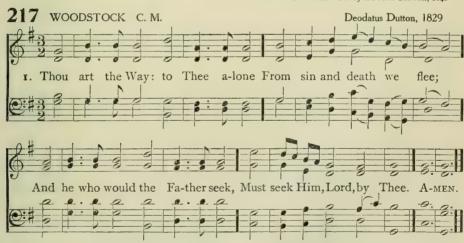


- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart, Then truth begins to shine, Then earthly vanities depart, Then kindles love divine.
- 3 O Jesus, Light of all below, Thou Fount of life and fire, Surpassing all the joys we know, All that we can desire;
- 4 May every heart confess Thy name, And ever Thee adore; And seeking Thee, itself inflame
- To seek Thee more and more.

 5 Thee may our tongues forever bless;
 Thee may we love alone;
 And ever in our lives express

The image of Thine own.

Bernard of Clairvaux Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1848



- Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
 True wisdom can impart;
 Thou only canst inform the mind
 And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb Proclaims Thy conquering arm; (13)
- And those who put their trust in Thee Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant us that Way to know; That Truth to keep, that Life to win,

Whose joys eternal flow.

George Washington Doane, 1824



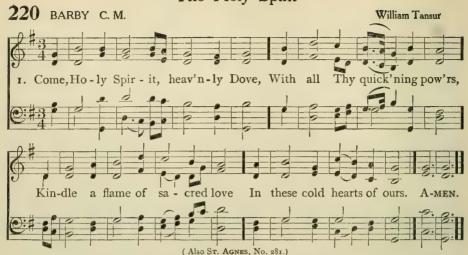
2 Alleluia! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies;
See Jehovah's banner furled, [done;
Sheathed His sword: He speaks—'tis
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end; beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Alleluia! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in all.

James Montgomery, 1819

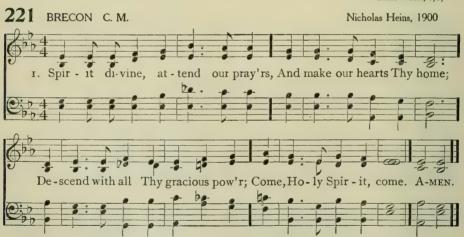


- 2 I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstacies, No sudden rending of the veil of clay, No angel-visitant, no opening skies; But take the dimness of my soul away.
- 3 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?
 All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind;
 I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling:
 O let me seek Thee, and O let me find.
- 4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
 Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
 To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
 Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.
- 5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love, One holy passion filling all my frame; The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove, My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.



- 2 Look how we grovel here below. Fond of these trifling toys; Our souls can neither fly nor go. To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Hosannas languish on our tongues, And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live At this poor, dying rate? Our love so faint, so cold, to Thee, And Thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers; Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts, 1707



- 2 Come as the light; to us reveal Our sinfulness and woe, And lead us in those paths of life Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire; and purge our hearts, Like sacrificial flame:

Let our whole soul an offering be To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the wind, with rushing sound, With Pentecostal grace;

And make the great salvation known Wide as the human race. Andrew Reed, 1820

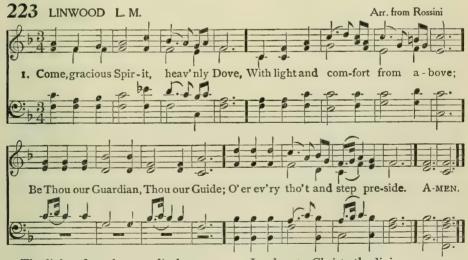


2 Enrich that temple's holy shrine With sevenfold gifts of grace divine; With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless, Strength, counsel, fear and godliness.

3 O Trinity in Unity, One only God in Persons Three, In whom, through whom, by whom we live, In Thee we praise and glory give.

4 O grant us so to use Thy grace, That we may see Thy glorious face, And ever, with the heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Christopher Wordsworth

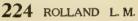


2 The light of truth to us display, And make us know and choose Thy way: Plant holy fear in every heart, That we from God may ne'er depart.

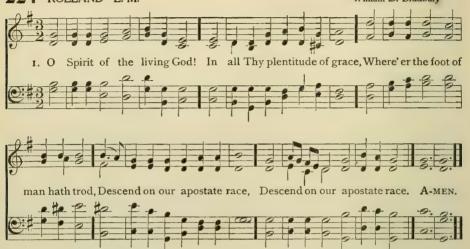
3 Lead us to holiness, the road Which we must take to dwell with God: Lead us to Christ, the living way, Nor let us from His pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest, To be with Him for ever blest: Lead us to heaven, that we may share Fulness of joy for ever there.

Simon Browne, 1720



William B. Bradbury



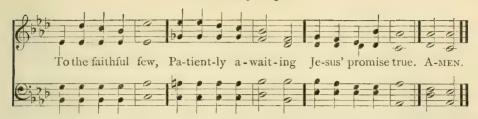
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love 4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare To preach the reconciling word; Give power and unction from above, Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light; Confusion, order in Thy path; Souls without strength inspire with might, Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

All the round earth her God to meet; Breathe Thou abroad like morning air.

Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh The triumphs of the cross record; The name of Jesus glorify Till every kindred call Him Lord. James Montgomery, 1863





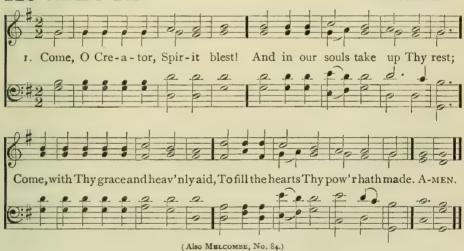
- 2 Up to heaven ascending
 Our dear Lord has gone;
 Yet His little children
 Leaves He not alone.
 To His blessed promise
 Now in faith we cling;
 Comforter, most holy!
 Spread o'er us Thy wing.
- 3 Lighten Thou our darkness,
 Be Thyself our light;
 Strengthen Thou our weakness,
 Spirit of all might.

- In our doubt give counsel, In temptation aid; Say to us in danger, "Be not ye afraid."
- 4 Spirit of adoption,
 Make us overflow
 With Thy seven-fold blessing,
 And in grace to grow;
 "Into Christ baptized,"
 Grant that we may be,
 Day and night, dear Spirit,
 Perfected by Thee.

William Henry Parker, 1880

226 STERLING L.M.

William Harrison



(Also MELCOMBE, No. 8.

- 2 Great Comforter, to Thee we cry; O highest gift of God most high, O Fount of life! O Fire of love! And sweet Anointing from above!
- 3 Kindle our senses from above, And make our hearts o'erflow with love;

With patience firm, and virtue high, The weakness of our flesh supply.

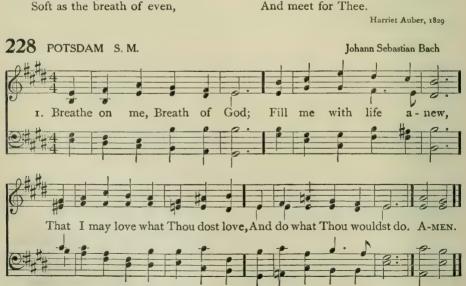
4 Far from us drive the foe we dread, And grant us Thy true peace instead; So shall we not, with Thee for Guide, Turn from the path of life aside.

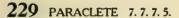
Anon. (Latin, 10th Cent.) Tr. by E. Caswall, 1849



- 2 He came in semblance of a dove With sheltering wings outspread, The holy balm of peace and love On earth to shed.
- 3 He came sweet influence to impart, A gracious, willing Guest, While He can find one humble heart Wherein to rest.
- 4 And His that gentle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even,

- That checks each thought, that calms And speaks of heaven. [each fear,
- 5 And every virtue we possess, And every victory won, And every thought of holiness Is His alone.
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace, Our weakness, pitying, see: O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,





Uzziah C. Burnap, 1869

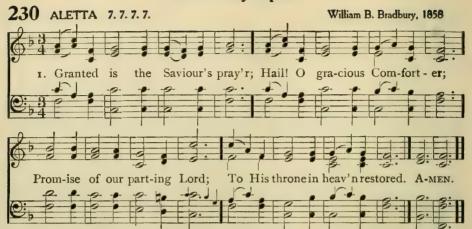


- We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord; We are faint, Thy strength afford; Lost, until by Thee restored, Comforter Divine.
- 3 Like the dew, Thy peace distil; Guide, subdue our wayward will, Things of Christ unfolding still, Comforter Divine.
- 4 In us, for us, intercede, And with voiceless groanings plead Our unutterable need, Comforter Divine.
- 5 In us "Abba, Father," cry, Earnest of our bliss on high, Seal of immortality, Comforter Divine.
- 6 Search for us the depths of God; Bear us up the starry road, To the height of Thine abode, Comforter Divine.

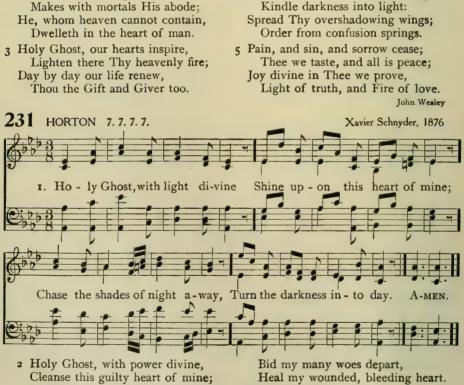
George Rawson, 1853

228 Continued. [POTSDAM]

- 2 Breathe on me, Breath of God, Until my heart is pure, Until with Thee I will one will, To do, or to endure.
- 3 Breathe on me, Breath of God, Till I am wholly Thine, Till all this earthly part of me Glows with Thy fire divine.
- 4 Breathe on me, Breath of God, So shall I never die; But live with Thee the perfect life Of Thine eternity.



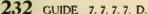
- 2 God, the everlasting God, Makes with mortals His abode: He, whom heaven cannot contain, Dwelleth in the heart of man.
- 4 Brood Thou o'er our nature's night; Kindle darkness into light: Spread Thy overshadowing wings; Order from confusion springs.



- Long has sin, without control, Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine:

4 Holy Spirit, all divine, Dwell within this heart of mine, Cast down every idol-throne; Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Andrew Reed, 1817



Marcus M. Wells



- Ever present, truest Friend,
 Ever near Thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear.
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er;
 Whispering softly, "Wanderer come,
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."
- When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Wondering if our names are there;
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading nought but Jesus' blood,
 Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come,
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

Anon



- 2 Manifest Thy love forever,
 Fence us in on every side;
 In distress be our Reliever,
 Guard and teach, support and guide.
 Hear, oh, hear our supplication,
 Blessed Spirit, God of peace;
 Rest upon this congregation
 With the fulness of Thy grace.
- 3 Author of the new creation,
 Let us now Thine influence prove;
 Make our hearts Thy habitation,
 Shed abroad a Saviour's love.
 From that height that knows no measure,
 As a gracious rain descend,
 Bringing down the richest treasure
 We can ask or God can send.
 Paul Gerhardt, 1663 Tr. by A. M. Toplady, 1776



- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea; Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee, Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see, Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
 All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
 Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Reginald Heber, 1827



- 2 O Holy Father, who hast led Thy children
 In all the ages, with the fire and cloud,
 Through seas dry-shod, through weary wastes bewild'ring;
 To Thee in reverent love our hearts are bowed.
- 3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour, To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails, Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior, And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
 Thine is the quick'ning power that gives increase;
 From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
 Our plenty, wealth, prosperity and peace.
- 5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring, Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days; Pray we that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring Thy love and favor kept to us always.

William C. Doane, 1886



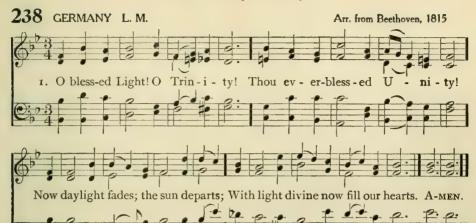
- 2 Glory be to Him who loved us, Washed us from each spot and stain; Glory be to Him who bought us, Made us kings with Him to reign: Glory, glory, glory, glory, To the Lamb that once was slain.
- 3 Glory to the King of angels,
 Glory to the Church's King,
 Glory to the King of nations,
 Heaven and earth your praises bring:
 Glory, glory, glory,
 To the King of glory bring.
- 4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!

 Thus the choir of angels sing;
 Honor, riches, power, dominion!

 Thus its praise creation brings:
 Glory, glory, glory,
 Glory to the King of kings.

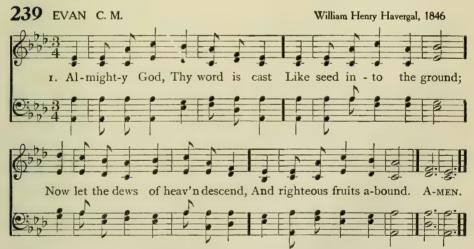


- 2 Cherubim and seraphim Veil their faces with their wings; Eyes of angels are too dim To behold the King of kings, While they sing eternally To the blessed Trinity.
- 3 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
 Thee, the noble martyr band,
 Praise with solemn jubilee,
 Thee, the Church in every land,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the blessèd Trinity.
- 4 Alleluia, Lord to Thee,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Three in One, and One in Three!
 Join we with the heavenly host,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the blessed Trinity.



- 2 At morn, O Lord, we worship Thee; At even, Lord, we pray to Thee; Our God Thou art; direct our way Until we reach eternal day.
- 3 To praise the Father on His throne, And Jesus Christ, His only Son, And Thee, the Spirit, All-Divine, Let all Thy saints and angels join.

 Tr. by Prof. M. Vitz, 1917



- Let not the foe of Christ and man
 This holy seed remove;

 But give it root in every heart
 To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
 The rising plant destroy;
 But let it yield an hundred fold
 Return of peace and joy:
- 4 Nor let Thy Word, so kindly sent To raise us to Thy throne, Go back to Thee, and sadly tell That we reject Thy Son.
- 5 Oft as the precious seed is sown, Thy quickening grace bestow, That all, whose souls the truth receive, Its saving power may know.

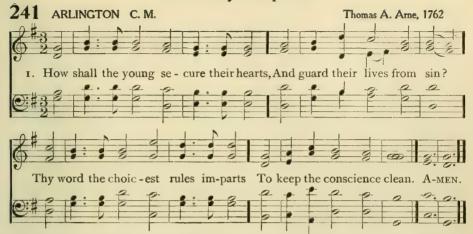
John Cawood, 1816



- 2 The Church from Thee, her Master, Received the gift divine,
 - And still that light she lifteth O'er all the earth to shine.
 - It is the golden casket
 Where gems of truth are stored;
 - It is the heaven-drawn picture Of Thee, the living Word.
- 3 It floateth like a banner Before God's host unfurled; It shineth like a beacon
 - It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world;

- It is the chart and compass
 That o'er life's surging sea,
 'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
 Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.
- 4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of burnished gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light as of old.
 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 - Till, clouds and darkness ended, They see Thee face to face.

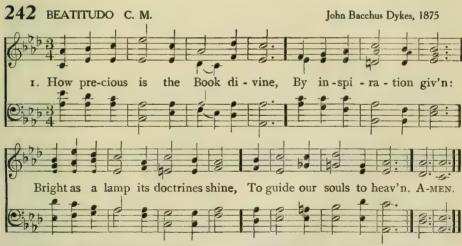
William Walsham How, 1866



- 2 When once it enters to the mind, It spreads such light abroad, The meanest souls instruction find, And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light, That guides us all the day; And, through the dangers of the night, A lamp to lead our way.
- Thy precepts make me truly wise;
 I hate the sinner's road;
 I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
- But love Thy law, my God.

 Thy word is everlasting truth:
 - How pure is every page!
 The holy Book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.

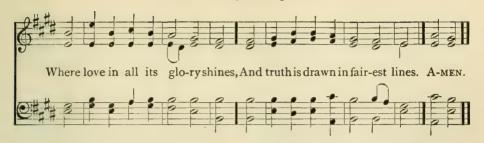
Isaac Watts, 1719



- 2 Its light, descending from above, Our gloomy world to cheer, Displays a Saviour's boundless love, And brings His glories near.
- 3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts, In this dark vale of tears;
- Life, light, and joy it still imparts, And quells our rising fears.
- 4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett, 1782



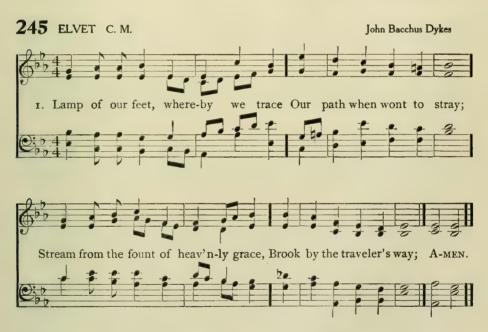


2 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our
way

From earth to realms of endless day.

3 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord, To read and mark Thy holy Word;

Its truth with meekness to receive, And by its holy precepts live. Benjamin Beddome, 1787 Thomas Cotterill, 1819



- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed, True manna from on high; Our guide and chart, wherein we read Of realms beyond the sky;
- 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
 Or radiant clouds by day; [bark,
 When waves would whelm our tossing
 Our anchor and our stay;
- 4 Word of the ever-living God,
 Will of His glorious Son;
 Without Thee how could earth be trod,
 Or heaven itself be won?
- 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn The wisdom it imparts; And to its heavenly teaching turn With simple childlike hearts.

Bernard Barton, 1827



- "Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.
- "I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise
 And all thy day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till traveling days are done.

 Horatius Bonar, 1846

Invitation



I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank

I came to Jesus, and I drank Of that life-giving stream;

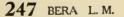
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say, "I am this dark world's Light; Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright." I looked to Jesus, and I found

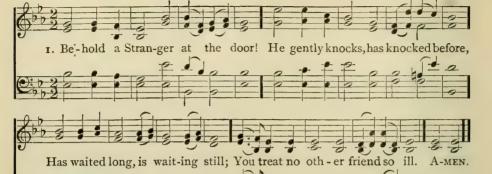
I looked to Jesus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And in that light of life I'll walk,

Till traveling days are done,

Horatius Bonar, 1846



John E. Gould, 1849

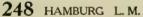


2 O lovely attitude! He stands With melting heart and laden hands; O matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.

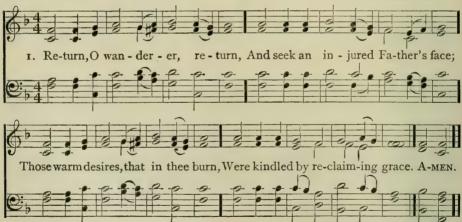
3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine, Turn out His enemy and thine; Turn out thy soul-enslaving sin And let the heavenly Stranger in.

4 O welcome Him, the Prince of Peace; Now may His gentle reign increase; Throw wide the door, each willing mind, And be His empire all mankind.

Joseph Grigg, 1765



Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1824

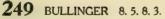


2 Return, O wanderer, return, And seek a Father's melting heart; His pitying eyes thy grief discern, His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

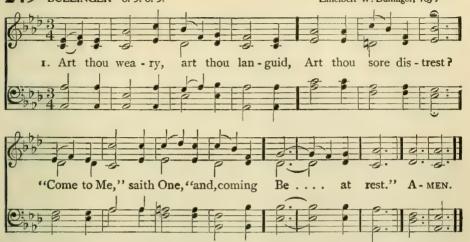
3 Return, O wanderer, return, Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live; Go to His bleeding feet, and learn How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear:
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn."
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.
William Bengo Collyer, 1814

Invitation



Ethelbert W. Bullinger, 1877

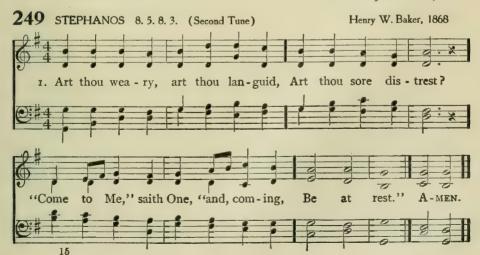


- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,

 If He be my Guide?
 - "In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
- 3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
 That His brow adorns?
 - "Yea, a crown, in very surety, But of thorns."
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
 What His guerdon here?
 - "Many a sorrow, many a labor, Many a tear."

- 5 If I still hold closely to Him, What hath He at last?
 - "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan passed."
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me, Will He say me nay?
 - "Not till earth and not till heaven Pass away."
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling, Is He sure to bless?
 - "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs, Answer, 'Yes.'"

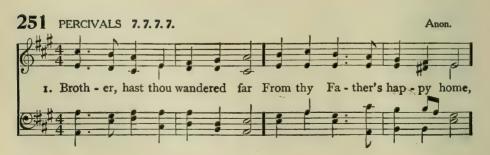
John M. Neale, 1862





- 2 Joy of the comfortless, Light of the straying, Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure; Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying, "Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure."
- 3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
 Come to the feast of love; come ever knowing
 Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

Thomas Moore, 1816 Alt. v. 3, Thomas Hastings, 1832

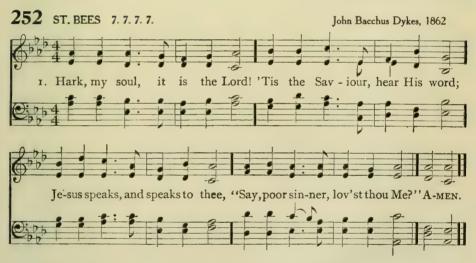


Invitation



- 2 Hast thou wasted all the powers God for noble uses gave, Squandered life's most golden hours? Turn thee, brother, God can save.
- 3 Is a mighty famine now
 In thy heart and in thy soul,
 Discontent upon thy brow?
 Turn thee, God will make thee whole.
- 4 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
 He thy feeblest prayer can hear;
 Seek Him while He may be found,
 Call upon Him,—He is near.

James Freeman Clarke, 1844

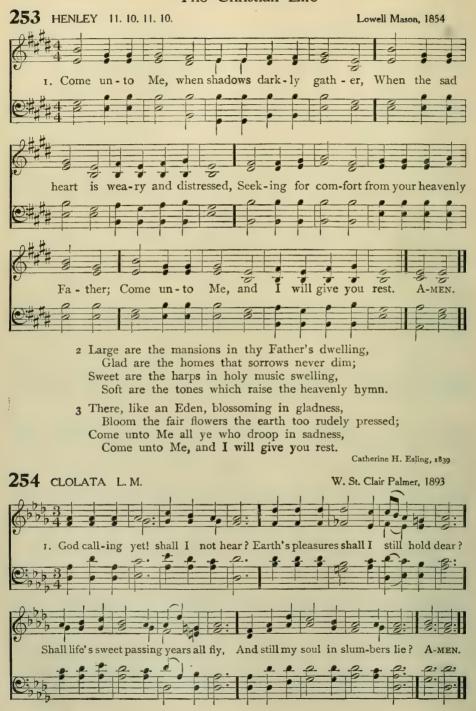


- 2 "I delivered thee when bound, And, when bleeding, healed thy wound; Sought thee wandering, set thee right, Turned thy darkness into light."
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care Cease towards the child she bare? Yes, she may forgetful be, Yet will I remember thee."
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love, Higher than the heights above,

Deeper than the depths beneath, Free and faithful, strong as death."

- 5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon, When the work of grace is done; Partner of My throne shalt be: Say, poor sinner, lov'st Thou Me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint, That my love is weak and faint; Yet I love Thee and adore; O for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper, 1768



255 KUCKEN 7.7.7.7.

Arr. from Kucken



- 2 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes On the atoning sacrifice; There the incarnate Deity Numbered with transgressors see.
- 3 Cast thy guilty soul on Him, Find Him mighty to redeem; At His feet thy burden lay, Look thy doubts and cares away.
- 4 Lord, Thine arm must be revealed, Ere I can by faith be healed; Since I scarce can look to Thee, Cast a gracious eye on me.

Augustus M. Toplady

254 Continued [CLOLATA]

- 2 God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I His loving voice despise? He calls us still; can I delay, And basely His kind care repay?
- 3 God calling yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the closer lock? He still is waiting to receive, And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?
- 4 God calling yet! and shall I give
 No heed, but still in bondage live?
 I wait, but He does not forsake;
 He calls me still; my heart, awake!
- 5 God calling yet! I cannot stay; My heart I yield without delay: Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1735 Tr. Sarah B. Findlater, 1855

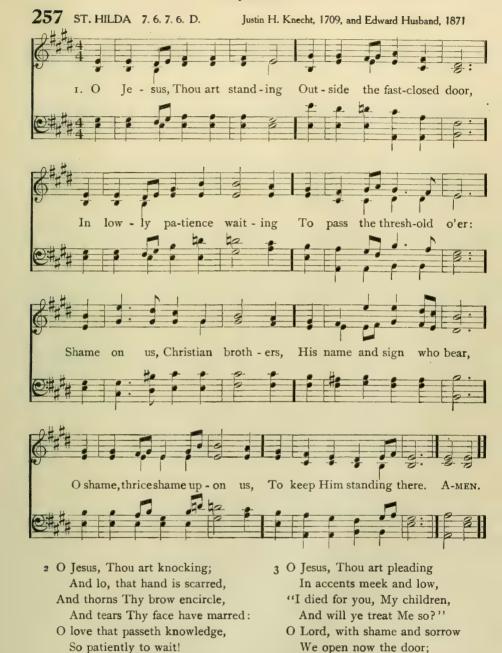


- Like the wideness in God's mercy,
 Like the wideness of the sea;
 There's a kindness in His justice,
 Which is more than liberty.
 There is welcome for the sinner,
 And more graces for the good;
 There is mercy with the Saviour,
 There is healing in His blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind, And the heart of the Eternal Is most wonderfully kind.

But we make His love too narrow By false limits of our own, And we magnify His strictness With a zeal He will not own.

In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of their Head.
If our love were but more simple,
We would take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber, 1854



Dear Saviour, enter, enter,

And leave us nevermore.

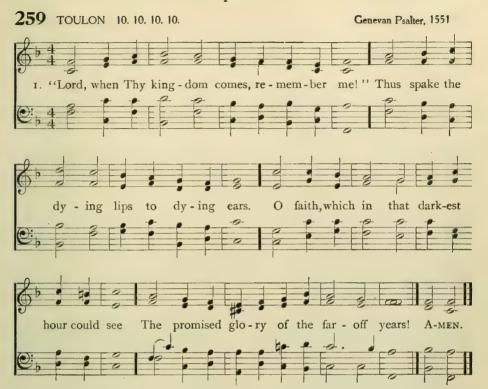
William Walsham How, 1867

O sin that hath no equal,

So fast to bar the gate!



- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure glory of that holy land? Before the whiteness of that throne appear? Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
- 3 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
 His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
 And His the blood that can for all atone,
 And set me faultless there before the throne.
- 4 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer, That in the Father's courts my glorious dress May be the garment of Thy righteousness.
- 5 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:
 Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
 Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
 Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

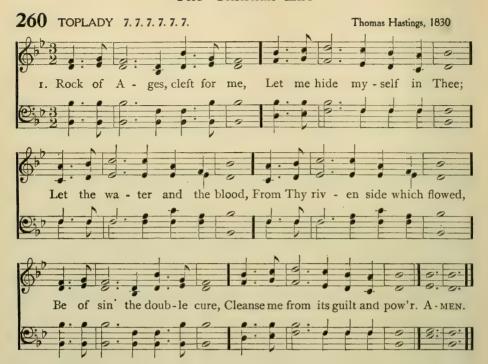


- No kingly sign declares that glory now;
 No ray of hope lights up that awful hour;
 A thorny crown surrounds the bleeding brow;
 The hands are stretched in weakness, not in power.
- 3 Yet hear the word the dying Saviour saith,
 "Thou too shalt rest in Paradise to-day;"
 O words of love to answer words of faith!
 O words of hope for those who live to pray!
- 4 Lord, when with dying lips my prayer is said,
 Grant that in faith Thy kingdom I may see,
 And, thinking on Thy cross and thorn-crowned head,
 May breathe my parting words, "Remember me."
- 5 Remember me; and, ere I pass away,

 Speak Thou the assuring word that sets me free,
 And make Thy promise to my heart, "To-day

 Thou too shalt rest in Paradise with Me."

William D. Maclagan



- 2 Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring; Simply to Thy cross I cling; Naked, come to Thee for dress; Helpless, look to Thee for grace; Vile, I to the fountain fly; Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776

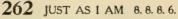




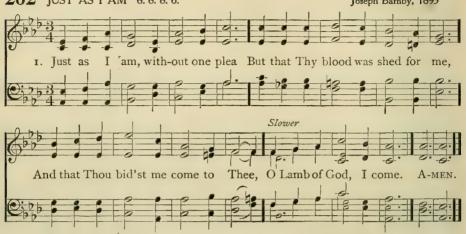
Of Thy dear Son, our on - ly Lord, Thy bid-den guests pre-pare. A-MEN.

- 2 No vain excuse we dare to make, Thy call we do not slight; We come unworthy; for His sake Help us to come aright.
- 3 Thy marriage garment we require,
 Thyself to us impart,
 And with Thy precious gifts inspire
 A pure and thankful heart.
- 4 And Thou, to whom the Father's love
 The wedding guests has brought,
 Who ever helpest from above
 Those whom Thy blood has bought,
- 5 Lord of the feast, our coming bless, And round our souls entwine The garment of Thy righteousness, In which Thy saints shall shine.

John E. Bode, 1860



Joseph Bärnby, 1893



(Also St. Crispin, No. 263.)

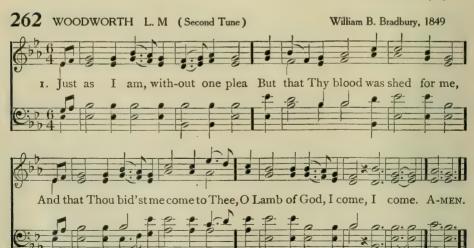
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee whose blood can cleanse each O Lamb of God, I come. [spot, 5]
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings and fears within, without, O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

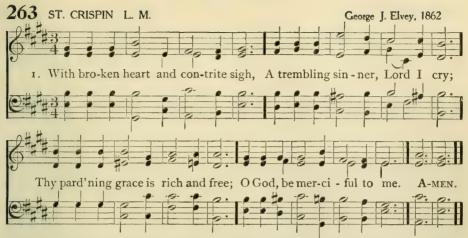
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am! Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve, Because Thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come.

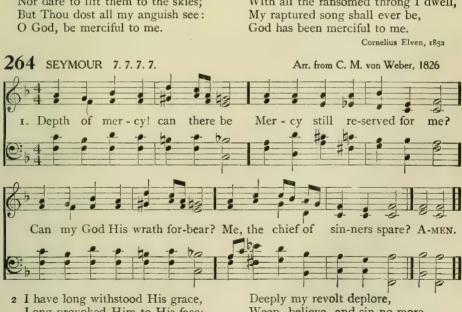
6 Just as I am! Thy love unknown Has broken every barrier down; Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836





- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast, With deep and conscious guilt opprest, Christ and His cross my only plea: O God, be merciful to me.
- 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes, Nor dare to lift them to the skies; But Thou dost all my anguish see: O God, be merciful to me.
- 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done, Can for a single sin atone; To Calvary alone I flee: O God, be merciful to me.
- 5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell. With all the ransomed throng I dwell, My raptured song shall ever be, God has been merciful to me.



- Long provoked Him to His face; Would not hearken to His calls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Lord, incline me to repent; Let me now my fall lament,

Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Still for me the Saviour stands. Shows His wounds, and spreads His God is love! I know, I feel; Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Charles Wesley, 1740

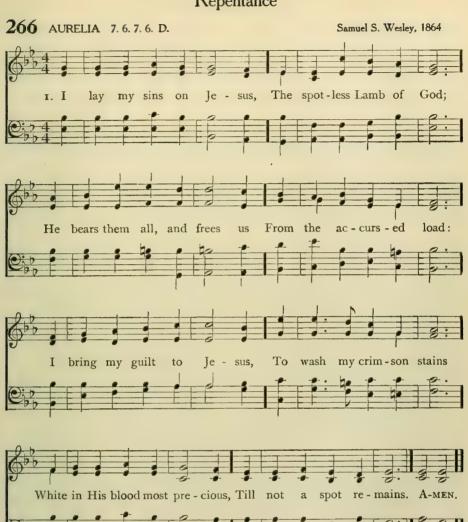


- My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
 How sad on Thee they fall;
 Seen through Thy gentle patience,
 I tenfold feel them all;
 I know they are forgiven,
 But still their pain to me
 Is all the grief and anguish
 They laid, my Lord, on Thee.
- 3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!

 Their guilt I never knew
 Till, with Thee, in the desert
 I near Thy passion drew;

- Till, with Thee, in the garden
 I heard Thy pleading prayer,
 And saw the sweat-drops bloody
 That told Thy sorrow there.
- 4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
 E'en in this time of woe,
 Shall tell of all Thy goodness
 To suffering man below;
 Thy goodness and Thy favor,
 Whose presence from above
 Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
 That live in The and love.

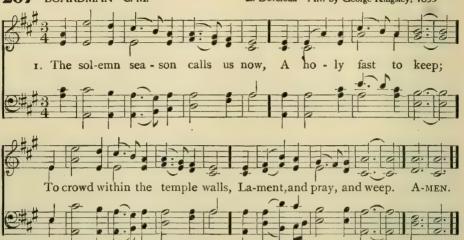
John S. B. Monsell, 1863



- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
 All fulness dwells in Him;
 He heals all my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem:
 I lay my griefs on Jesus;
 My burdens and my cares;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrows shares.
- 3 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child:
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints His praises,
 To learn the angels' song.
 Horatius Bonar, 1843

267 BOARDMAN C.M.

L. Devereux Arr. by George Kingsley, 1853



- 2 And yet, O God, no plaintive sobs
 From Thee can pardon win,
 Unless the heart be moved with grief,
 And penitent for sin.
- 3 With Thee avail not smitten breast, Sad face, and garments rent, Unless the contrite soul be sad, And all its guilt lament.
- 4 With tears that speak a mourning heart, We Thee entreat, O God,

From us Thine anger turn away, And stay the avenging rod.

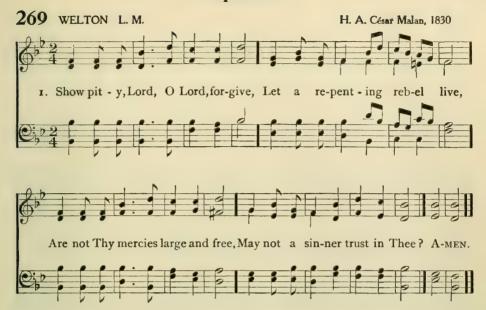
- 5 Thou art a righteous Judge; O deign To spare the bruised reed: We pray for time to turn again,
 - For grace to turn indeed.
- 6 Blest Trinity in Unity,
 Vouchsafe us, in Thy love,
 To gather from these fasts below
 Immortal fruit above.

Latin Hymn Tr. by I. Chandler

268 DENNIS S. M.

Arr. from Hans Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1845





- 2 My crimes are great, but ne'er surpassThe power and glory of Thy grace;Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,So let Thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin, And make my guilty conscience clean; Here on my heart the burden lies, And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with sname my sins confess Against Thy law, against Thy grace; Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe, I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord! Whose hope, still hovering round Thy Word, Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts, 1719

268 Continued [DENNIS]

- 2 Forgive my follies past,
 The crimes which I have done;
 Bid a repenting sinner live,
 Through Thine incarnate Son.
- 3 Guilt, like a heavy load, Upon my conscience lies; To Thee I make my sorrows known, And lift my weeping eyes.
- 4 The burden which I feel,

 Thou canst alone remove;

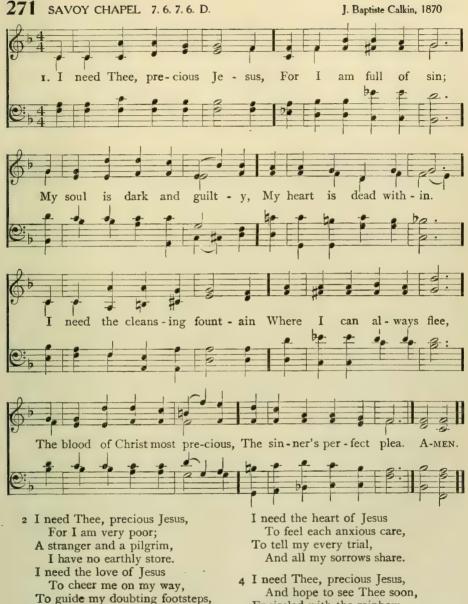
 Do Thou display Thy pard'ning grace,

 And Thine unbounded love.



- 2 By Thy helpless infant years;
 By Thy life of want and tears;
 By Thy days of sore distress
 In the savage wilderness;
 By the dread mysterious hour
 Of th'insulting tempter's power;
 Turn, O turn a favoring eye;
 Hear our solemn litany.
- 3 By Thine hour of dire despair; By Thine agony of prayer; By the cross, the nail, the thorn, Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
- By the gloom that veiled the skies O'er the dreadful sacrifice; Listen to our humble cry; Hear our solemn litany.
- 4 By Thy deep expiring groan;
 By the sad sepulchral stone;
 By the vault, whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God;
 O from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn litany.

Robert Grant 1815



3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.

To be my strength and stay.

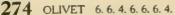
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow
And seated on Thy throne.
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing my Jesus' praises,
To gaze, O Lord, on Thee.

Frederick Whitfield, 1855





- Here I raise my Ebenezer;
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed with precious blood.
- O to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart; O take and seal it,
 Seal it from Thy courts above.
 Robert Robinson, 1758

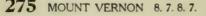


Lowell Mason, 1832

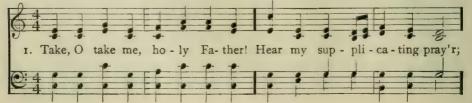


- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire;
 As Thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to Thee,
 Pure, warm, and changeless be
 A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour, then in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 O bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul.

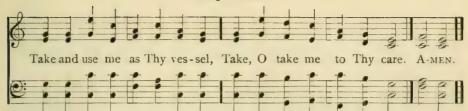
Ray Palmer, 1830



Lowell Mason

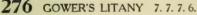




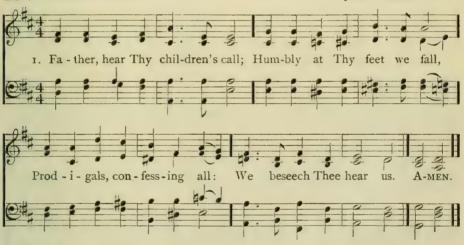


- 2 Break me, O Thou loving Father! Though Thy breaking cost me pain; Though Thou triest me with fire I will magnify Thy name.
- 3 Make me as Thou wilt, O Father! Melt this stubborn heart of mine; Make me like my Lord and Saviour, Full of love and life divine.
- 4 Take me, break me, make me, Father!
 Unto Thee I all resign!
 By Thy loving grace uphold me,
 Make me ever wholly Thine.

Ambrose M. Schmidt



John H. Gower, 1891



- 2 Christ, beneath Thy cross we blame All our life of sin and shame, Penitent, we breathe Thy name: We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 3 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried, Oft forgotten and defied, Now we mourn our stubborn pride: We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 4 Love that caused us first to be, Love that bled upon the tree, Love that draws us lovingly: We beseech Thee, hear us.

- 5 We Thy call have disobeyed, Into paths of sin have strayed, And repentance have delayed; We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 6 Sick, we come to Thee for cure, Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure, Evil, long to be made pure:

 We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 7 By the love that bids Thee spare, By the heaven Thou dost prepare, By Thy promises to prayer, We beseech Thee, hear us.

Thomas B. Pollock, 1875



2 While I sit in weary blindness, Longing for the blessed light, Many taste Thy loving kindness; "Lord, I would receive my sight."

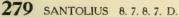
3 I would see Thee and adore Thee,
And Thy word the power can give;

Hear the sightless soul implore Thee; Let me see Thy face and live.

4 Ah, what touch is this that thrills me?
What this burst of strange delight?
Lo, the rapturous vision fills me!

This is Jesus! this is sight!

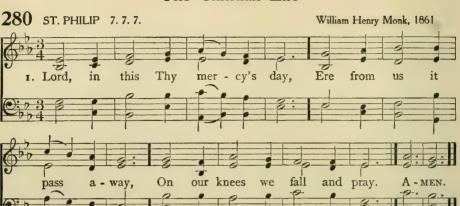
Hervey Doddridge Ganse, 1869



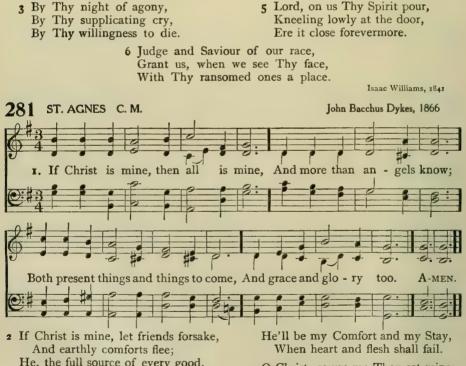


(Also BAVARIA, No. 200.)

- 2 Fruitless years with grief recalling, Humbly I confess my sin; At Thy feet, O Father, falling, To Thy household take me in. Freely now to Thee I proffer This relenting heart of mine; Freely, life and soul I offer, Gift unworthy love like Thine.
- 3 Once the world's Redeemer dying, Bore our sins upon the tree; On that sacrifice relying, Now I look in hope to Thee; Father, take me, all forgiving, Fold me to Thy loving breast; In Thy love forever living, I must be forever blest.



- 2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears, Fill us with heart-searching fears, Ere that day of doom appears.
- 4 By Thy tears of bitter woe For Jerusalem below, Let us not Thy love forego.



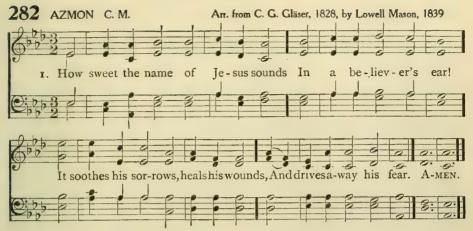
He, the full source of every good, Is more than all to me.

3 If Christ is mine, unharmed I pass Through death's dark dismal vale, 4 O Christ, assure me Thou art mine; I nothing want beside; My soul shall at the Fountain live,

When all the streams are dried.

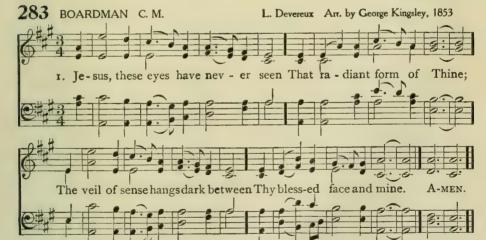
Benjamin Beddome, 1776

Love for Christ



- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build, 5 Weak is the effort of my heart, My Shield and Hiding-place, My never-failing treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace!
- 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King; My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Accept the praise I bring.
 - And cold my warmest thought; But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.

John Newton, 1779



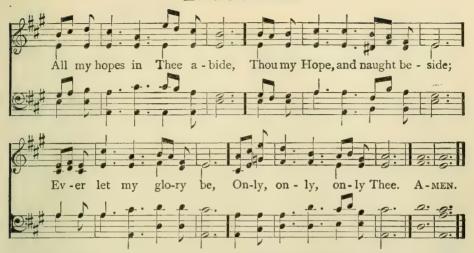
- 2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not, Yet art Thou oft with me; And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot, As where I meet with Thee.
- 3 Yet though I have not seen, and still Must rest in faith alone,
- I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will, Unseen, but not unknown.
- 4 When death these mortal eyes shall seal, And still this throbbing heart, The rending veil shall Thee reveal

All glorious as Thou art.

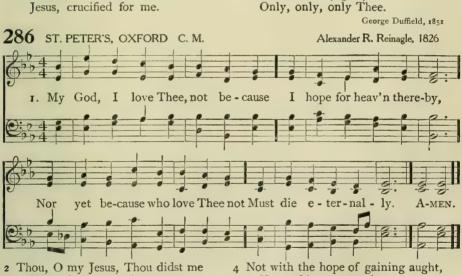
Ray Palmer, 1858







2 Once again beside the cross, All my gain I count but loss; Earthly pleasures fade away; Clouds they are that hide my day: Hence, vain shadows, let me see Jesus, crucified for me. 3 Blessèd Saviour, Thine am I, Thine to live, and Thine to die; Height, or depth, or earthly power, Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more: Ever shall my glory be, Only, only, only Thee.



Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails, and spear,
And manifold disgrace.

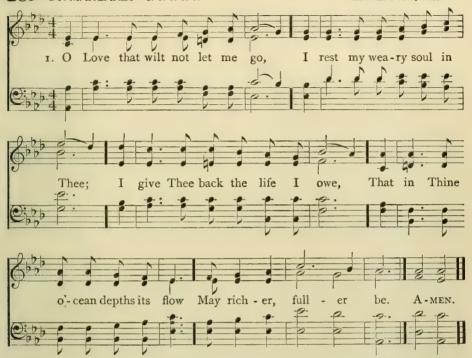
3 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ, Should I not love Thee well? Not for the hope of winning heaven, Nor of escaping hell; 4 Not with the hope of gaining aught, Not seeking a reward; But as Thyself hast loved me, O ever-loving Lord.

5 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord, And in Thy praise will sing; Solely because Thou art my God, And my Eternal King. Francis Xavier, 1552 Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1849



289 ST. MARGARET 8. 8. 8. 8. 6.

Albert L. Peace, 1885



- 2 O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart restores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day May brighter, fairer be.
- 3 O Joy that seekest me through pain, I cannot close my heart to Thee; I trace the rainbow through the rain, And feel the promise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
- 4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
 I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
 I lay in dust life's glory dead,
 And from the ground there blossoms red
 Life that shall endless be.

George Matheson, 1882

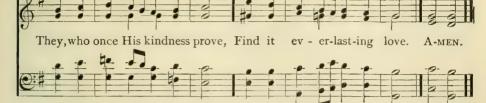
288 Continued [WOODBURY]

- when shall I see Thy smiling face,
 Which I, through faith, have often seen?
 Arise, Thou Sun of righteousness
 Dispel the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious gift of God, To sinners weary and distressed, The first of all His gifts bestowed, And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 4 Could I but say, this gift is mine,
 I'd tread the world beneath my feet,
 No more at pain or want repine,
 Nor envy the rich sinner's state.
- 5 This precious jewel let me keep, And lodge it deep within my heart; At home, abroad, awake, asleep, It never shall from thence depart.

Anon.







2 Which of all our friends to save us, Could or would have shed his blood? But our Jesus died to have us Reconciled in Him to God: This was boundless love indeed; Iesus is a friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abased, "Friend of sinners," was His name; Now above all glory raised,

He rejoices in the same: Still He calls them brethren, friends, And to all their wants attends.

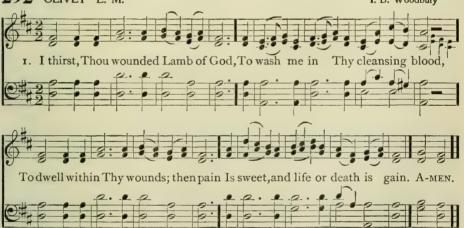
4 O for grace our hearts to soften! Teach us, Lord, at length to love; We, alas! forget too often

What a Friend we have above: But when home our souls are brought, We will love Thee as we ought.

John Newton, 1779

292 OLIVET I. M.

I. B. Woodbury



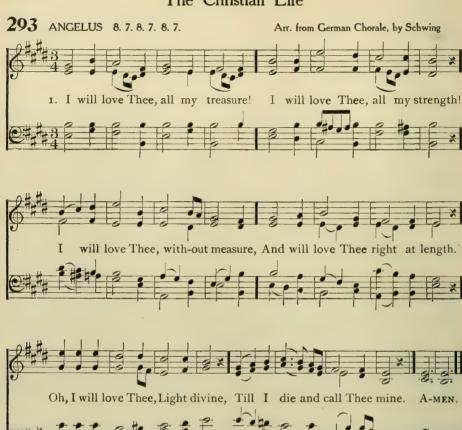
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be Forever closed to all but Thee: Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love forever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side, Who thence their life and strength derive.

And by Thee move and in Thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death, Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe?

- Thou giv'st the power, the grace to
- O wondrous grace! O boundless love!
- 5 How can it be, Thou heavenly King, That Thou shouldst us to glory bring, Make slaves the partners of Thy throne, Decked with a never fading crown?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow, Our words are lost; nor will we know Nor will we think of aught beside, "My Lord, my Love, is crucified."

Nicholaus Zinzendorf Tr. by John Wesley



- 2 I will praise Thee, Sun of glory! For Thy beams have gladness brought; I will praise Thee,—will adore Thee, For the light I vainly sought: Will praise Thee that Thy words so blest Spoke my sin-sick soul to rest.
- 3 In Thy footsteps now uphold me,
 That I stumble not nor stray;
 When the narrow way is told me,
 Never let me lingering stay,
 But come, my weary soul to cheer,
 Shine, eternal Sunbeam, here.
- 4 Be my heart more warmly glowing, Sweet and calm the tears I shed; And its love, its ardor showing, Let my spirit onward tread; Still near to Thee, and nearer still, Draw this heart, this mind, this will.
- 5 I will love, in joy and sorrow!

 Crowning joy! will love Thee well!

 I will love, to-day, to-morrow,

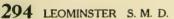
 While I in this body dwell:

 Oh! I will love Thee, Light divine,

 Till I die and find Thee mine!

(Hymns from the Land of Luther) Tr. by Johann Scheffler

Aspiration and Growth



George W. Martin, 1862



Until it master find;

It has no spring of action sure, It varies with the wind:

It cannot freely move

Till Thou hast wrought its chain; Enslave it with Thy matchless love, And deathless it shall reign.

3 My power is faint and low Till I have learned to serve, It wants the needed fire to glow, It wants the breeze to nerve:

Until itself be driven: Its flag can only be unfurled

When Thoushalt breathe from heaven.

4 My will is not my own Till Thou hast made it Thine;

If it would reach a monarch's throne It must its crown resign:

It only stands unbent Amid the clashing strife,

When on Thy bosom it has leant, And found in Thee its life.

George Matheson, 1890



- 2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit Into every troubled breast; Let us all in Thee inherit, Let us find the promised rest; Take away the love of sinning; Alpha and Omega be; End of faith, as its beginning, Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave.
- Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish, then, Thy new creation;
 Pure and spotless let us be:
 Let us see Thy great salvation
 Perfectly restored in Thee;
 Changed from glory into glory
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

 Charles Wesley, 1747

Aspiration and Growth



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 Charles Wesley, 1747



- 2 Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.
- 3 There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.
- 5 Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams, 1841

Aspiration and Growth



- 2 Though like the wanderer, The sun gone down, Darkness be over me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.
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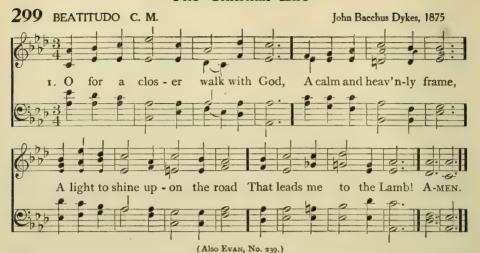
- 2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought:
 How can I love Thee as I ought?
 And how extol Thy matchless fame,
 The glorious beauty of Thy name?
 Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:
 O make me love Thee more and more.
- 3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
 That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
 How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
 So far exceeding hope or thought.
 Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:
 O make me love Thee more and more.
- 4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
 To Thee my heart and soul belong:
 All that I have or am is Thine,
 And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
 Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:
 O make me love Thee more and more.

Henry Collins, 1854

Aspiration and Growth



- 2 Calmer yet and calmer, In the hour of pain, Surer yet and surer Peace at last to gain; Suffering still and doing, To His will resigned, And to God subduing Heart and will and mind.
- 3 Higher yet and higher
 Out of clouds and night,
 Nearer yet and nearer
 Rising to the light;
 Light serene and holy,
 Where my soul may rest,
 Purified and lowly,
 Sanctified and blest.
- 4 Swifter yet and swifter
 Ever onward run,
 Firmer yet and firmer
 Step as I go on:
 Oft these earnest longings
 Swell within my breast,
 Yet their inner meaning
 Ne'er can be expressed.

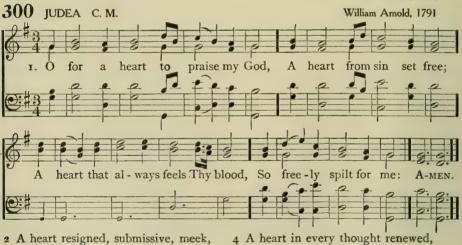


- 2 Return, O holy Dove, return, Sweet Messenger of rest;
 - I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.
- 3 The dearest idol I have known, Whate'er that idol be,

Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And worship only Thee.

4 So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer light shall mark the road

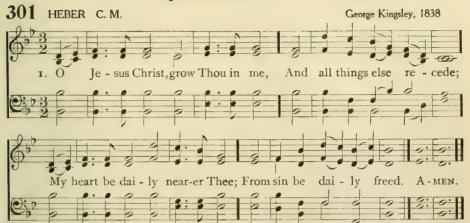
That leads me to the Lamb.
William Cowper, 1772



- A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My dear Redeemer's throne; Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns alone;
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart, Believing, true, and clean, Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells within;
- And full of love divine,

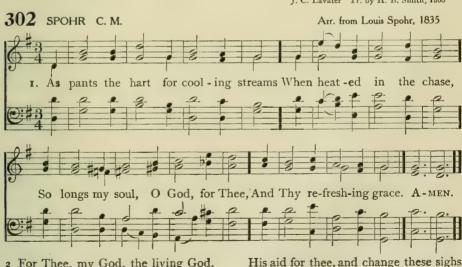
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart; Come quickly from above; Write Thy new name upon my heart, Thy new, best name of Love.

Aspiration and Growth



- 2 Each day let Thy supporting might My weakness still embrace;
 - My darkness vanish in Thy light, Thy life my death efface.
- 3 In Thy bright beams which on me fall, 5 Let faith in Thee and in Thy might, Fade every evil thought:
 - That I am nothing, Thou art all, I would be daily taught.
- 4 Make this poor self grow less and less, Be Thou my life and aim;
 - O make me daily through Thy grace More meet to bear Thy name.
- My every action move;
 - Be Thou alone my soul's delight, My passion and my love.

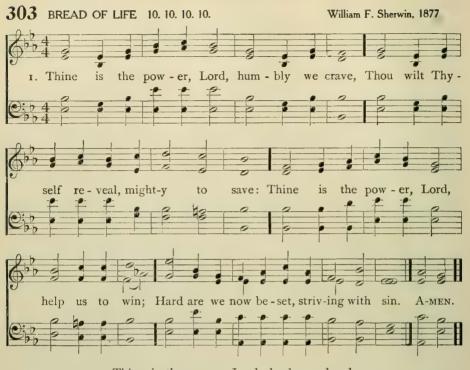
J. C. Lavater Tr. by H. B. Smith, 1860



- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God, My thirsty soul doth pine;
 - O when shall I behold Thy face, Thou Majesty Divine!
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul? Trust God; and He'll employ
- To thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul? Hope still; and thou shalt sing

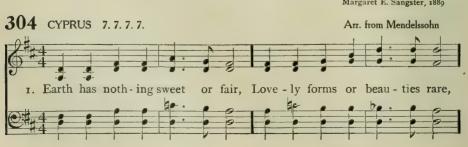
The praise of Him who is thy God, Thy health's eternal Spring.

Tate and Brady's "New Version," 1696, 1698



- 2 Thine is the power, Lord, lowly we bend, Trusting Thy gracious word, Kinsman and Friend: Thine is the power, Lord, grant us Thy peace; Now, from the tempter, Lord, grant us release.
- 3 Thine is the power, Lord, keep us in sight; Let us not wander, Lord, lost in the night: Thine is the power, Lord, shield us from ill; Yet in the evil day, trust Thee we will.
- 4 Thine is the power, Lord, ours is the need; 'Tis in Thy gracious word, dare we to plead: Thine is the power, Lord, are we not Thine? Be Thou our Watch and Ward, Saviour divine.

Margaret E. Sangster, 1889



Aspiration and Growth

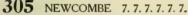


- 2 When the morning paints the skies, When the golden sunbeams rise, Then my Saviour's form I find Brightly imaged on my mind.
- 3 When, as moonlight softly steals, Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,

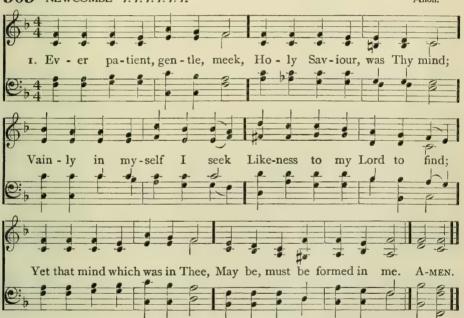
Then I think: Who made their light, Is a thousand times more bright.

4 Lord of all that's fair to see, Come reveal Thyself to me; Let me, 'mid Thy radiant light, See Thine unveiled glories bright.

Johann Scheffler, 1657 Tr. by Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1841

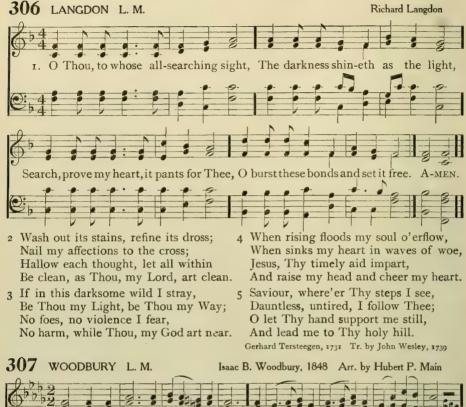


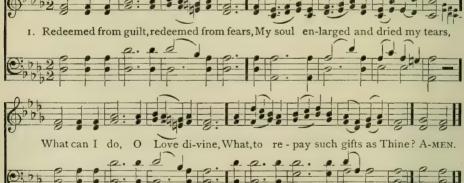
Anon.



- 2 Days of toil, 'mid throngs of men, Vexed not, ruffled not Thy soul; Still collected, calm, serene, Thou each feeling couldst control: Lord, that mind which was in Thee, May be, must be formed in me.
- 3 Though such griefs were Thine to bear, For each sufferer Thou could'st feel; Every mourner's burden share,
- Every wounded spirit heal; Saviour, let Thy grace in me Form that mind which was in Thee.
- 4 When my pain is most intense, Let Thy cross my lesson prove; Let me hear Thee e'en from thence, Breathing words of peace and love: Saviour, let Thy grace in me Form that mind which was in Thee.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836





- 2 What can I do, so poor, so weak, But from Thy hands new blessings seek, A heart to feel Thy mercies more, A soul to know Thee, and adore?
- 3 O teach me at Thy feet to fall, And yield Thee up, myself, my all!

Before Thy saints my debts to own, And live and die to Thee alone!

4 Thy Spirit, Lord, at large impart, Expand and raise and fill my heart! So may I hope my life shall be Some faint return, O Lord, to Thee.

Henry F. Lyte, 1834

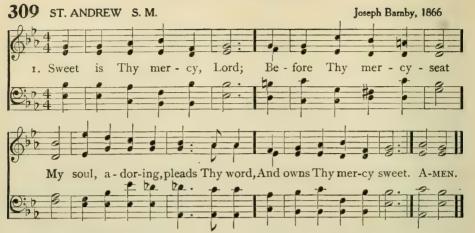
Aspiration and Growth



- 2 In Thee my trust abideth, On Thee my hope relies,
 - O Thou whose love provideth For all beneath the skies;
 - O Thou whose mercy found me, From bondage set me free, And then for ever bound me With threefold cords to Thee.
- 3 Alas, that I should ever
 Have failed in love to Thee,
 The only One who never
 Forgot or slighted me!
 - O for that choicest blessing Of living in Thy love, And thus on earth possessing

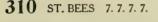
The peace of heaven above.

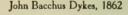
John S. B. Monsell, 1863

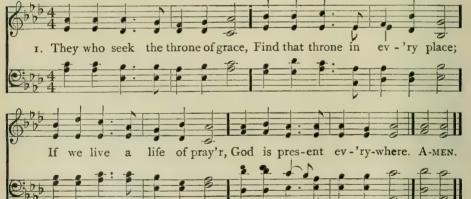


- 2 My need and Thy desires
 Are all in Christ complete;
 Thou hast the justice truth requires,
 And I, Thy mercy sweet.
- 3 Where'er Thy Name is blest, Where'er Thy people meet, There I delight in Thee to rest, And find Thy mercy sweet.
- 4 Light Thou my weary way,
 Lead Thou my wandering feet,
 That while I stay on earth, I may
 Still find Thy mercy sweet.
- 5 Thus shall the heavenly host
 Hear all my songs repeat
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 My joy, Thy mercy sweet.

 John S. B. Monsell, 1862



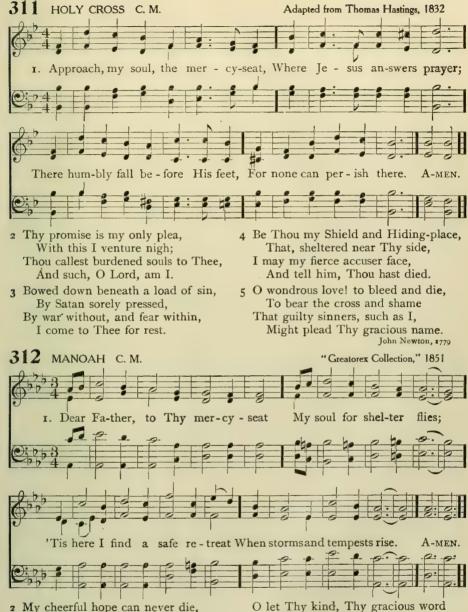




- 2 In our sickness or our health, In our want or in our wealth, If we look to God in prayer, God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail, When the foes of life prevail,
- 'Tis the time for earnest prayer; God is present everywhere.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait To thy Father come and wait; He will answer every prayer; God is present everywhere.

Oliver Holden

Prayer and Intercession



And banish every fear. 3 My great Protector, and my Lord, Thy constant aid impart;

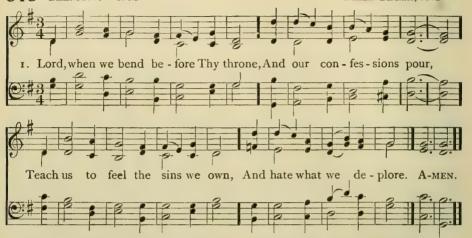
If Thou, my God, art near;

- Sustain my trembling heart. Thy grace can raise my comforts high, 4 O never let my soul remove
 - From this divine retreat; Still let me trust Thy power and love And dwell beneath Thy feet.

Anne Steele

313 BELMONT C. M.

William Gardiner, 1812

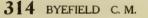


May we our wills resign. And not a thought our bosom share

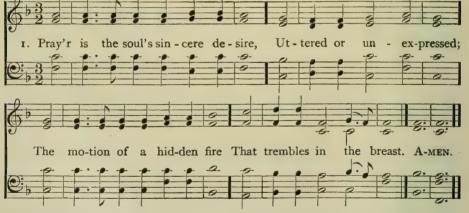
That is not wholly Thine.

When we disclose our wants in prayer, 3 Let faith each meek petition fill, And waft it to the skies; And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still That grants it, or denies.

Joseph D. Carlyle, 1804



Thomas Hastings, 1840



- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh, The falling of a tear, The upward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech That infant lips can try; Prayer the sublimest strains that reach The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice Returning from his ways, While angels in their songs rejoice, And cry, "Behold he prays!"
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, The Christian's native air. His watchword at the gates of death; He enters heaven with prayer.

James Montgomery, 1819

Prayer and Intercession

315 VINCENT 8, 4, 8, 4, D.

Horatio R. Palmer, 1875



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2 Let me no wrong or idle word Unthinking say:

Set Thou a seal upon my lips Through all to-day;

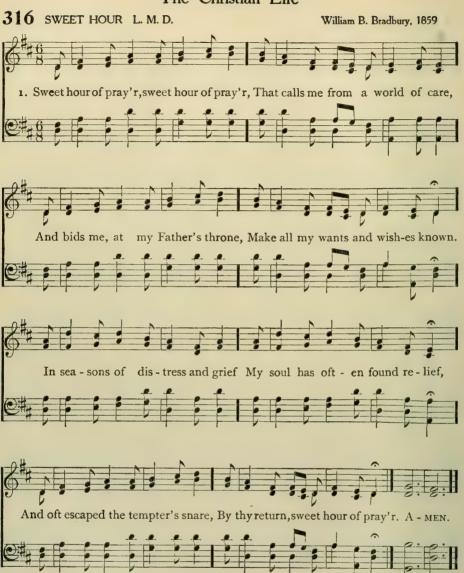
Let me in season, Lord, be grave, In season, gay;

Let me be faithful to Thy grace, Dear Lord, to-day.

- 3 And if to-day this life of mine Should ebb away,
 - Give me to know Thy life divine, Father, to-day:
 - So for to-morrow and its needs
 I do not pray;

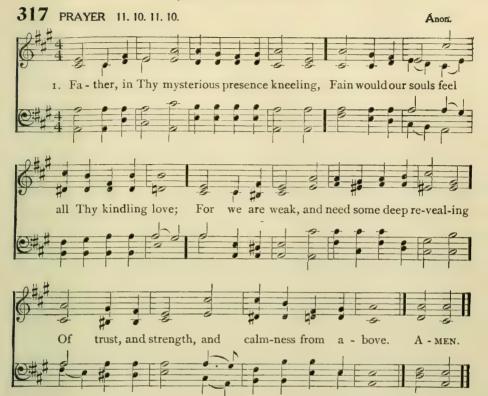
Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Through each to-day.

E. R. Wilberforce, 1870



2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, The joys I feel, the bliss I share, Of those whose anxious spirits burn With strong desires for thy return; With such I hasten to the place Where God my Saviour shows His face, And gladly take my station there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Prayer and Intercession



- 2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow, And Thou hast made each step an onward one; And we will ever trust each unknown morrow; Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.
- 3 Now, Father, now in Thy dear presence kneeling, Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love; Now make us strong; we need Thy deep revealing Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

Samuel Johnson, 1846

316 Continued [SWEET HOUR]

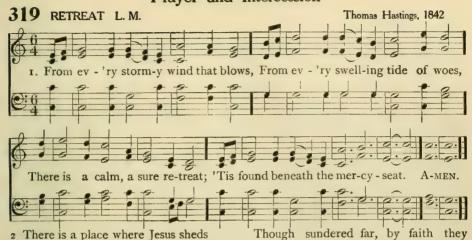
3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.



- Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged:
 Take it to the Lord in prayer!
 Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer!
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Saviour, still our Refuge,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer!
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer!
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
 Thou will find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven, 1855

Prayer and Intercession

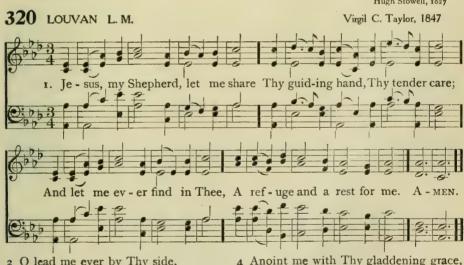


- The oil of gladness on our heads, A place than all besides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend:

Around one common mercy-seat. [meet

4 There, there, on eagle's wing we soar, And time and sense seem all no more. And heaven comes down our souls to greet,

And glory crowns the mercy-seat. Hugh Stowell, 1827



- 2 O lead me ever by Thy side, Where fields are green, and waters glide; To cheer me in the heavenly race; And be Thou still, where'er I be, A refuge and a rest for me.
- 3 While I this barren desert tread, Feed Thou my soul on heavenly bread; 'Mid foes and fears Thee may I see, A refuge and a rest for me.
- 4 Anoint me with Thy gladdening grace, Cause all my gloomy doubts to flee, And make my spirit rest in Thee.
- 5 When death shall end this mortal strife, Bring me through death to endless life; Then, face to face, beholding Thee, My refuge and my rest shall be.

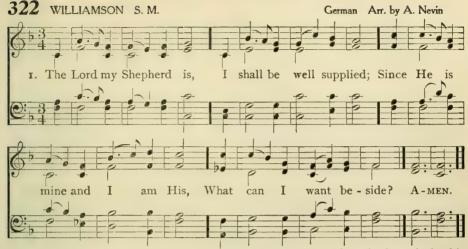
Henry Harbaugh, 1859



- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray, Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear; Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
 With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head:
 O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
 Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
 Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

 James Montgomery, 1832

Light and Guidance



2 He leads me to the place Where heavenly pasture grows, Where living waters gently pass, And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray, He doth my soul reclaim, And guides me in His own right way.

For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid I cannot yield to fear;

Though I should walk through death's dark shade.

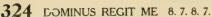
My Shepherd's with me there.

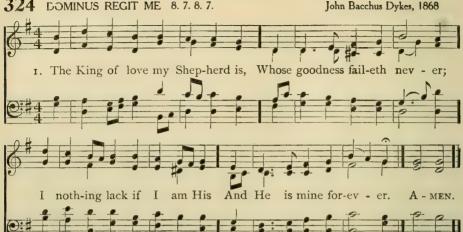
- 5 Amid surrounding foes Thou dost my table spread: My cup with blessings overflows, And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of Thy love Shall crown my following days; Nor from Thy house will I remove, Nor cease to speak Thy praise. Isaac Watts, 1710

323 GOSHEN 11. 11. 11. 11. (No. 321)

- I Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way; The Lord is our Leader, His word is our stay; Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near, The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear?
- 2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint; The weak and oppressed, He will hear their complaint; The way may be weary, and thorny the road, But how can we falter? our help is in God.
- 3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads; His flock in the desert how kindly He feeds! The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears, And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.
- 4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our Light; Though storms rage around us, our God is our Might; So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come; The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home.

John N. Darby





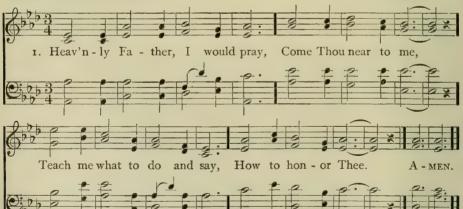
- 2 Where streams of living water flow My ransomed soul He leadeth, And, where the verdant pastures grow, With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 Perverse and foolish oft I straved. But yet in love He sought me, And on His shoulder gently laid, And home, rejoicing, brought me.

HEAVENLY FATHER 7.5.7.5.

- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, beside me; Thy rod and staff my comfort still, Thy cross before to guide me.
- 5 And so through all the length of days, Thy goodness faileth never: Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise Within Thy house for ever.

Henry W Baker, 1868

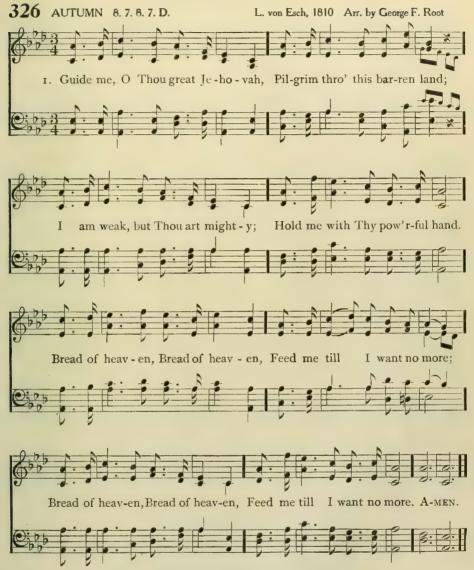
J. H. Kurzenknabe



- 2 Blessed Jesus, I would ask For a gentle will; Help Thou me my every task, Faithful to fulfil.
- 3 Holy Spirit, loving Guide, Lead me day by day; Guard my steps on every side Lest I go astray.

Anon.

Light and Guidance



(Also Sicilian Mariners' Hymn, No. 49.)

- 2 Open Thou the crystal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow; Let the fiery cloudy pillar Lead me all my journey through: Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan;
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me through the swelling current;
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises

I will ever give to Thee.

William Williams, 1745



2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Light and Guidance



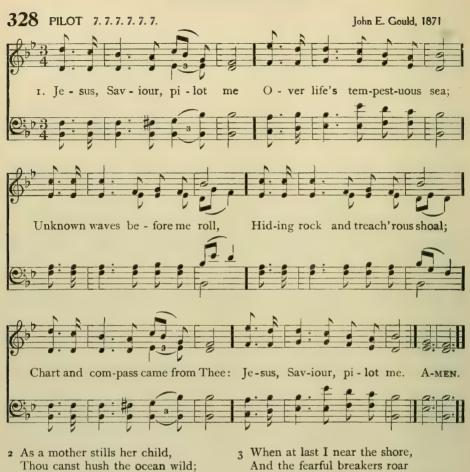
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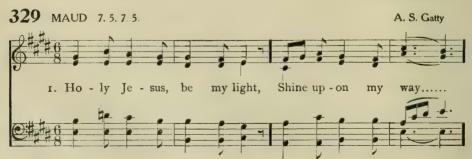
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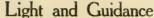
John H. Newman, 1833

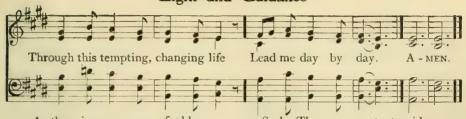


- 2 As a mother stills her child,
 Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
 Boisterous waves obey Thy will
 When Thou sayest to them, "Be still."
 Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then while leaning on Thy breast, May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Edward Hopper, 1871







2 As the wise men came of old, Traveling afar, Guided to thy cradle throne By a wondrous star,

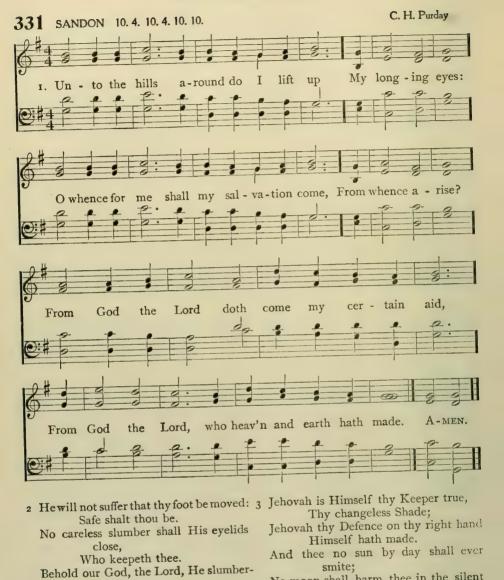
3 So be Thou my constant guide, Lead me all the way, Till I reach thy home at last, Never-more to stray.

Anon.



- 2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth: Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope, While passion stains and folly dims our youth, And age comes on uncheered by faith or hope.
- 3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right: Blindly we stumble when we walk alone, Involved in shadows of a darkening night; Only with Thee we journey safely on.
- 4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest, However rough and steep the path may be; Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best, Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

William H. Burleigh, 1868, alt.



eth ne'er,
No moon shall harm thee in the silent
who keepeth Israel in His holy care.

I From every evil shall He keep Thy soul,

From every evil shall the keep Thy sour,

From every sin:

Jehovah shall preserve thy going out,

Thy coming in.

Above Thee watching, He whom we adore
Shall keep thee henceforth, yea, for evermore.

John, Duke of Argyle, 1877

Light and Guidance



- 2 In holy contemplation, We sweetly then pursue The theme of God's salvation, And find it ever new; Set free from present sorrow, We cheerfully can say, Let the unknown to-morrow Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing, But He will bear us through; Who gives the lilies clothing, Will clothe His people too;

- Beneath the spreading heavens, No creature but is fed; And He who feeds the ravens, Will give His children bread.
- Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit shall bear,
 Though all the field shall wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there;
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice,
 For, while in Him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper, 1779

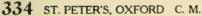


- 2 For every act of faith,
 And every pure design,
 For all of good my soul can know,
 The glory, Lord, be Thine;
 Free grace my pardon seals,
 Through Thy atoning blood;
 Free grace the full assurance brings,
 Of peace with Thee, my God.
- Command and I obey;
 My willing feet with joy shall haste
 To run the heavenly way;
 Keep Thou my wandering heart,
 And bid it cease to roam;
 O bear me safe o'er death's cold wave

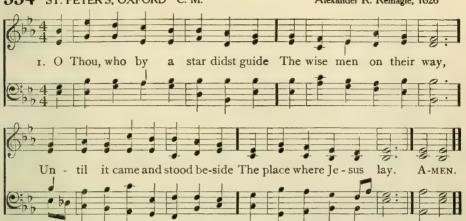
3 O speak and I will hear;

O bear me safe o'er death's cold wave To heaven my blissful home.

Farny J. Crosby



Alexander R. Reinagle, 1826



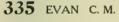
- 2 Although by stars Thou dost not lead Thy servants now below. Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
- Will show them how to go.
- 3 As yet we know Thee but in part; But still we trust Thy word,

That blessed are the pure in heart, For they shall see the Lord.

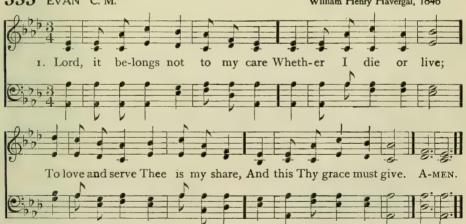
4 O Saviour, give us then Thy grace, To make us pure in heart,

That we may see Thee face to face Hereafter as Thou art.

John M. Neale, 1844



William Henry Havergal, 1846



- 2 Christ leads me through no darker rooms Than He went through before; No one unto His kingdom comes
- 3 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me Thy blessed face to see; meet

But through His open door.

- For, if Thy work on earth be sweet, What will Thy glory be?
- 4 My knowledge of that life is small; The eye of faith is dim; But 'tis enough that Christ knows all, And I shall be with Him.

Richard Baxter, 1681



(Also Hollingside, No. 656.)

2 Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, ah, leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring; Cover my defenseless head With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1740



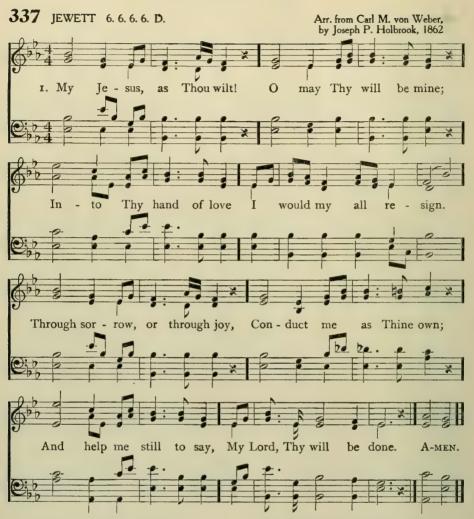
- 2 Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, ah, leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring; Cover my defenseless head With the shadow of Thy wing.
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Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;

Spring Thou up within my heart; Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1740



2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!

Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.

Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.

A My Jesus, as Thou wilt!

All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above
I, I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
"My Lord, Thy will be done."
Benjamin Schmolck, c. 1704 Tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1854



2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares;
Since God my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes that never sleep,
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day, Nor blasts of evening air, Shall take my health away, If God be with me there: Thou art my Sun, and Thou, my Shade, To guard my head by night or noon.

4 Hast Thou not given Thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high Thou call me home.

Anon.

339 JEWETT 6. 6. 6. 6. D. (No. 337)

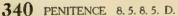
I Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine: so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness, or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great, or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my all.

Horatius Bonar, 1857



Spencer Lane, 1878



- 2 God will never leave us,
 All our wants He knows,
 Feels the pains that grieve us,
 Sees our cares and woes:
 When in grief we languish,
 He will dry the tear,
 Who His children's anguish
 Soothes with succor near.
- 3 All our woe and sadness
 In this world below,
 Balance not the gladness
 We in heaven shall know,
 When our gracious Saviour,
 In the realms above
 Crowns us with His favor,
 Fills us with His love.

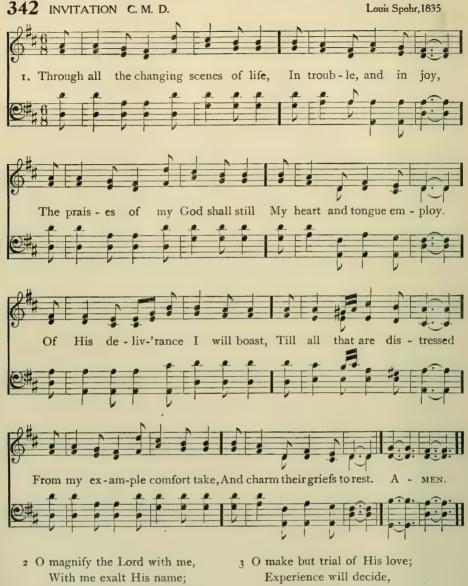
 Heinrich Oswald Tr. by Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1841



(Also St. Christopher, No. 163.)

- 2 'Tis only in Thee hiding, I know my life secure; Only in Thee abiding, The conflict can endure: Thine arm the victory gaineth O'er every hurtful foe; Thy love my heart sustaineth In all its cares and woe.
- 3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
 With rapture, face to face;
 One half hath not been told me
 Of all Thy power and grace;
 Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
 The wonders of Thy love,
 Shall be the endless story
 Of all Thy saints above.

 James G. Deck, 1842



- O magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt His name;
 When in distress to Him I called,
 He to my rescue came.
 The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just;
 Deliverance He affords to all,
 Who on His succor trust.
- 3 O make but trial of His love;
 Experience will decide,
 How blest are they, and only they,
 Who in His truth confide.
 Fear Him, ye saints, and ye will then
 Have nothing else to fear;
 Make ye His service your delight;
 He'll make your wants His care.

 Tate and Brady, 1696



I wait the muffled oar:

On ocean or on shore.

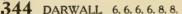
No harm from Him can come to me

Thy creatures as they be,

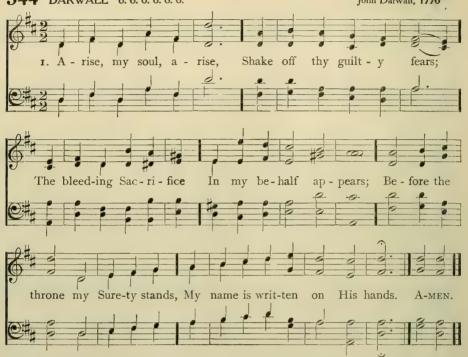
Forgive me if too close I lean

My human heart on Thee.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1867, arr.

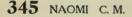


John Darwall, 1770

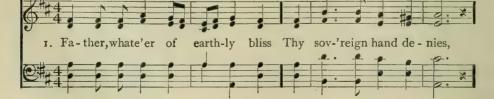


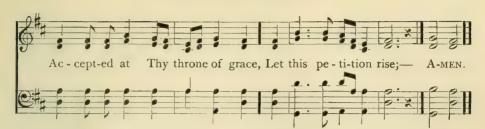
- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede,
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood, to plead;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 The Father hears Him pray,
 His dear anointed One:
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of His Son;
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.
- 4 My God is reconciled,
 His pardoning voice I hear,
 He owns me for His child:
 I can no longer fear,
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

Charles Wesley, 1742



Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1836

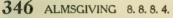




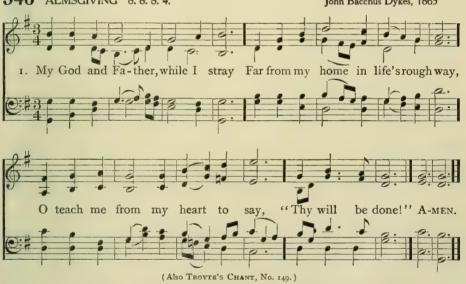
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur free; The blessings of Thy grace impart, And let me live to Thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My path of life attend;

Thy presence through my journey shine, And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele, 1760



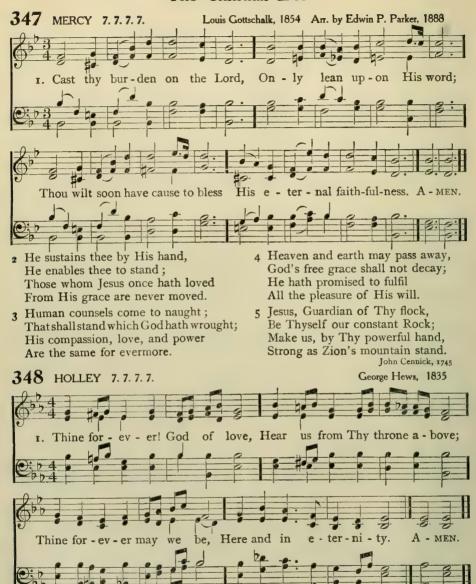
John Bacchus Dykes, 1865



- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot, 5 If but my fainting heart be blest Let me be still and murmur not, Or breathe the prayer divinely taught, "Thy will be done!"
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh For friends beloved, no longer nigh, Submissive still would I reply, "Thy will be done!"
- 4 If Thou should'st call me to resign What most I prize, it ne'er was mine; I only yield Thee what is Thine: "Thy will be done!"
- With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest; "Thy will be done!"
- 6 Renew my will from day to day, Blend it with Thine, and take away All that now makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
- Then, when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with tears before, I'll sing upon a happier shore,

"Thy will be done!"

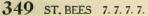
Charlotte Elliott, 1814



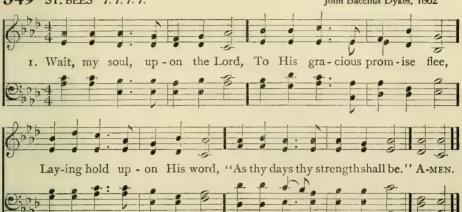
(Also PLEYEL'S HYMN, No. 541.)

- 2 Thine for ever! Lord of life, Shield us through our earthly strife; Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way, Guide us to the realms of day.
- 3 Thine for ever! O how blest They who find in Thee their rest!
- Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend, O defend us to the end.
- 4 Thine forever! Thou our Guide,
 All our wants by Thee supplied,
 All our sins by Thee forgiven,
 Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

 Mary F. Maude, 1847



John Bacchus Dykes, 1862



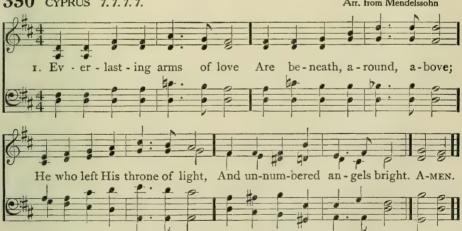
2 If the sorrows of thy case Seem peculiar still to thee, God has promised needful grace: "As thy days thy strength shall be." 4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,

3 Days of trial, days of grief, In succession thou mayst see; This is still thy sweet relief: "As thy days thy strength shall be."

With thy promise, full and free, Faithful, positive, and sure, "As thy days thy strength shall be." William F. Lloyd, 1835



Arr. from Mendelssohn



He who on the accursed tree Gave His precious life for me; He it is that bears me on, His, the arm I lean upon.

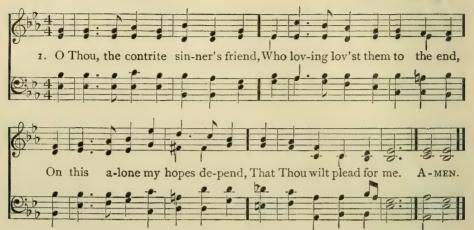
3 All things hasten to decay, Earth and sea will pass away; Soon will yonder circling sun Cease his blazing course to run.

4 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange, But the Changeless cannot change: Gladly will I journey on, With His arm to lean upon.

John Ross Macduff, 1851

351 ELMHURST 8.8.8.6.

Edwin Drewett, 1887



- 2 When, weary in the Christian race, Far-off appears my resting-place, And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace, Then, Saviour, plead for me.
- 3 When I have erred and gone astray Afar from Thine and wisdom's way, And see no glimmering guiding ray, Still, Saviour, plead for me.
- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold, Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold, Then with Thy pitying arms enfold, And plead, O plead for me.
- 5 And when my dying hour draws near, Darkened with anguish, guilt and fear, Then to my fainting sight appear, Pleading in heaven for me.

Charlotte Elliott, 1835



2 I am trusting Thee for pardon, At Thy feet I bow; For Thy grace and tender mercy, Trusting now. 3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing In the crimson flood; Trusting Thee to make me holy By Thy blood.

353 OSGOOD 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7,

Lowell Mason



- Where life's tempests dark are rolling
 Fearful shadows o'er my way;
 Let firm faith in Thee sustain me,
 Every rising fear allay:
 Hide, O hide me,
 Hide me till the storm is o'er.
- 3 When stern death at last shall lead me
 Through the dark and lonely vale;
 Let Thy hope uphold and cheer me,
 Though my flesh and heart should fail,
 Safely hide me
 With Thyself forevermore.

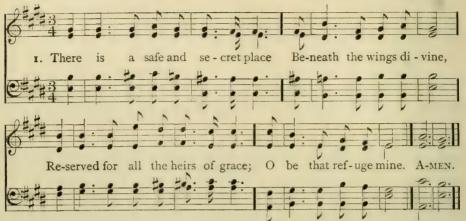
Henry Harbaugh

352 Continued [BULLINGER]

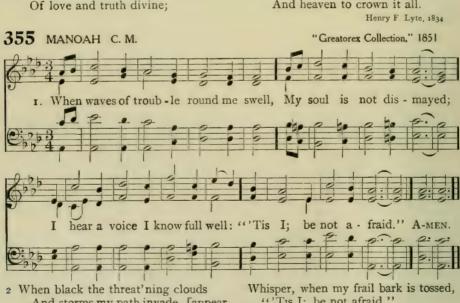
- 4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
 Thou alone shalt lead,
 Every day and hour supplying
 All my need.
- 5 I am trusting Thee for power,
 Thine can never fail; [me
 Words which Thou Thyself shalt give
 Must prevail.
- 6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus; Never let me fall; I am trusting Thee for ever, And for all.

354 SERENITY C. M.

Arr. from William V. Wallace, 1856

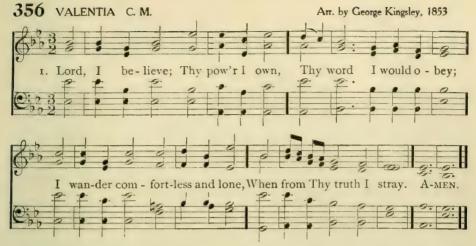


- 2 The least and feeblest there may bide Uninjured and unawed: While thousands fall on every side, He rests secure in God.
- 3 He feeds in pastures large and fair Of love and truth divine:
- O child of God, O glory's heir, How rich a lot is thine.
- A hand almighty to defend. An ear for every call, An honored life, a peaceful end, And heaven to crown it all.

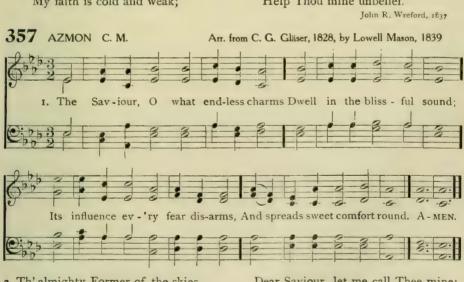


- And storms my path invade, [appear, That voice shall calm each rising fear: "'Tis I: be not afraid."
- 3 There is a gulf that must be crossed: Saviour, be near to aid;
- "'Tis I; be not afraid."
- There is a dark and fearful vale, Death hides within its shade; Oh, say, when flesh and heart shall fail. "'Tis I; be not afraid."

Charlotte Elliott

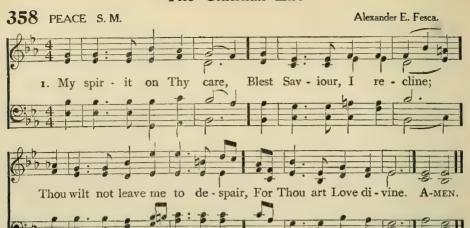


- Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
 Sometimes bedim my sight;
 I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
 And cry for strength and light.
- 3 Lord, I believe; but oft I know My faith is cold and weak;
- My weakness strengthen, and bestow The confidence I seek.
- 4 Yes, I believe; and only Thou
 Canst give my soul relief;
 Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow;
 Help Thou mine unbelief.



- 2 Th' almighty Former of the skies, Stooped to our low abode; While angels viewed with wondering And hailed th' incarnate God. [eyes
- 3 O the rich depths of love divine, Of bliss a boundless store;
- Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine; I can not wish for more.
- 4 On Thee alone my hope relies, Beneath Thy cross I fall; My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice, My Saviour, and my All.

Anne Steele

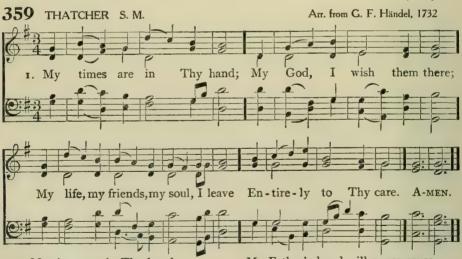


- 2 In Thee I place my trust, On Thee I calmly rest;
 - I know Thee good, I know Thee just, And count Thy choice the best.
- 3 Whate'er events betide, Thy will they all perform;

Safe in Thy breast my head I hide, Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

Henry F. Lyte



- 2 My times are in Thy hand, Whatever they may be; Pleasing or painful, dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.
- 3 My times are in Thy hand, Why should I doubt or fear?
- My Father's hand will never cause His child a needless tear.
- 4 My times are in Thy hand, Jesus the crucified; Those hands my cruel sins had pierced Are now my guard and guide.

William F. Lloyd, 1824



- 2 From the sword at noon-day wasting,
 From the noisome pestilence
 In the depth of midnight blasting,
 God shall be thy sure Defense:
 Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
 When a thousand feel the blow;
 Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
 Though ten thousand be laid low.
- 3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
 Thou on God hast set thy love,
 With the wings of His protection,
 He will shield thee from above;
 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
 He will hearken, He will save;
 Here, for grief reward thee double,
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

 James Montgomery, 1822



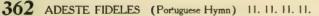
- 2 If with honest-hearted
 Love for God and man,
 Day by day Thou find us
 Doing all we can,
 Thou who giv'st the seed-time
 Wilt give large increase,
 Crown the head with blessings,
 Fill the heart with peace.
- 3 On our way rejoicing
 Gladly let us go;
 Victor is our Leader,
 Vanquished is our foe:

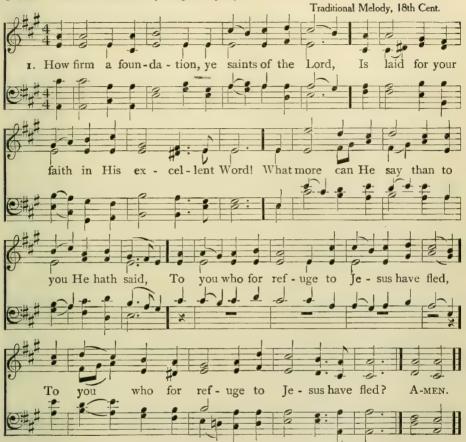
Christ, without, our safety; Christ, within, our Joy; Who, if we be faithful, Can our hope destroy?

4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore;
On our way rejoicing
Ever, evermore.

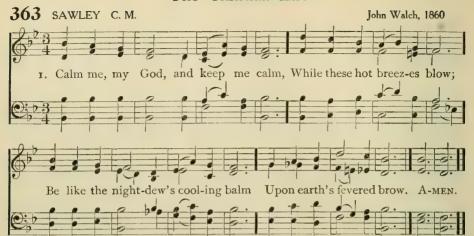
John S. B. Monsell, 1863

Security and Peace





- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
 For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow; For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no never, no never forsake."



- 2 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm; Let Thine outstretchèd wing Be like the shade of Elim's palm Beside her desert-spring.
- 3 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and
 The sounds my ear that greet, [rude
 Calm in the closet's solitude,
 Calm in the bustling street;
- 4 Calm in the hour of buoyant health, Calm in my hour of pain;

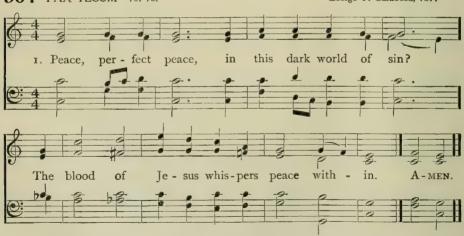
Calm in my poverty or wealth, Calm in my loss or gain;

- 5 Calm in the sufferance of wrong, Like Him who bore my shame, Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting Who hate Thy holy Name; [throng
- 6 Calm as the ray of sun or star
 Which storms assail in vain;
 Moving unruffled through earth's war,
 The eternal calm to gain.

 Horatius Bonar, 1857

364 PAX TECUM 10. 10.

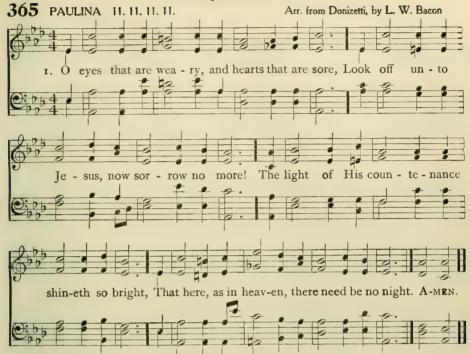
George T. Caldbeck, 1877



- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?

 To do the will of Jesus,—this is rest.
- 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round? On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

Security and Peace



- While looking to Jesus my heart cannot fear; I tremble no more when I see Jesus near; I know that His presence my safeguard will be, For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.
- 3 Still looking to Jesus, O may I be found, When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round: They bear me away in His presence to be; I see Him still nearer, whom always I see.
- 4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face; Shall know how His love went before me each day, And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

John N. Darby, 1878

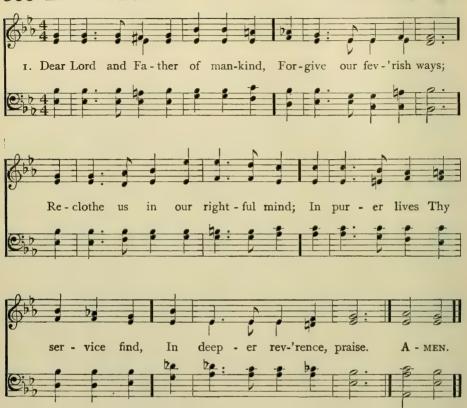
364 Continued [PAX TECUM]

- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away? In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown? Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
- 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
 Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- 7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease, And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1875

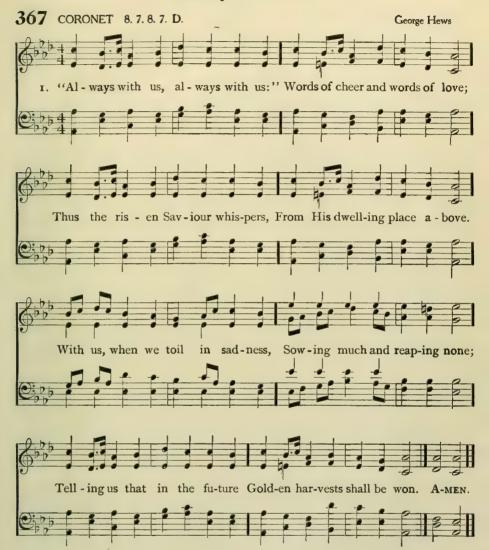
366 ELTON 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

Frederick C. Maker, 1887

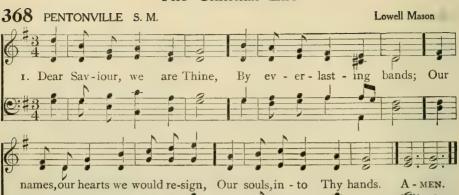


- 2 In simple trust like theirs who heard, Beside the Syrian sea, The gracious calling of the Lord, Let us, like them, without a word Rise up and follow Thee.
- O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
 O calm of hills above,
 Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
 The silence of eternity,
 Interpreted by love.
- 4 With that deep hush subduing all
 Our words and works that drown
 The tender whisper of 'Thy call,
 As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
 As fell Thy manna down.
- 5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness, Till all our strivings cease: Take from our souls the strain and stress, And let our ordered lives confess The beauty of Thy peace.
- 6 Breathe through the pulses of desire
 Thy coolness and Thy balm;
 Let sense be dumb, its heats expire:
 Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
 O still small voice of calm.

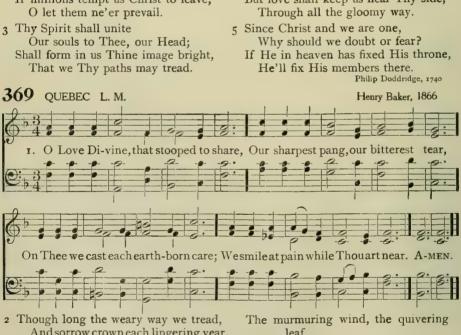
Security and Peace



With us, when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear:
With us, in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory,
With salvation's radiant beam.



- To Thee we still would cleave With ever-growing zeal; If millions tempt us Christ to leave, O let them ne'er prevail.
- 4 Death may our souls divide From these abodes of clay: But love shall keep us near Thy side, Through all the gloomy way.



- And sorrow crown each lingering year, No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whispering, Thou art 4 On Thee we fling our burdening
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear.

leaf.

Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

woe.

O Love Divine, for ever dear; Content to suffer, while we know, Living and dying, Thou art near. Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1859

Consecration and Faith



- On the poor in charity,
 Though I shrink not from the grave,
 Or unmoved the stake can see;
 Till by love the work be crowned,
 All shall profitless be found.
- 3 Come, thou Spirit of pure love,
 Who didst forth from God proceed,
 Never from my heart remove;
 Let me all Thy impulse heed;
 Let my heart henceforward be

Moved, controlled, inspired by Thee.

Tr by Catherine Winkworth

371 QUEBEC L. M. (No. 369)

- Take up thy cross," the Saviour said, "If thou wouldst My disciple be; Take up thy cross with willing heart And humbly follow after Me."
- 2 Take up thy cross, let not its weight
 Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;
 His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
 And brace thy heart, and nerve thine
 arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame; And let thy foolish pride be still;

- Thy Lord refused not ev'n to die Upon a cross, on Calvary's hill.
- 4 Take up thy cross, then in His strength,

And calmly every danger brave; 'Twill guide thee to a better home, It points to glory o'er the grave.

Take up thy cross, and follow on,

Nor think till death to lay it down;

For only he who bears the cross

May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Charles W. Everest, 1833

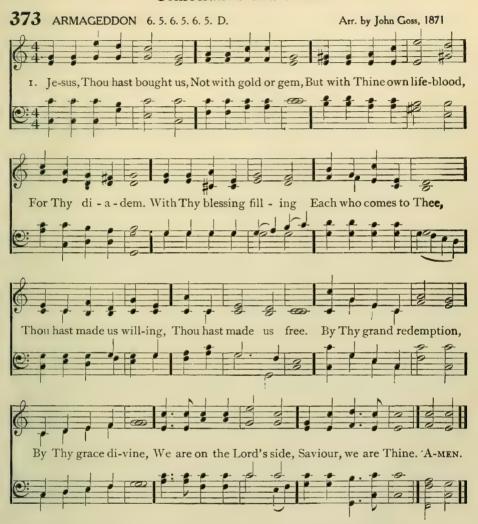


Copyright, 1805, by The Trustees of The Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work

- when the world's sharp strife is nigh,
 When they hear the battle-cry,
 When they rush into the fight,
 Knowing not temptation's might;
 These Thy children, Lord, defend;
 To their zeal Thy wisdom lend.
- When their hearts are lifted high With success or victory, When they feel the conqueror's pride; Lest they grow self-satisfied, These Thy children, Lord, defend; Teach their souls to Thee to bend.
- When the vows that they have made,
 When the prayers that they have prayed,
 Shall be fading from their hearts;
 When their first warm faith departs;
 These Thy children, Lord, defend;
 Keep them faithful to the end.
- 5 Through life's conflict guard us all,
 Or if wounded some should fall
 Ere the victory be won,
 For the sake of Christ, Thy Son,
 These Thy children, Lord, defend;
 And in death Thy comfort lend.

Frances M. Owen, 1872

Consecration and Faith



- 2 Not for weight of glory, Not for crown and palm, Enter we the army, Raise the warrior psalm; But for love that claimeth Lives for whom He died, He whom Jesus nameth Must be on His side. By Thy love constraining, By Thy grace divine, We are on the Lord's side; Saviour, we are Thine.
- Strong may be the foe,
 But the King's own army
 None can overthrow.
 Round His standard ranging
 Vict'ry is secure;
 For His truth unchanging
 Makes the triumph sure.
 Joyfully enlisting,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side;
 Saviour, we are Thine.
 Frances Ridley Havergal, 1877

3 Fierce may be the conflict,



- 2 Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too; Human hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not, like man, untrue; And while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might, Foes may hate, and friends may shun me, Show Thy face and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast; Life with trials hard may press me, Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

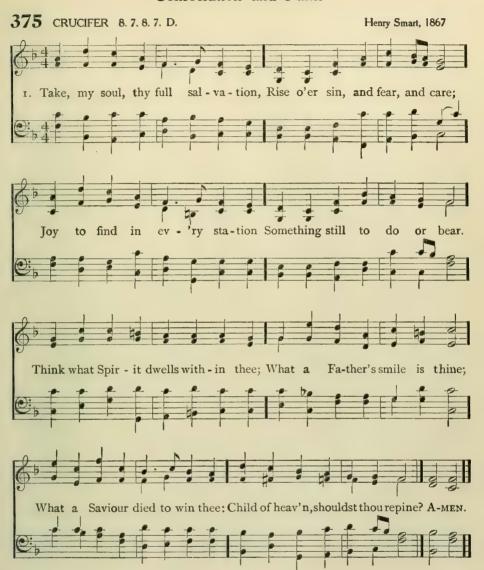
- O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
- O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
- Go then, earthly fame and treasure!

 Come disaster, scorn, and pain!

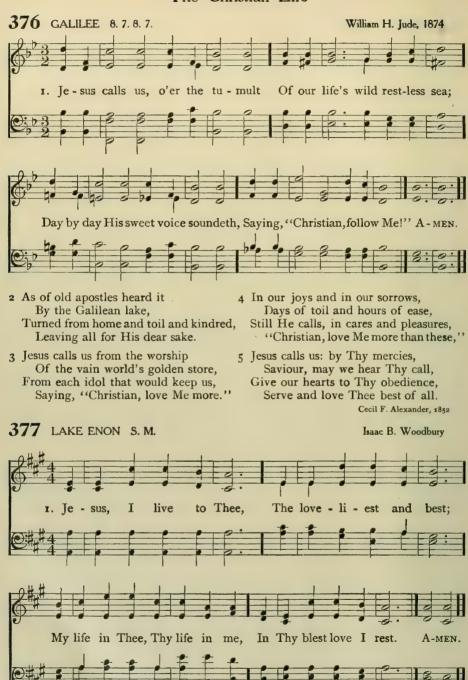
 In Thy service, pain is pleasure:
 - In Thy service, pain is pleasure; With Thy favor, loss is gain.
 - I have called Thee, Abba, Father; I have stayed my heart on Thee:
 - Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.

Henry F. Lyte, 1824

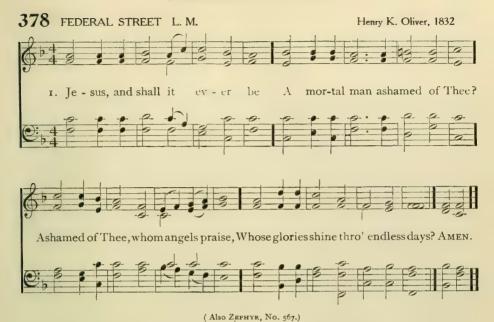
Consecration and Faith



2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.



Consecration and Faith

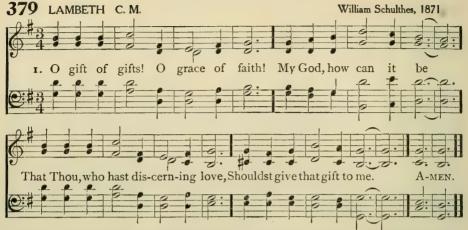


- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star:
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon 5 Let midnight be ashamed of noon; 'Tis midnight with my soul till He, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend! No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere His name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may When I've no guilt to wash away, No tears to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
 - 6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain, Till then I boast a Saviour slain; And O may this my glory be, That Christ is not ashamed of me.

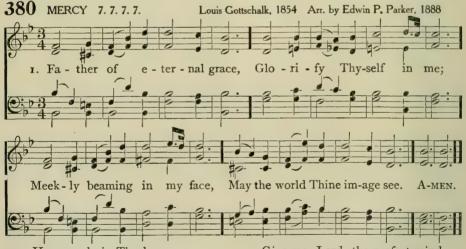
Joseph Grigg, 1765, alt. by Benjamin Francis, 1787

377 Continued [LAKE ENON]

- 2 Jesus, I die to Thee, Whenever death shall come; To die in Thee is life to me In my eternal home.
- 3 Whether to live or die, I know not which is best; To live in Thee is bliss to me, To die is endless rest.
- 4 Living or dying, Lord,
 I ask but to be Thine;
 My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
 Makes heaven forever mine.



- More innocent than mine,
 - How many souls more worthy far Of that sweet touch of Thine!
- 3 Ah, grace, into unlikeliest hearts, It is thy boast to come, The glory of thy light to find In darkest spots a home.
- 2 How many hearts Thou mightst have had 4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross, Seem trifles less than light: Earth looks so little and so low When faith shines full and bright.
 - 5 O happy, happy that I am! If thou canst be, O faith, The treasure that thou art in life. What wilt thou be in death? Frederick W. Faber, 1849



- 2 Happy only in Thy love, Poor, unfriended, or unknown; Fix my thoughts on things above, Stay my heart on Thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all-resigned To Thy will: Thy will be done!
- Give me, Lord, the perfect mind Of Thy well-beloved Son.
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss, May I tread the path He trod; Die with Jesus on the cross, Rise with Him, to Thee, my God! James Montgomery, 1808

Consecration and Faith



- 2 Love that warmly glowed,
 Blood that freely flowed,
 Life that stooped to death to save me,
 And a deathless being gave me,
 Bore my guilty load,
 Brought me back to God.
- 3 Plant Thyself in me; I will learn of Thee To be holy, meek, and tender,

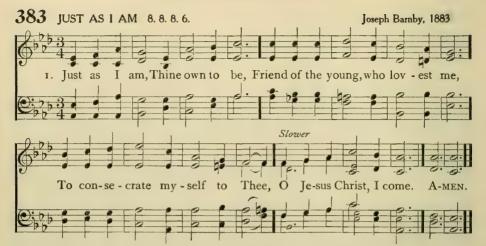
Wrath, and pride, and self-surrender; Nothing shouldst Thou see But Thyself in me.

4 When on death's cold strand
I one day shall stand,
Let Thy presence go beside me,
Through the gloomy waters guide me;
Grant me then to stand,
Lord, at Thy right hand.

Anon.

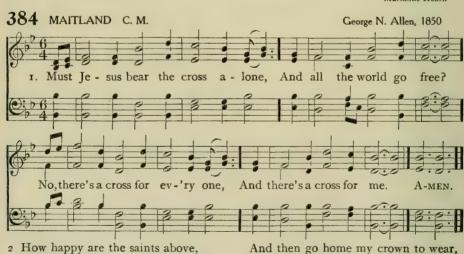
382 MERCY 7.7.7.7. (No. 380)

- Pardoned through redeeming grace, In Thy blessed Son revealed, Worshiping before Thy face, Lord, to Thee ourselves we yield.
- 2 Thou the sacrifice receive, Humbly offered through Thy Son; Quicken us in Him to live; Lord, in us Thy will be done.
- 3 By the hallowed outward sign, By the cleansing grace within, Seal, and make us wholly Thine: Wash and keep us pure from sin.
- 4 Called to bear the Christian name, May our vows and life accord, And our every deed proclaim "Holiness unto the Lord!" Edward Osler, 1886



- 2 In the glad morning of my day, My life to give, my vows to pay, With no reserve and no delay, With all my heart I come.
- 3 I would live ever in the light, I would work ever for the right, I would serve Thee with all my might; Therefore, to Thee I come.
- 4 Just as I am, young, strong and free, To be the best that I can be For truth, and righteousness, and Thee, Lord of my life, I come.
- 5 For Thy dear sake to win renown, And then to take my victor's crown, And at Thy feet to cast it down, O Master, Lord, I come.

Marianne Hearn

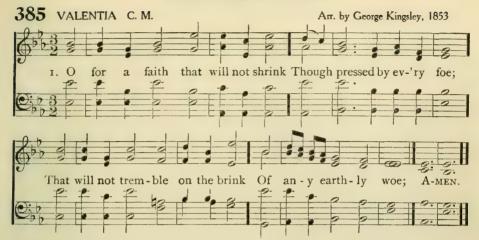


- Who once went sorrowing here! But now they taste unmingled love, And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
- For there's a crown for me.
- 4 O precious cross! O glorious crown! O resurrection day!

Ye angels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul away.

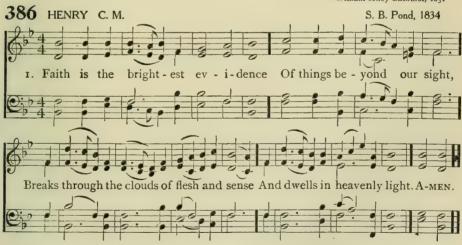
Thomas Shepherd, 1693, alt.

Consecration and Faith



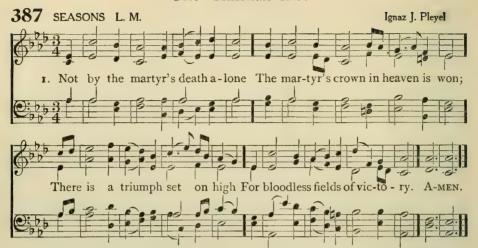
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain Beneath the chastening rod, But, in the hour of grief and pain, Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear 5 Lord, give us such a faith as this, When tempests rage without; That when in danger knows no fear In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 A faith that keeps the narrow way Till life's last hour is fled, And with a pure and heavenly ray Lights up a dying bed.
 - And then, whate'er may come, We'll taste, ev'n here, the hallowed bliss Of an eternal home.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831



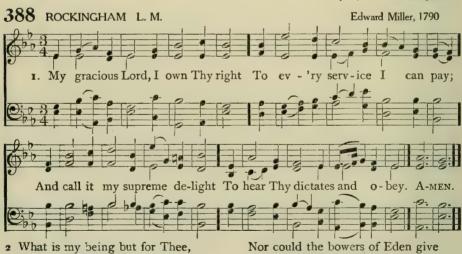
- 2 It sets times past in present view, Brings distant prospects home, Of things a thousand years ago, Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith, we know the worlds were made By God's almighty word:
- Abram, to unknown countries led By faith, obeyed the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city fair and high, Built by th' eternal hands; And faith assures us, though we die, That heavenly building stands.

Isaac Watts, 1709



- The cross, or flame, or torturing wheel; Yet daily to the world he died, His flesh, through grace, he crucified.
- 3 What though nor chains, nor scourges 5 Lord, grant us so to Thee to turn, Nor cruel beasts his members tore, [sore, Enough if perfect love arise To Christ a grateful sacrifice.
- 2 What though he was not called to feel 4 When self-control the flesh subdues, And faith the wayward soul imbues, Love, with her torch-light from the skies, Shall fire the holy sacrifice.
 - That we to die through life may learn; And when this fleeting life is o'er May live with Thee for evermore.

Latin Hymn, Translation Compiled



Its sure support, its noblest end, Thy ever-smiling face to see, And serve the cause of such a Friend?

'Tis to my Saviour I would live, To Him, who for my ransom died; Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

4 His work my hoary age shall bless, When youthful vigor is no more; And my last hour of life confess His dying love, His saving power.

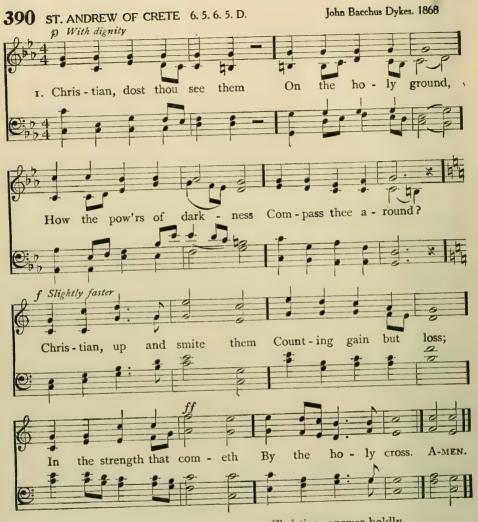
Philip Doddridge, 1740

Consecration and Faith



- 2 O let me feel Thee near me,
 The world is ever near;
 I see the sights that dazzle,
 The tempting sounds I hear:
 My foes are ever near me,
 Around me and within;
 But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
 And shield my soul from sin.
- 3 O let me hear Thee speaking In accents clear and still; Above the storms of passion, The murmurs of self-will;

- O speak to reassure me, To hasten or control;
- O speak, and make me listen, Thou Guardian of my soul.
- 4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
 To all who follow Thee,
 That where Thou art in glory
 There shall Thy servant be;
 And, Jesus, I have promised
 To serve Thee to the end;
 - O give me grace to follow My Master and my Friend.



- 2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
 How they work within,
 Striving, tempting, luring,
 Goading into sin?
 Christian, never tremble;
 Never be downcast;
 Gird thee for the battle,
 Watch and pray and fast.
- 3 Christian, dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair? "Always fast and vigil? Always watch and prayer?"

Christian, answer boldly,
"While I breathe I pray,"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

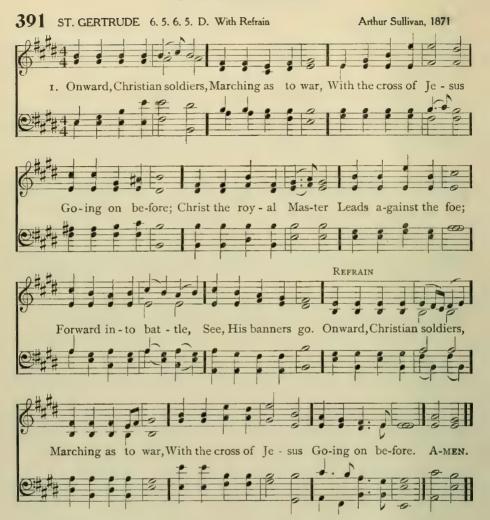
St. Andrew of Crete, 700 Tr. John M. Neale



- 2 Christian, dost thou feel them, How they work within, Striving, tempting, luring, Goading into sin? Christian, never tremble; Never be downcast; Gird thee for the battle, Watch and pray and fast.
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But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My Throne."
St. Andrew of Crete, 700 Tr. John M. Neale, 1862



- 2 Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod, We are not divided, All one body we, One in hope and doctrine, One in charity.
- 3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain;

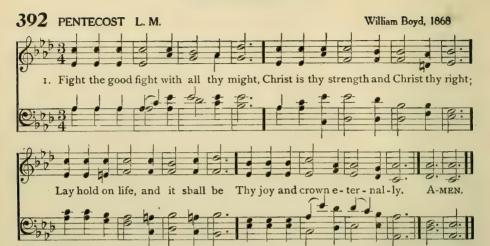
- Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst the Church prevail;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.
- 4 Onward, then, ye people,
 Join the happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph song;
 Glory, laud, and honor,
 Unto Christ the King;
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.

S. Baring-Gould, 1865



- 2 Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod, We are not divided, All one body we, One in hope and doctrine, One in charity.
- 3 Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus Constant will remain;
- Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst the Church prevail;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.
- 4 Onward, then, ye people,
 Join the happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph song;
 Glory, laud, and honor,
 Unto Christ the King;
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.

 S. Baring-Gould, 1865



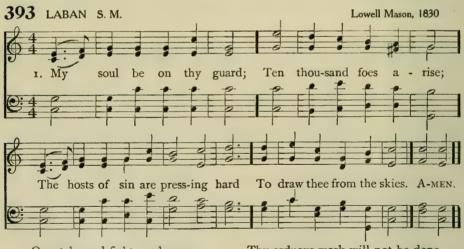
Run the straight race through God's good Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face; Life with its way before us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide; His boundless mercy will provide;

Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not nor fear, His arms are near; He changeth not, and thou art dear; Only believe, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee.

John S. B. Monsell, 1863



2 O watch, and fight, and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er; Renew it boldly every day, And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay thine armor down; Thy arduous work will not be done Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll take thee, at thy parting breath, Up to His blest abode.

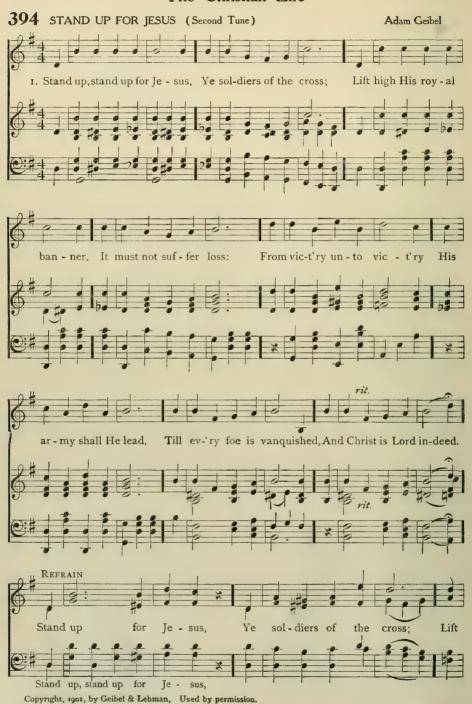
George Heath, 1781

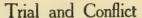


- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The trumpet call obey; Forth to the mighty conflict In this His glorious day: Ye that are men now serve Him Against unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own;

- Put on the gospel armor,
 Each piece put on with prayer;
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song:
 To him that overcometh
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield, Jr., 1858





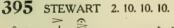


- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The trumpet call obey; Forth to the mighty conflict In this His glorious day; Ye that are men now serve Him Against unnumbered foes: Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own:

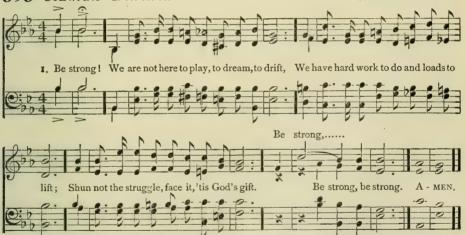
Put on the gospel armor, Each piece put on with prayer; Where duty calls, or danger, Be never wanting there.

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George Duffield, 1858



C. Harold Lowden



- Copyright, 1915, in "Loyal Hearts and True," by The Heidelberg Press.
 - Be strong! Say not the days are evil-who's to blame? And fold the hands and acquiesce-O shame! Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.
 - Be strong! It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong, How hard the battle goes, the day, how long; Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.



2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw his Master in the sky, And called on Him to save:

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue In midst of mortal pain,

He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few On whom the Spirit came, [knew Twelve valiant saints, their hope they And mocked the cross and flame:

They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The lion's gory mane; [feel: They bowed their necks the death to Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys, The matron and the maid. Around the Saviour's throne rejoice, In robes of light arrayed: They climbed the steep ascent of heaven, Through peril, toil, and pain;

O God, to us may grace be given To follow in their train.

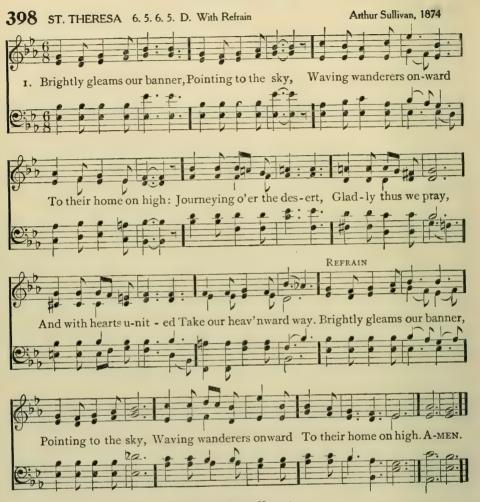
Reginald Heber, 1827



- 2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Fear not the secret foe;
 Far more o'er thee are watching
 Than human eyes can know,
 Trust only Christ, thy Captain,
 Cease not to watch and pray;
 Heed not the treacherous voices,
 That lure thy soul astray.
- 3 Go forward, Christian soldier, Nor dream of peaceful rest, Till Satan's host is vanquished And heaven is all possessed;

- Till Christ Himself shall call thee
 To lay thine armor by,
 And wear in endless glory
 The crown of victory.
- 4 Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Fear not the gathering night;
 The Lord has been thy shelter,
 The Lord will be thy light.
 When morn His face revealeth,
 Thy dangers all are past;
 O pray that faith and virtue
 May keep thee to the last.

 Lawrence Tuttiett, 1866



(Also St. Alban, No. 571.)

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet:
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:

Bid Thine angels shield us, When the storm-clouds lower; Pardon, Lord, and save us In the last dread hour.

4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.

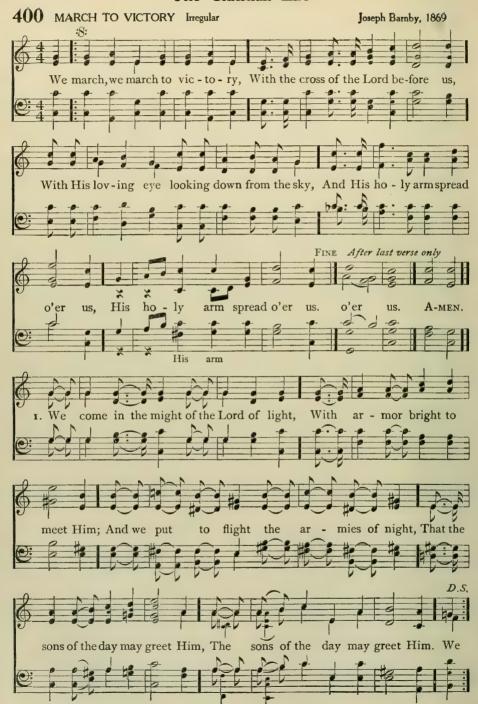
Thomas J. Potter, 1860

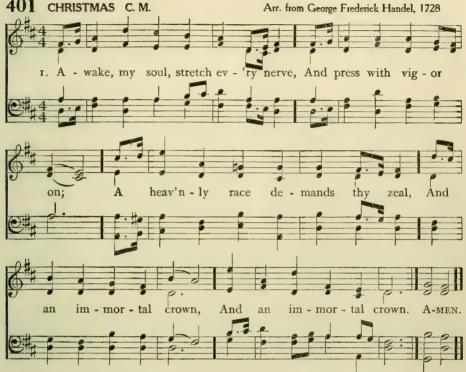


- 2 Subtle foes are lurking
 Deep your hearts within,
 There first wage the battle
 With the power of sin.
 O'er the sight and hearing,
 Touch, and taste, and smell,
 Let a watch, good Christians,
 Guard those portals well.
- 3 Satan, through the senses, Seeks your souls to slay, Let no secret traitor, Jesus' cause betray.

- If to lusts enticing
 Ye betray your heart,
 Can ye bid the devil,
 And the world depart?
- 4 By the signs upon you,
 By Christ's life within,
 Close in deadly conflict
 With each pleasant sin.
 Jesus' eye is on you,
 Keep your solemn vow;
 Then a crown immortal
 Shall adorn your brow.

E. Wigglesworth





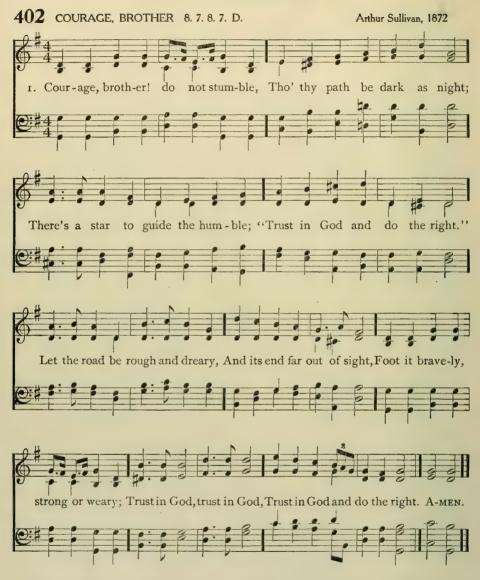
- A cloud of witnesses around Hold thee in full survey; Forget the steps already trod, And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high;'Tis His own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright, Which shall new lustre boast, [gems When victors' wreaths and monarchs' Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee, Have I my race begun; And crowned with victory, at Thy feet I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge, 1755

400 Continued [MARCH TO VICTORY]

- 2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high, Our helmet is His salvation, Our banner, the cross of Calvary, Our watchword, the Incarnation.
- 3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
 Our march to the golden Zion;
 For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
 And burst the bars of iron.
- 4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
 With the banner of Christ before us,
 With His eye of love looking down from above,
 And His holy arm spread o'er us.

Gerard Moultrie, 1867

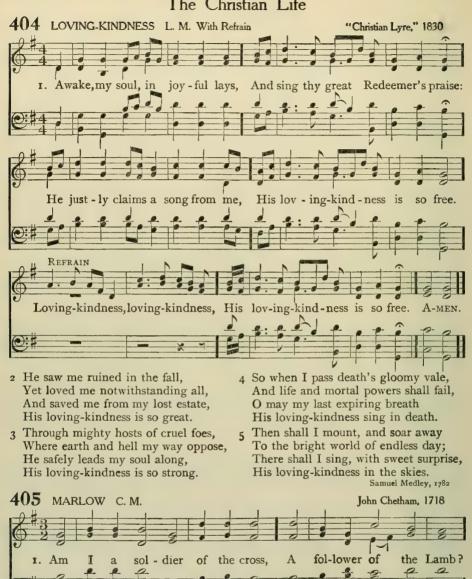


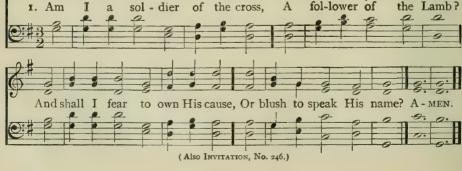
- Perish policy and cunning, Perish all that fears the light! Whether losing, whether winning, "Trust in God, and do the right," Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flatter, some will slight; Cease from man, and look above thee; "Trust in God, and do the right."
- 3 Simple rule, and safest guiding,
 Inward peace, and inward might,
 Star upon our path abiding,—
 "Trust in God, and do the right."
 Courage, brother! do not stumble,
 Though thy path be dark as night;
 There's a star to guide the humble:
 "Trust in God, and do the right."
 Norman Macleod, 1857



- 2 Lead on, O King eternal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease, And holiness shall whisper The sweet Amen of peace; For not with swords, loud clashing, Nor roll of stirring drums; But deeds of love and mercy The heavenly kingdom comes.
- 3 Lead on, O King eternal,
 We follow, not with fears;
 For gladness breaks like morning
 Where'er Thy face appears;
 Thy cross is lifted o'er us;
 We journey in its light;
 The crown awaits the conquest;
 Lead on, O God of might.

 Ernest W. Shurtleff, 1888







- 2 The sons of fathers we
 By whom our faith is taught
 To fear no ill, to fight
 The holy fight they fought:
 Heroic warriors! ne'er from Christ
 By any lure or guile enticed.
- 3 March on, O soul, with strength,
 As strong the battle rolls!
 'Gainst lies and lusts and wrongs,
 Let courage rule our souls:
 In keenest strife, Lord, may we stand,
 Upheld and strengthened by Thy hand.
- 4 Not long the conflict: soon
 The holy war shall cease,
 Faith's warfare ended,—won
 The home of endless peace!
 Look up! the victor's crown at length:
 March on, O soul, march on, with strength!

George T. Coster, 1900

405 Continued [MARLOW]

- 2 Are there no foes for me to face?

 Must I not stem the flood?

 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?

 Sure I must fight, if I would reign,
 Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.
- Shall conquer, though they die;
 They view the triumph from afar
 And seize it with their eye.
 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all Thine armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be Thine.

3 Thy saints in all this glorious war

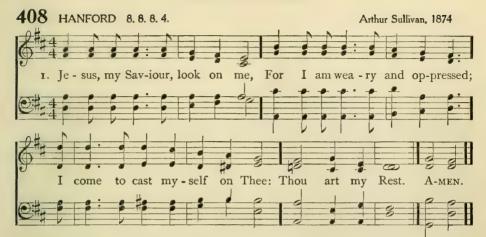
Isaac Watts, 1723



- 2 With forbidden pleasures, Should this vain world charm; Or its sordid treasures Spread to work me harm; Bring to my remembrance Sad Gethsemane, Or, in darker semblance, Cross-crowned Calvary.
- 3 Should Thy mercy send me Sorrow, toil, and woe; Or should pain attend me On my path below;

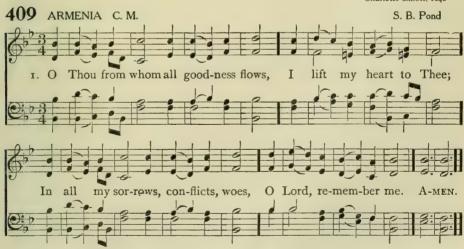
- Grant that I may never Fail Thy hand to see; Grant that I may ever Cast my care on Thee.
- 4 When my last hour cometh,
 Fraught with strife and pain,
 When my dust returneth
 To the dust again;
 On Thy truth relying,
 Through that mortal strife,
 Jesus, take me, dying,
 To eternal life.

James Montgomery, 1834: alt.



- 2 Look down on me, for I am weak; I feel the toilsome journey's length; Thine aid omnipotent I seek; Thou art my Strength.
- 3 I am bewildered on my way; Dark and tempestuous is the night; O send Thou forth some cheering ray! Thou art my Light.
- 4 Standing alone on Jordan's brink, In that tremendous latest strife, Thou wilt not suffer me to sink; Thou art my Life.
- 5 Thou wilt my every want supply, E'en to the end, whate'er befall; Through life, in death, eternally, Thou art my All.

Charlotte Elliott, 1848

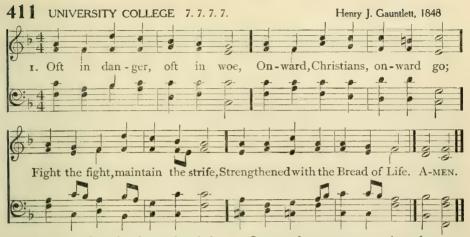


- 2 When with a broken, contrite heart, I lift mine eyes to Thee; Thy name proclaim, Thyself impart, In love remember me.
- 3 In sore temptations, when no way
 To shun the ill I see,
- My strength proportion to my day, And then remember me.
- 4 And when I tread the vale of death And bow at Thy decree,
 - Then Saviour, with my latest breath, I'll cry, remember me.

Thomas Haweis, 1792



- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray 3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend From heavenly wisdom's narrow way; To fly the good I would pursue, Or do the sin I would not do; Still He who felt temptation's power, Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
 - Which covers what was once a friend, And from his voice, his hand, his smile, Divides me for a little while; Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed, For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
 - 4 And, oh, when I have safely past Through every conflict but the last, Still, still unchanging, watch beside My painful bed, for Thou hast died; Then point to realms of cloudless day, And wipe the latest tear away.

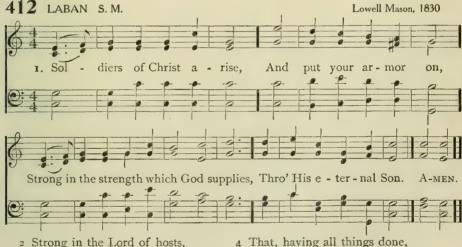


2 Let your drooping hearts be glad; March in heavenly armor clad; Fight, nor think the battle long, Soon shall victory tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye, Soon shall every tear be dry; Let not fears your course impede, Great your strength, if great your need.

4 Onward then to battle move, More than conquerors ye shall prove; Though opposed by many a foe, Christian soldiers, onward go.

Henry K. White, 1806



Strong in the Lord of hosts,
 And in His mighty power,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength endued, And take, to arm you for the fight, The panoply of God; 4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 From strength to strength go on; Wrestle, and fight, and pray; Tread all the powers of darkness down, And win the well-fought day.

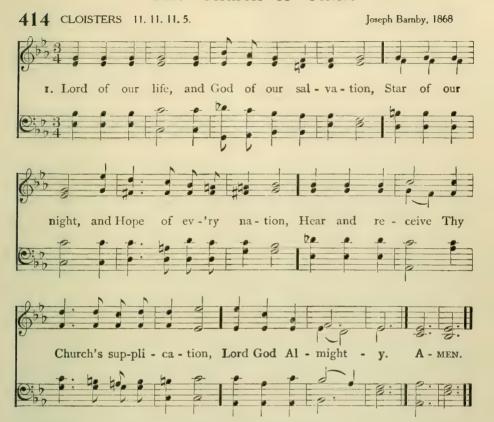
Charles Wesley, 1749



- 2 Never flinched they from the flame, From the torture, never; Vain the foeman's sharpest aim, Satan's best endeavor: For by faith they saw the land Decked in all its glory, Where triumphant now they stand With the victor's story.
- 3 Faith they had that knew not shame,
 Love that could not languish,
 And eternal hope o'ercame
 That one moment's anguish.
 Up and follow, Christian men!
 Press through toil and sorrow!
 Spurn the night of fear, and then,
 O the glorious morrow!

Joseph of the Studium ab. 820 Tr. by John M. Neale, 1869

The Church of Christ



- 2 See 'round Thine ark the hungry billows curling, See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling; Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling, Thou canst preserve us.
- 3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth; Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth; Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth: Grant us Thy peace, Lord:
- 4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging, Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging, Peace, when the world its busy war is waging: Send us, O Saviour.
- 5 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven; Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven; Grant peace on earth, or, after we have striven, Peace in Thy heaven.

The Church of Christ



- All that dedicated city,
 Dearly loved of God on high,
 In exultant jubilation
 Pours perpetual melody;
 God the One in Three adoring
 In glad hymns eternally,
- To this temple, where we call Thee,
 Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
 With Thy wonted loving-kindness
 Hear Thy people as they pray;
 And Thy fullest benediction
 Shed within its walls alway.
- What they ask of Thee to gain,
 What they gain from Thee for ever,
 With the blessed to retain,
 And hereafter in Thy glory
 Evermore with Thee to reign.
- 5 Laud and honor to the Father,
 Laud and honor to the Son,
 Laud and honor to the Spirit,
 Ever Three and ever One,
 One in might, and One in glory,
 While unending ages run.
 Anon. (Latin. 7th cent.) Tr. John M. Neale, 1851

The Church



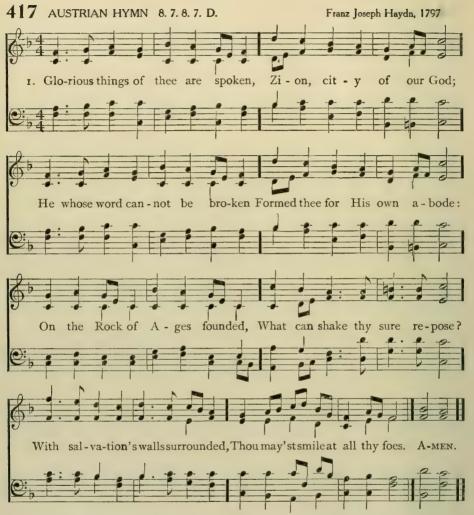
- 2 Elect from every nation, Yet one o'er all the earth, Her charter of salvation One Lord, one faith, one birth; One holy name she blesses, Partakes one holy food; And to one hope she presses, With every grace endued.
- 3 'Mid toil and tribulation, And tumult of her war, She waits the consummation Of peace for evermore;

- Till with the vision glorious

 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great Church victorious

 Shall be the Church at rest.
- 4 Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won:
 O happy ones and holy!
 Lord, give us grace that we,
 Like them the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee.
 Samuel J. Stone, 1866

The Church of Christ



- 2 See, the streams of living waters Springing from eternal love Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove: Who can faint, while such a river Ever flows their thirst t'assuage; Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver, Never fails from age to age?
- 3 Round each habitation hovering, See the cloud and fire appear For a glory and a covering, Showing that the Lord is near:
- Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night and shade by day;
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which He gives them when they pray.
- I, through grace, a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in Thy name:
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city

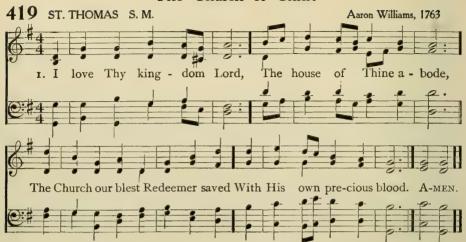
John Newton, 1779

The Church



- See the passion once again;
 Here behold the Lamb most holy,
 As for our redemption slain;
 Here the Saviour's body broken,
 Here the blood which Jesus shed,
 Mystic food of life eternal,
 See, for our refreshment spread.
- Here shall meekest prayer be poured;
 Here, with body, soul, and spirit,
 God incarnate be adored:
 Holy Jesus, for Thy coming,
 May Thy love our hearts prepare;
 Thine we fain would have them wholly,
 Enter, Lord, and tarry there.

John William Hewett, 1859



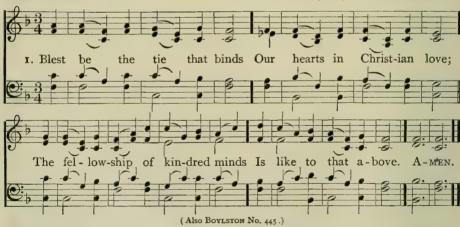
- 2 I love the Church O God!

 Her walls before Thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of Thine eye
 And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
 For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

 Timothy Dwight, 1800

420 DENNIS S. M.

Arr. from Hans Nageli, by Lowell Mason, 1845



- 2 Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes; Our mutual burdens bear;

And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

John Fawcett, 1782

The Church



- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn: See future sons and daughters yet unborn In crowding ranks on every side arise, Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend, Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend: See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings, While every land its joyous tribute brings.
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay, Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away; But fixed His word, His saving power remains; Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

Arr, from Alexander Pope's "Messiah," 1722

420 Continued [DENNIS]

- 5 This glorious hope revives Our courage by the way; While each in expectation lives, And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain, And sin we shall be free; And perfect love and friendship reign Through all eternity.

John Fawcett, 1782



- 2 O Son of God, whose love so free For men did make Thee Man to be, United to our God in Thee, May we be one.
- 3 O Spirit blest, who like a dove, Descended gently from above, Calm all our strife, give faith and love; O make us one!
- 4 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone; Thee may both Jew and Gentile own Of their two walls the Corner-stone, Making them one.
- 5 Join high and low, join young and old, In love that never waxes cold; Under one Shepherd, in one fold, Make us all one.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1871



2 Do Thou Thy benediction give To all who teach, to all who learn, That so Thy Church may holier live,

And every lamp more brightly burn.

3 Give those who teach pure hearts and wise,

Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by prayer;

Themselves first training for the skies, They best will raise their people there,

The Church

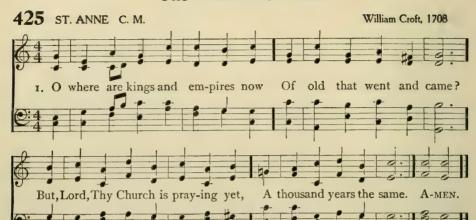


- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy excellence be known; The world thy glories shall confess, Decked in the robes of righteousness.
- 3 God from on high has heard thy prayer; His hand thy ruins shall repair; Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease To guard thee in eternal peace.

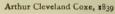
Philip Doddridge, publ 1755

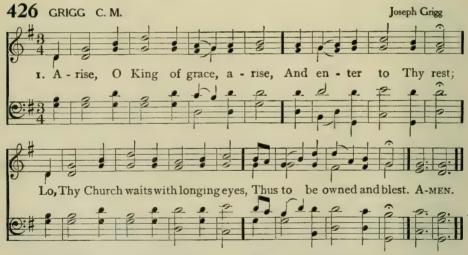
423 Continued [APPLETON]

- 4 Give those who learn the willing ear,
 The spirit meek, the guileless mind:
 Such gifts will make the lowliest here
 Far better than a kingdom find.
- 5 O bless the shepherd; bless the sheep; May guide and guided both be one, One in the faithful watch they keep, Until this hurrying life be done.
- 6 If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given, In Thee to live, in Thee to die, Before we upward pass to heaven We taste our immortality.



- We mark her goodly battlements, And her foundation strong; We hear within the solemn voice Of her unending song.
- 3 For not like kingdoms of the world, Thy holy Church, O God!
- Though earthquake shocks are threat-And tempests are abroad. ['ning her,
- 4 Unshaken as eternal hills, Immovable she stands.
 - A mountain that shall fill the earth, A house not made by hands.





- 2 Enter with all Thy glorious train, Thy Spirit and Thy word; All that the ark did once contain Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows, Here let Thy praise be spread;
- Bless the provisions of Thy house, And fill Thy poor with bread.
- 4 Here let the Son of David reign, Let God's Anointed shine, Justice and truth His courts maintain, With love and power divine,

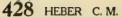
Isaac Watts, 1719

The Church

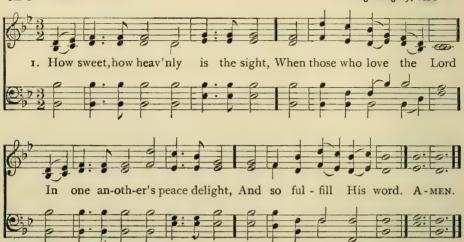


- 2 Build us in one body up,
 Called in one high calling's hope;
 One the Spirit, whom we claim;
 One the pure baptismal flame;
 One the faith, and common Lord;
 One the Father lives adored,
 Over, through, and in us all,
 God incomprehensible.
- 3 One with God, the source of bliss, Ground of our communion this; Life of all that live below, Let Thy goodness ever flow! Rise eternal in our heart; Thou our long-sought Eden art: Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Be to us what Adam lost!

Charles Wesley



George Kingsley, 1838



(Also Vox DILECTI, No. 246.)

- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh, 4 When love, in one delightful stream, And with him bear a part; When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart;
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride, 5 Love is the golden chain that binds Our wishes all above,

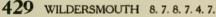
Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a brother's love;

Through every bosom flows; When union sweet, and dear esteem,

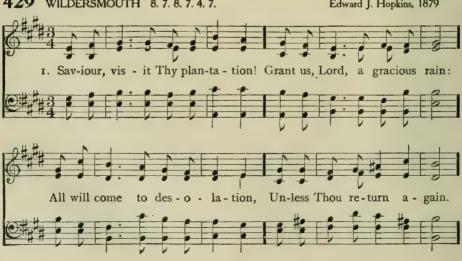
In every action glows. The happy souls above;

And he's an heir of heaven that finds His bosom glow with love.

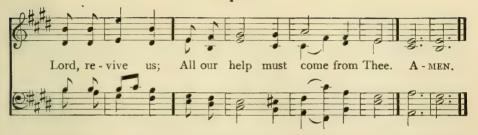
Joseph Swain, 1792



Edward J. Hopkins, 1879



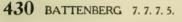
Baptism



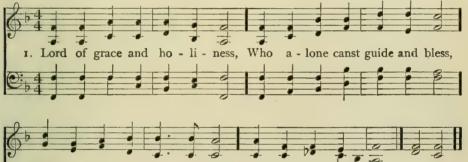
(Also ZION, No. 527.)

- 2 Keep no longer at a distance. Shine upon us from on high, Lest, for want of Thine assistance, Every plant should droop and die. Lord, revive us;
 - All our help must come from Thee.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent: Make us prevalent in prayer; Let each one esteemed Thy servant Shun the world's bewitching snare. Lord, revive us;

All our help must come from Thee. John H. Newton



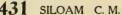
H. R. H. Princess Henry of Battenberg



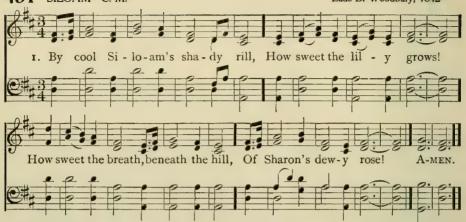
of love and ten - der-ness, Guard these lambs of Thine.

Copyright, 1902, by Novello & Co., Limited, London and New York.

- 2 Keep them generous, brave and true; Still their loving trust renew; Make them faithful through and through; Saviour, keep them Thine.
- 3 By the grace of gentle years, By all tender hopes and fears, By the power of loving tears, Jesus, keep them Thine.
- 4 Jesus, Thou wast man indeed; Thou dost for our weakness plead; Thou dost know our deepest need, Jesus, keep them Thine.
- 5 By the words of parting said, By the tears of sorrow shed O'er the best beloved dead, Father, keep them Thine.
- 6 Lord, Thy loving heart is wide, Jesus, hold them at Thy side, Saved, redeemed and sanctified, Thine, forever Thine!



Isaac B. Woodbury, 1842



2 Lo, such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod; Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,

Is upward drawn to God.

3 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour Of man's maturer age

Will shake the soul with sorrow's power And stormy passion's rage.

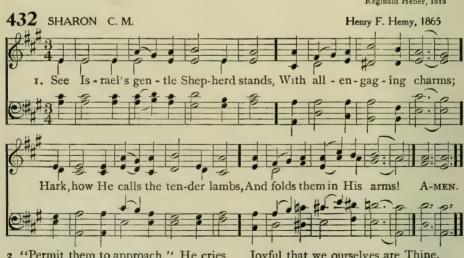
4 O Thou, whose infant feet were found Within Thy Father's shrine,

Whose years, with changeless virtue Were all alike divine. [crowned,

5 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath, We seek Thy grace alone In childhood, manhood, age, and death,

To keep us still Thine own.

Reginald Heber, 1812



"Permit them to approach," He cries, "Nor scorn their humble name,

For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands, And yield them up to Thee;

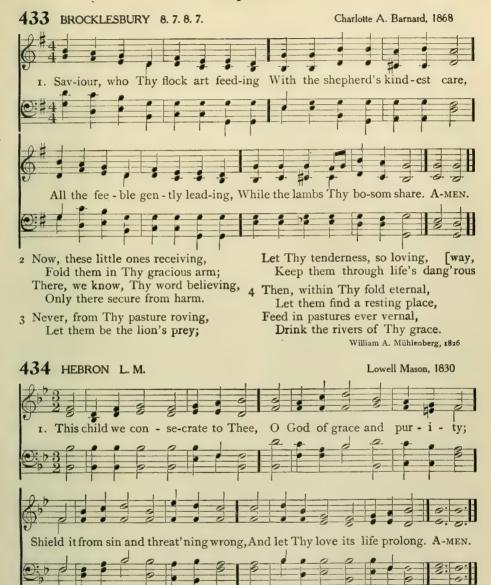
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine, Thine let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear; Ye children, seek His face;

And fly, with transport, to receive The blessings of His grace.

Philip Doddridge, 1740

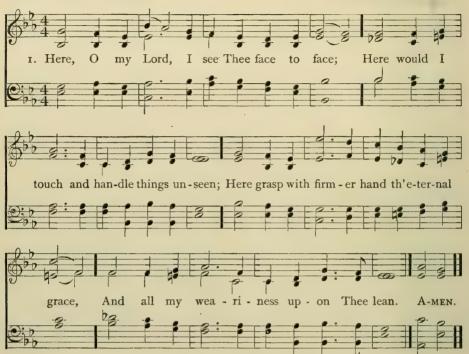
Baptism



- 2 O may Thy Spirit gently draw Its willing soul to keep Thy law; May virtue, piety, and truth, Dawn even with its dawning youth.
- 3 We, too, before Thy gracious sight, Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
- And would renew its solemn vow
 With love and thanks and praises now,
- 4 Grant that with true and faithful heart We still may act the Christian's part, Cheered by each promise Thou hast given, And laboring for the prize in heaven.



Arr. from Mendelssohn

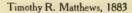


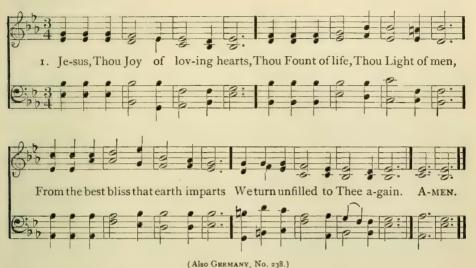
(Also Eventide, No 25)

- 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God; Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven; Here would I lay aside each earthly load, Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 I have no help but Thine, nor do I need Another arm save Thine to lean upon: It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed; My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.
- 4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
 Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
 Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,
 Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.
- 5 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
 The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
 The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
 Nearer than ever, still my Shield and Sun.
- 6 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
 Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
 Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
 The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

The Lord's Supper

436 SAXBY L. M.





- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood; 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee, Thou savest those that on Thee call; To them that seek Thee Thou art good, To them that find Thee all in all.
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread, And long to feast upon Thee still; We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head, And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
- Where'er our changeful lot is cast; Glad when Thy gracious smile we see, Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.
- 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay, Make all our moments calmand bright; Chase the dark night of sin away, Shed o'er the world Thy holy light. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1150 Tr. by Ray Palmer, 1858

437 HYMN TO JOY (No. 79)

(Slur last notes at end of lines 2, 4 and 8)

- 1 Lamb of God, whose dying love We now recall to mind, Send the answer from above, And let us mercy find; Think on us, who think on Thee; And every struggling soul release; 3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied, O remember Calvary, And bid us go in peace!
- 2 By Thine agonizing pain And bloody sweat, we pray, By Thy dying love to man, Take all our sins away:

- Burst our bonds, and set us free; From all iniquity release; O remember Calvary, And bid us go in peace!
- The sinner's pardon seal. Speak us freely justified, And all our sickness heal; By Thy passion on the tree,

Let all our griefs and troubles cease;

O remember Calvary, And bid us go in peace!

Charles Wesley, 1745

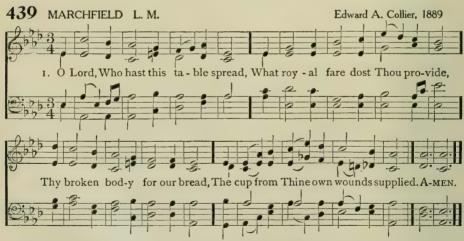


- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake, My bread from heaven shall be; Thy testamental cup I take, And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
 Or there Thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn my eyes, And rest on Calvary,

- O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice, I must remember Thee;
- 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
 And all Thy love to me:

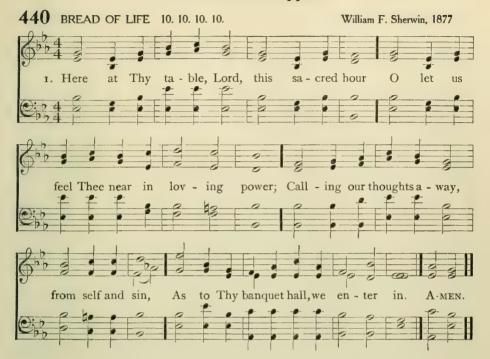
 Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains
 - Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb, And mind and memory flee, When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come, Iesus, remember me.

James Montgomery, 1825



- 2 But e'en this bread will be a stone, This cup of blessing mock our thirst, Unless Thy gracious hand alone Shall bless and give them as at first.
- 3 O come then, Lord, and here preside; Give Thine own welcome to each Nor let it be to love denied [guest; To lean confiding on Thy breast.

The Lord's Supper



- 2 Sit at the feast, dear Lord, break Thou the bread; Fill Thou the cup that brings life to the dead: That we may find in Thee, pardon and peace; And from all bondage win a full release.
- 3 So shall our life of faith be full, be sweet; And we shall find our strength for each day meet; Fed by Thy living bread, all hunger past, We shall be satisfied and saved at last.
- 4 Come, then, O holy Christ, feed us, we pray; Touch with Thy pierced hand each common day, Making this earthly life full of Thy grace, Till in the home of heaven we find our place.

May P. Hoyt, 1889

439 Continued [MARCHFIELD]

4 Then rich the portion Thou wilt give; 5 Thus shall Thy cross be lifted up, No more the hung'ring heart can need; Thyself the bread by which we live, Thy precious blood our drink indeed.

Till Thou return, the King confessed, To call Thine own with Thee to sup Within Thy Father's kingdom blest.

6 O Lord, on high now glorified, When wilt Thou come to bring us home? Hear Thou Thy Spirit and Thy Bride, And come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

441 MELTON 10. 10. 10. 10.

Lowell Mason

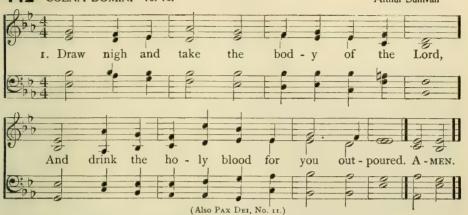


- 2 "This is my blood, for sin's remission shed;"
 He spake, and passed the wine-stained chalice round:
 So let us drink, and on Life's fullness fed
 With heavenly joy each quickening pulse shall bound.
- 3 The hour is come; with us in peace sit down,
 Thine own beloved, O love us to the end;
 Serve us one banquet ere the night's dark frown
 Veil from our sight the presence of our Friend.
- 4 Girded with love, still wash Thy servants' feet,
 While they submissive wonder and adore:
 Bathed in Thy blood our spirits every whit
 Are clean, yet cleanse our goings more and more.
- 5 Some will betray Thee; "Master, is it I?"
 Leaning upon Thy love we ask in fear;
 Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry
 To Thee, the Strong, for strength when sin is near.
- 6 But round us fall the evening shadows dim; A saddened awe pervades our darkened sense, In solemn choir we sing the parting hymn, And hear Thy voice, "Arise, let us go hence."

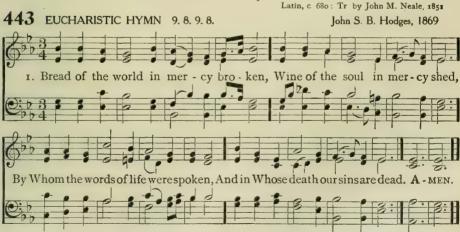
The Lord's Supper

442 COENA DOMINI 10. 10.

Arthur Sullivan

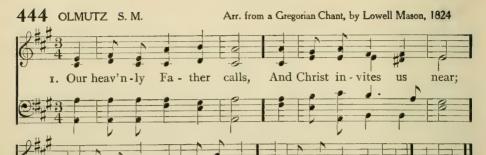


- 2 Saved by that body and that holy blood, With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.
- 3 Salvation's Giver, Christ, God's only Son, By His dear cross and blood the victory won.
- 4 Offered was He for greatest and for least, Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.
- 5 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade, Now gives His holy grace, His saints to aid;
- 6 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole, Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.
- 7 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere, And take the safeguard of salvation here.
- 8 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields, To all believers life eternal yields.

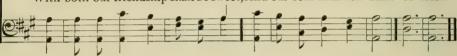


2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken, Look on the tears by sinners shed; And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Reginald Heber, 1826

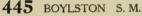


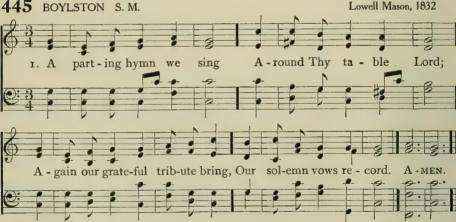
With both our friendship shall be sweet, And our com-mun-ion dear.



- 2 God pities all our griefs, He pardons every day; Almighty to protect our souls, And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large His bounties are! What various stores of good, Diffused from our Redeemer's hand, And purchased with His blood!
- 4 Jesus, our living Head, We bless Thy faithful care, Our Advocate before the throne, And our Forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix my roving heart; Here wait my warmest love; Till the communion be complete, In nobler scenes above.

Philip Doddridge





2 Here have we seen Thy face, And felt Thy presence here; So may the savor of Thy grace In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of Thy blood, By sin no longer led,

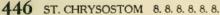
The path our dear Redeemer trod May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love Be our communion shown, Until we join the church above, And know as we are known.

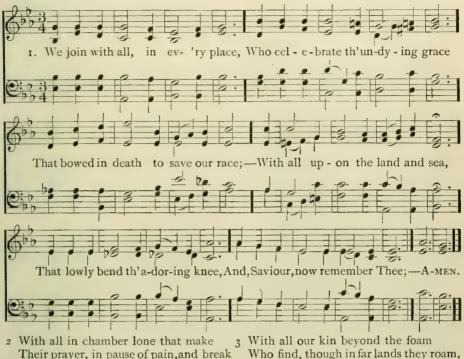
Aaron R. Wolfe, 1858

The Lord's Supper

(United Communion Service)



Joseph Barnby, 1872



- With all in chamber lone that make Their prayer, in pause of pain, and break The bread, and of the cup partake;— With all in reverent throngs that now Within Thy temple loving bow, And breathe the sacramental vow;—
- With all our kin beyond the foam
 Who find, though in far lands they roam,
 Still in Thy love their life, their home;
 We join with all, where'er they be,
 Who bend commemorative knee,
 And now in love remember Thee.

 George T. Coster, 1891

447 BOYLSTON S. M. (No. 445)

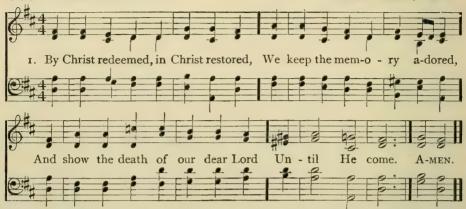
- I Jesus invites His saints
 To meet around His board,
 Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
 Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food He gives His flesh; He bids us drink His blood; Amazing favor, matchless grace Of our descending God!
- 3 The sacred elements
 Remain mere wine and bread;
 But signify and seal the love
 Of Christ our covenant head.
- 4 This holy bread and wine
 Maintains our fainting breath,

- By union with our living Lord, And interest in His death.
- 5 Our heavenly Father calls Christ and His members one; We the young children of His love, And He the first-born Son.
- 6 We are but several parts
 Of the same broken bread;
 One body with its several limbs,
 But Jesus is the head.
- 7 Let all our powers be joined His glorious name to raise; Pleasure and love fill every mind, And every voice be praise.

Isaac Watts

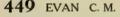
448 IN MEMORIAM 8. 8. 8. 4.

Frederick C. Maker, 1876

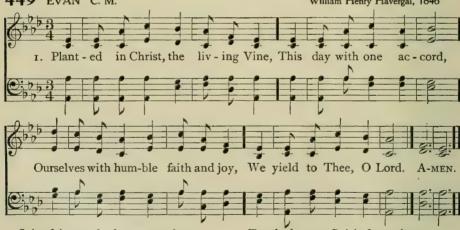


- 2 His body, broken in our stead, Is here in this memorial bread; And so our feeble love is fed Until He come.
- 3 His fearful drops of agony, His life-blood shed for us, we see; The wine shall tell the mystery Until He come.
- 4 And thus that dark betrayal night With the last advent we unite By one blest chain of loving rite Until He come.
- 5 O blessèd hope! with this elate Let not our hearts be desolate, But, strong in faith, in patience wait Until He come.

George Rawson, 1857



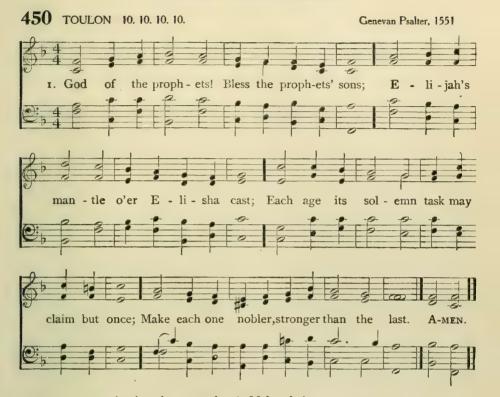
William Henry Havergal, 1846



- 2 Joined in one body may we be; One inward life partake; One be our heart, one heavenly hope In every bosom wake.
- 3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils, One wisdom be our guide;
- Taught by one Spirit from above, In Thee may we abide.
- 4 Then, when among the saints in light Our joyful spirits shine, Shall anthems of immortal praise, O Lamb of God, be Thine.

Samuel F. Smith

Ordination and Installation



- 2 Anoint them prophets! Make their ears attent To Thy divinest speech; their hearts awake To human need; their lips make eloquent To assure the right, and every evil break.
- 3 Anoint them priests! Strong intercessors they
 For pardon, and for charity and peace!
 Oh, that with them might pass the world astray,
 Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice.
- 4 Anoint them kings! Aye, kingly kings, O Lord!
 Anoint them with the spirit of Thy Son:
 Theirs, not a jewelled crown, a blood-stained sword;
 Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a kingdom won.
- 5 Make them apostles! Heralds of Thy cross;
 Forth may they go to tell all realms Thy grace;
 Inspired of Thee, may they count all but loss,
 And stand at last with joy before Thy face.
- 6 O mighty age of prophet-kings, return! O truth, O faith, enrich our urgent time! Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn; A weary world awaits Thy reign sublime.

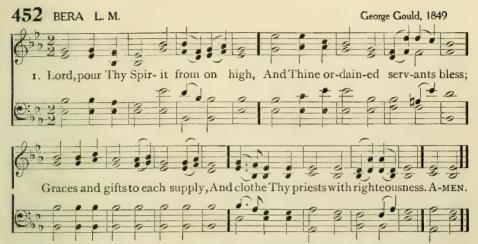


- 2 Breathe Thou upon us, Lord, Thy Spirit's living flame, That so with one accord Our lips may tell Thy name; Give Thou the hearing ear, Fix Thou the wand'ring thought, That those we teach may hear The great things Thou hast wrought.
- 3 Speak Thou for us, O Lord, In all we say of Thee, According to Thy Word Let all our teaching be;

- That so Thy lambs may know
 Their own true Shepherd's voice,
 Where'er He leads them, go,
 And in His love rejoice.
- 4 Live Thou within us, Lord;
 Thy mind and will be ours;
 Be Thou beloved, adored,
 And served, with all our powers;
 That so our lives may teach
 Thy children what Thou art,
 And plead, by more than speech,
 For Thee with every heart.

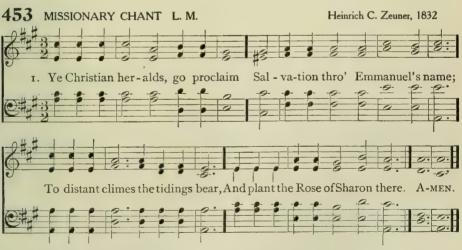
John Ellerton

Ordination and Installation



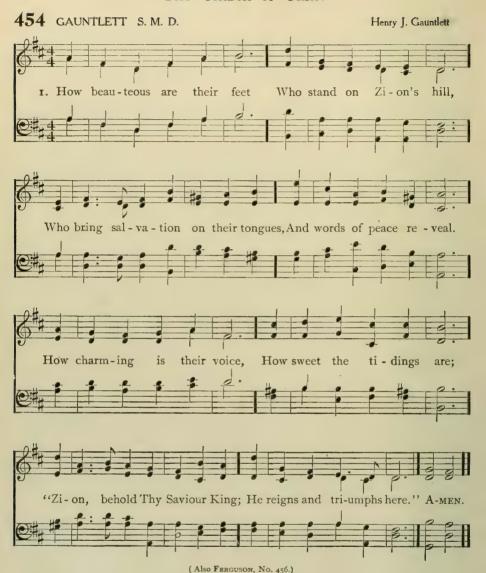
- Within Thy temple when they stand,
 To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
 Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,
 Let all Thy Church's pastors be.
- 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and love impart, Firmness and meekness from above, 5 To bear Thy people in his heart And love the souls whom Thou dost love.
- 4 To love, and pray, and never faint,
 By day and night their guard to keep,
 To warn the sinner, form the saint,
 To feed Thy lambs, and tend Thy
 sheep.
 - So, when their work is finished here,
 They may in hope their charge resign:
 So, when their Master shall appear,
 They may with crowns of glory shine.

 James Monigomery



- 2 God shield you with a wall of fire, With holy zeal your hearts inspire, Bid raging winds their fury cease, And hush the tempest into peace.
- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,
 Then we shall meet to part no more,
 Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,
 And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

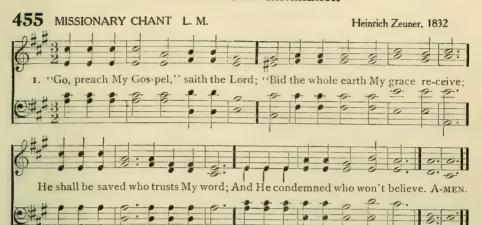
Bourne H. Draper, 1803



- 2 How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found.
 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heavenly light;
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight.
- 3 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.
 The Lord makes bare His arm
 Through all the earth abroad;
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

Isaac Watts, 1707

Ordination and Installation



"I'll make your great commission known.

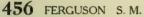
And ye shall prove My gospel true By all the works that I have done, By all the wonders ye shall do.

"Teach all the nations My commands; I'm with you till the world shall end; All power is trusted to My hands; I can destroy, and I defend."

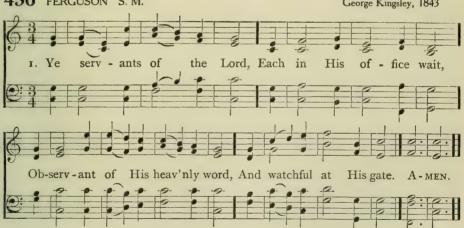
4 He spake, and light shone round His

On a bright cloud to heaven He rode; They to the farthest nations spread The grace of their ascended God.

Isaac Watts, 1707



George Kingsley, 1843

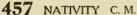


- 2 Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the golden flame; Gird up your loins, as in His sight, For awful is His name.
- 3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command; And while we speak He's near:

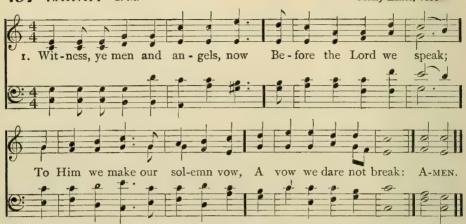
Mark the first signal of His hand, And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he, In such a posture found! He shall his Lord with rapture see, And be with honor crowned.

Philip Doddridge, 1740



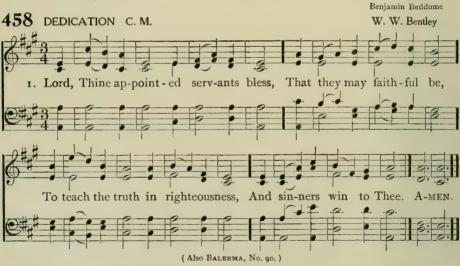
Henry Lahee, 1855



- 2 That, long as life itself shall last, Ourselves to Christ we yield; Nor from His cause will we depart, Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength, But on His grace rely,

That with returning wants, the Lord Will all our need supply.

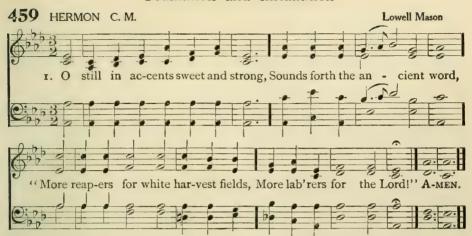
4 O guide our doubtful feet aright, And keep us in Thy ways: And, while we turn our vows to prayers, Turn Thou our prayers to praise!



- 2 Uphold them by almighty power, Thy strength divine impart, And in each dark and trying hour, Cheer Thou their fainting heart.
- 3 In holy watchfulness and prayer, O keep them near Thy side;
- May they with loving zeal declare A Saviour crucified.
- 4 Great Shepherd of the sheep, draw near, Thy Spirit now be given; [hear, That they who preach, and those who May sing Thy praise in heaven.

Anon.

Ordination and Installation



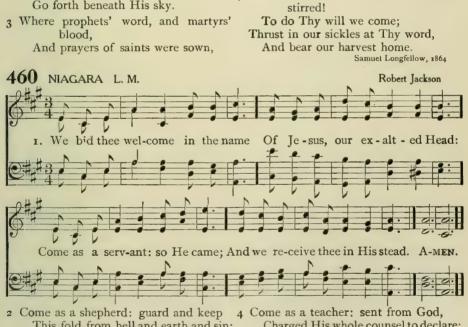
2 We hear the call; in dreams no more In selfish ease we lie. But girded for our Father's work,

Go forth beneath His sky.

We, to their labors entering in,

Would reap where they have strown.

4 O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred!



This fold from hell and earth and sin; Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep, The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a watchman: take thy stand Upon thy tower amidst the sky; And when the sword comes on the land, Call us to fight, or warn to fly.

Charged His whole counsel to declare: Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod, While we uphold thy hands with prayer

5 Come as a messenger of peace, Filled with the Spirit, fired with love: Live to behold our large increase, And die to meet us all above. James Montgomery, 1825

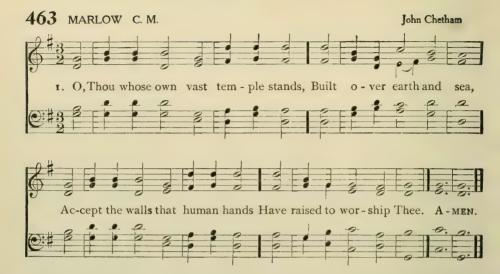


- Except the Lord the house do build, Except with grace the work be filled, All labor's vain. O Christ, impart Thy loving spirit to each heart; By Thee, to Thee, on Thee alone, We build, Thou fairest Corner-stone.
- 3 Here may the truth and right grow strong, Here love prevail Thy saints among, Here sinners feel Thy quickening grace, And seek with hastening joy Thy face; And thousands gladly make Thee known As their eternal Corner-stone.
- 4 Build Thou the walls: make them so glow With glory, we on earth below The eternal splendors shall foresee; Grander than Salem's may they be, All luminous with grace Thine own, From topmost peak to corner-stone.

Dedication Services



- 2 O then with hymns of praise
 These hallowed courts shall ring;
 Our voices we will raise
 The Three in One to sing;
 And thus proclaim in joyful song
 Both loud and long that glorious Name.
- 3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
 For evermore draw nigh;
 Accept each faithful vow,
 And mark each suppliant sigh;
 In copious shower on all who pray
 Each holy day Thy blessings pour.
- 4 Here may we gain from heaven
 The grace which we implore;
 And may that grace, once given,
 Be with us evermore,
 Until that day when all the blest
 To endless rest are called away.



- 2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send, Within these walls t' abide, The peace that dwelleth without end Serenely by Thy side.
- 3 May erring minds that worship here, Be taught the better way; And they who mourn and they who fear, Be strengthened as they pray.
- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm, And pure devotion rise. While round these hallowed walls the storm Of earth-born passion dies.

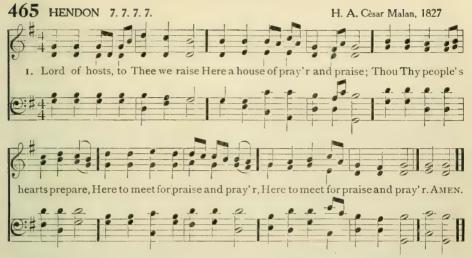
William Cullen Bryant, 1835

464 MARLOW C. M. (No. 463)

- I We love the venerable house Our fathers built to God, In heaven are kept their grateful vows. Their dust endears the sod.
- 2 Here holy thoughts a light have shed From many a radiant face, And prayers of humble virtue made The perfume of the place.
- The mystery of life, And prayed the eternal Light to clear Their doubts, and aid their strife.
- 4 From humble tenements around Came up the pensive train, And in the Church a blessing found, That filled their homes again;
- 5 For faith, and peace, and mighty love, That from the God-head flow. Showed them the life of heaven above Springs from the life below.
- 3 And anxious hearts have pondered here 6 They live wi God, their homesare dust; Yet here their children pray, And in this fleeting lifetime trust To find the narrow way.
 - 7 On him who by the altar stands, On him Thy blessings fall; Speak through his lips Thy pure commands, Thou Heart, that lovest all.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1823

Dedication Services

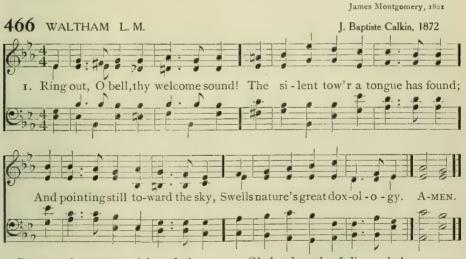


- 2 Let the living here be fed With Thy word, the heavenly bread; Here, in hope of glory blest, May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to Thee a temple stand, While the sea shall gird the land;

Here reveal Thy mercy sure, While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

James Montgomery, 1821



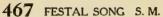
- 2 Ring out in tones so rich and clear, Bid saints before the Lord appear; Bring tithes of all His bounty rare, Let children, too, the blessing share.
- 3 Ring out again! let crowds await, And throng the open temple gate,

Glad, when thy fading echo's gone, To fill the courts with grateful song.

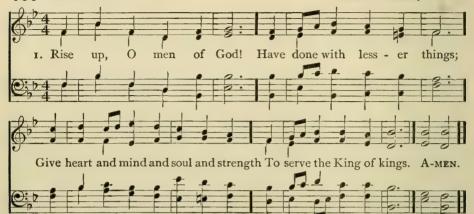
4 Ring out the old and dying year, And greet the new with hope and cheer; And may the lot to thee be given To hail our Lord's return from heaven.

William Patterson Bruce, 1897

The Kingdom of God



William H. Walter, 1894

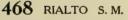


- 2 Rise up, O men of God! His kingdom tarries long;
 - · Bring in the day of brotherhood, And end the night of wrong.
- 3 Rise up, O men of God! The Church for you doth wait,

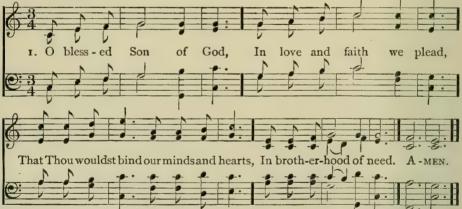
Her strength unequal to her task; Rise up, and make her great!

4 Lift high the cross of Christ;
Tread where His feet have trod;
As brothers of the Son of Man
Rise up, O men of God!

William Pierson Merrill, 1911



George F. Root, 1859



- 2 Our Elder Brother Thou, Whose heritage we share, Our kindred lives we offer Thee In brotherhood of prayer.
- 3 Thou didst the will of Him
 Who sent Thee from above;
 Thou sendest us, as He sent Thee,
 In brotherhood of love.
- 4 To serve Thy kingdom, Lord,
 To quiet sin's turmoil,
 Do Thou ordain and consecrate
 Our brotherhood of toil.
- 5 Thou Man of Galilee,
 O wilt Thou live again!Abide within, control, inspire
 Our brotherhood of men.

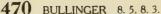
Henry L. Crain, 1906



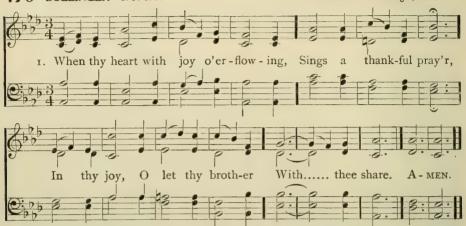
- 2 For one, whom Jesus loved, has truly spoken,—
 The holier worship which He deigns to bless
 Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
 And feeds the widow and the fatherless.
- 3 Follow with reverent steps the great example
 Of Him whose holy work was "doing good;"
 So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
 Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1848

The Kingdom of God



Ethelbert W. Bullinger, 1877



- 2 When the harvest sheaves ingathered, Fill thy barns with store,
 - To thy God and to thy brother Give the more.
- 3 If thy soul with power uplifted, Yearn for glorious deed,
- Give thy strength to serve thy brother In his need.
- 4 Share with him thy bread of blessing, Sorrow's burden share;
 - When thy heart enfolds a brother, God is there.

Theodore C. Williams, 1891



- 2 Thou, Who that dread cup of suffering Didst not put from Thee;
 - O most Loving of the loving, Give us charity!
- 3 Thou, Who reignest, bright in glory, On God's throne on high,
- O that we may share Thy triumph, Grant us charity.
- 4 Send us faith, that trusts Thy promise; Hope, with upward eye;

But more blest than both, and greater, Send us charity.

Henry Alford

Brotherhood



- 2 For the heart grows rich in giving;
 All its wealth is living grain;
 Seeds which mildew in the garner,
 Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
 Is thy burden hard and heavy?
 Do thy steps drag wearily?
 Help to bear thy brother's burden,
 God will bear both it and thee.
- 3 Numb and weary on the mountains, Would'st thou sleep amidst the snow? Chafe that frozen form beside thee, And together both shall glow.
- Art thou stricken in life's battle?

 Many wounded round thee moan;
 Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
 And that balm shall heal thine own.
- A Is the heart a well left empty?

 None but God its void can fill;

 Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain

 Can its ceaseless longings still.

 Is the heart a living power?

 Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;

 It can only live in loving,

 And by serving love will grow.

 Elizabeth Charles

The Kingdom of God



- Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
 And gather in the grain;
 The night is fast approaching,
 And soon will come again.
 The Master calls for reapers,
 And shall He call in vain?
 Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
 And waste upon the plain?
- 3 Mount up the heights of wisdom,
 And crush each error low;
 Keep back no words of knowledge
 That human hearts should know.
 Be faithful to thy mission,
 In service to thy Lord;
 And then a golden chaplet
 Shall be thy just reward.

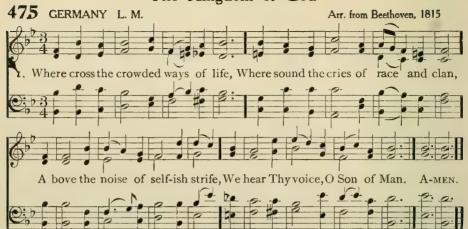
Isaac B. Woodbury



- 2 O rally round His standard; Defend the cross you love, And look to Him for wisdom And counsel from above, Against the arch deceiver, Against the host of sin, March on with steady purpose The world for Christ to win!
- 3 Be strong, O Christian soldiers, On Jesus cast your care, And when the conflict rages Let every breath be prayer.

Fear not; the Lord is with you;
'Tis He who speaks within;
March on with zeal and courage
The world for Christ to win!

4 Go forth, go forth, rejoicing,
And in the Master's name,
To weary souls that perish
Eternal life proclaim.
The crowning day is coming;
The end of toil and sin;
March on through death determined.
The world for Christ to win!



2 In haunts of wretchedness and need, On shadowed thresholds dark with fears, From paths where hide the lures of greed, 5 We catch the vision of Thy tears.

3 From tender childhood's helplessness, From woman's grief, man's burdened Among these restless throngs abide,

toil. From famished souls, from sorrow's stress, 6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love, Thy heart has never known recoil.

4 The cup of water given for Thee Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;

The wandering and the wavering feet;

Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O feed me, Lord, that I may feed

Yet long these multitudes to see The sweet compassion of Thy face.

O Master, from the mountain side, Make haste to heal these hearts of

O tread the city's streets again,

And follow where Thy feet have trod,

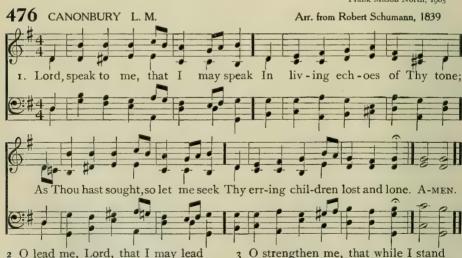
Till glorious from Thy heaven above, Shall come the City of our God. Frank Mason North, 1905

Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,

Frances R. Havergal, 1878

To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

I may stretch out a loving hand





2 Ye men of Christ, go forth! The Master calls to-day;

To West and East; to South and North, He bids you haste away.

Ref.—Go forth! go forth!

Ye men of Christ, go forth!

3 Ye men of Christ, proclaim That Christ, your Lord, is King! Till all the earth revere His name And loyal homage bring.

Ref.—Proclaim! proclaim!

That Christ, your Lord, is King!

Ambrose M. Schmidt

476 Continued [CANONBURY L. M.]

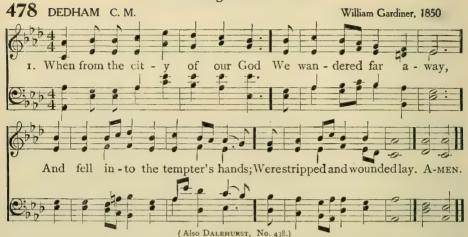
4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart,

And wing my words, that they may reach The hidden depths of many a heart.

- 5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
 That I may speak with soothing power
 A word in season, as from Thee
 - A word in season, as from Thee, To weary ones in needful hour.

- 6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord, Until my very heart o'erflow
 - In kindling thought and glowing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.
 - O use me, Lord, use even me, Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;

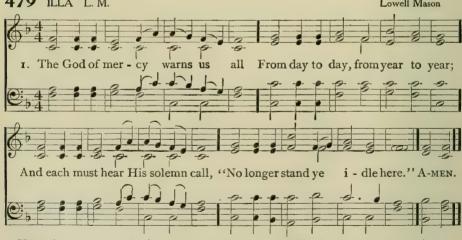
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.
Frances R. Havergal, 1872



- 2 Christ bound our wounds, and poured 4 What beams of grace and mercy, Lord, And wine with tender care, Tin oil And bore us to an inn, His Church, And safely lodged us there.
- 3 He gave us to the host in charge, And "at that future day When I shall come again," He said, "I will thy pains repay."
- In Thy example shine;
- O may we give Thee thanks and praise, By showing love like Thine.
- 5 So may we at that future day, With joy Thy coming see, And hear Thy blessing, "What ye did To mine, ye did to Me." Christopher Wordsworth

479 ILLA L. M.

Lowell Mason



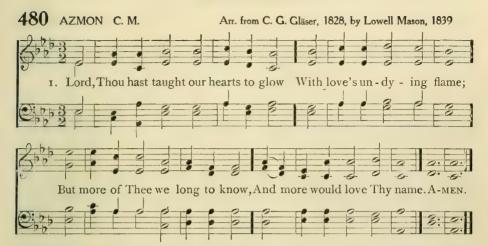
2 Ye, whose young cheeks with health are bright. [are clear,

Whose hands are strong, whose hearts 4 O Thou, in heaven and earth adored, Why will ye waste the morning light? Alas, why stand ye idle here?

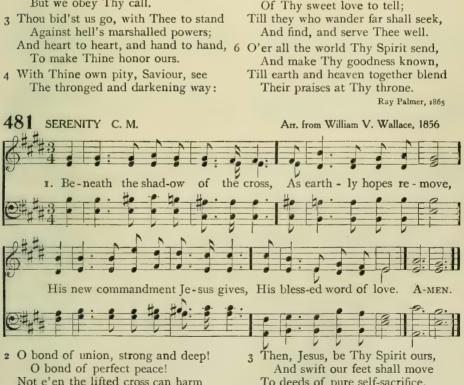
3 And ye, whose scanty locks of gray Foretell your latest travail near,

How swiftly fades your closing day, And yet ye stand thus idle here.

Who makest erring souls Thy care, Now call us to Thy vineyard, Lord, And give us grace to serve Thee there. Anon.



- 2 Thy life, Thy death, inspire our song, Thy Spirit breathes through all; And here our feet would linger long, But we obey Thy call.
- We go to win the lost to Thee, O help us, Lord, we pray.
- 5 Teach Thou our lips of Thee to speak. Of Thy sweet love to tell;



Not e'en the lifted cross can harm If we but hold to this.

To deeds of pure self-sacrifice, And the sweet tasks of love.

Samuel Longfellow



(Also Austrian Hymn, No. 417.)

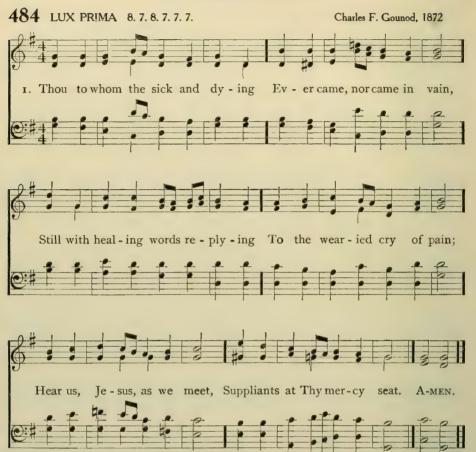
Worlds are charging, heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward, for the right!
On, let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad;
Strike, let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God.



Shall crime bring crime forever, Strength aiding still the strong? Is it Thy will, O Father, That man shall toil for wrong? No, say Thy mountains; No, Thy skies; Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise, And songs ascend instead of sighs: God save the people! O God of mercy, when?

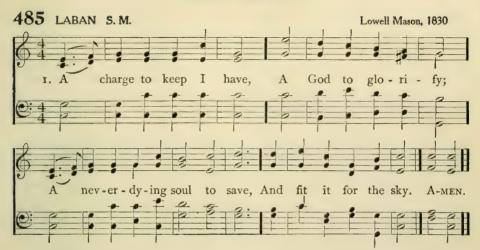
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people; Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thine angels fair;
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people!

Ebenezer Elliott, 1850



- 2 Every care, and every sorrow, Be it great, or be it small, Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, When, where'er, it may befall, Lay we humbly at Thy feet, Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.
- 3 Still the weary, sick and dying Need a brother's, sister's care; On Thy higher help relying May we now their burden share, Bringing all our offerings meet, Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.
- 4 May each child of Thine be willing,
 Willing both in hand and heart,
 All the law of love fulfilling,
 Ever comfort to impart;
 Ever bringing offerings meet,
 Suppliant to Thy mercy seat.
- 5 So may sickness, sin, and sadness,
 To Thy healing power yield,
 Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
 Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,
 One in Thee together meet,
 Pardoned at Thy judgment seat.

Godfrey Thring, 1870

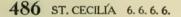


- To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil,—
 O may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care, As in Thy sight to live;

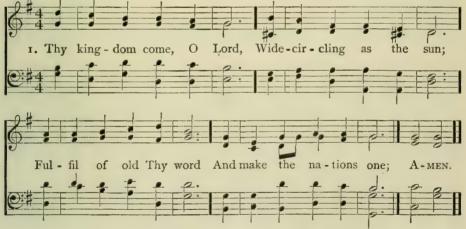
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Charles Wesley, 1762



Leighton G. Hayne, 1863

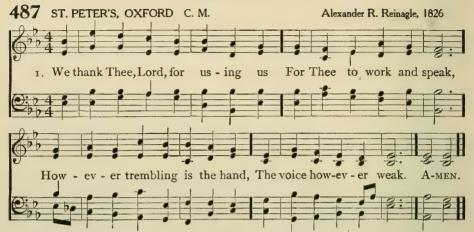


- 2 One in the bond of peace, The service glad and free Of truth and righteousness, Of love and equity.
- 3 Speed, speed the longed-for time Foretold by raptured seers—

The prophecy sublime,
The hope of all the years;

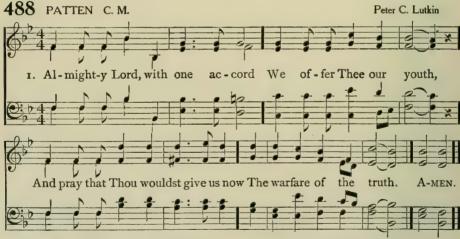
4 Till rise at last, to span
Its firm foundations broad,
The commonwealth of man,
The city of our God.

Frederick L. Hosmer, 1904



- 2 For those to whom Thou hast, through Some heavenly guidance given; [us, For some, it may be, saved from death, And some brought nearer heaven.
- 3 We thank Thee, gracious Lord, for all Of witness there hath been From us, in any path of life, Though silent and unseen;
- 4 For solace ministered, perchance, In days of grief and pain; For peace to troubled, weary souls, Not spoken all in vain.
- 5 O honor higher, truer far
 Than earthly fame could bring,
 Thus to be used in work like this,
 So long, by such a King.

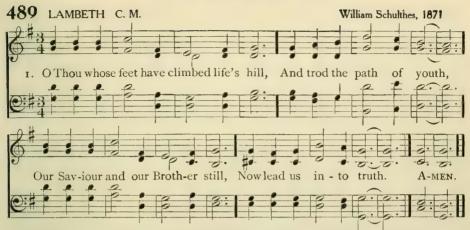
Horatio Bonar



- 2 Thy cause doth claim our souls by name, Because that we are strong;
 In all the land, one steadfast band May we to Christ belong.
- 3 Let fall on every college hall The luster of Thy cross.

- That love may dare Thy work to share, And count all else as loss.
- 4 Our hearts be ruled, our spirits schooled Alone Thy will to seek;
 And when we find Thy blessèd mind, Instruct our lips to speak.

M. Woolsey Stryker



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2 The call is Thine: be Thou the Way, And give us men, to guide,

Let wisdom broaden with the day, Let human faith abide.

3 Who learn of Thee the truth shall find, 5 Thy life the bond of fellowship, Who follow, gain the goal;

With reverence crown the earnest mind, And speak within the soul.

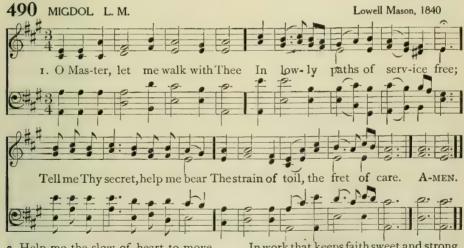
4 Awake the purpose high which strives, And, falling, stands again;

Confirm the will of eager lives To quit themselves like men:

Thy love the law that rules,

Thy name, proclaimed by every lip, The Master of our schools.

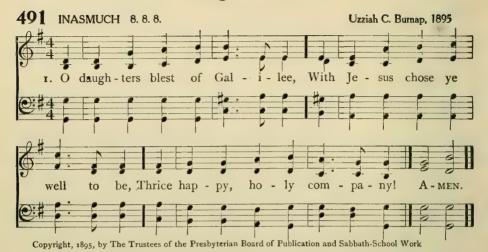
Louis F. Benson, 1894



- 2 Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love; Teach me the wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
- 3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee In closer, dearer company,

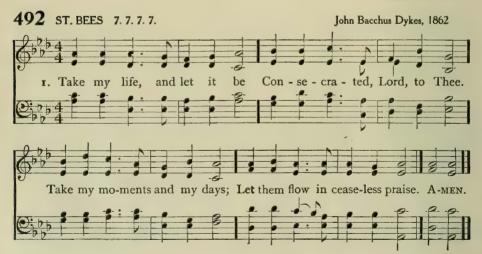
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs over wrong,

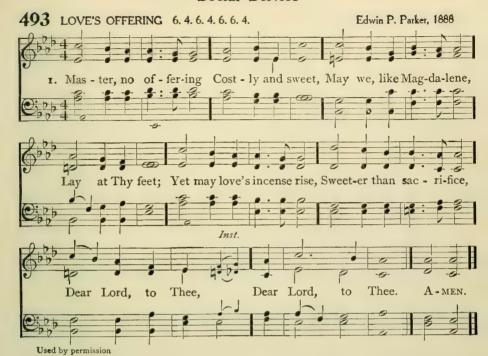
In hope that sends a shining ray Far down the future's broadening way, In peace that only Thou canst give, With Thee, O Master, let me live. Washington Gladden, 1880



- 2 O joy, to see that Master dear!
 O joy, to live with Him so near!
 - O joy, to live with Him so near!
 O joy, that gentle voice to hear!
- 3 O more than joy, to that dear Lord, In purest, deepest love adored, All lowly service to afford!
- 4 Yea, happy was your lot to bring, In loyal homage to your King, Each free and gracious offering.
- 5 O Jesus, throned above the height, Adoring troops of angels bright Wait on Thy bidding day and night:
- 6 Thy sacred form we cannot see, Yet, Lord, these hands may render Thee Each lowly act of charity.
- 7 For while 'mid want and woe we move, And tend Thy poor in gentle love, We minister to Thee above.
- 8 O gracious Jesus, we confess Our poor, cold love, our nothingness: Yet Thou wilt own, and Thou wilt bless.

William Walsham How, 1867





- Daily our lives would show
 Weakness made strong,
 Toilsome and gloomy ways
 Brightened with song;
 Some deeds of kindness done,
 Some souls by patience won,
 Dear Lord, to Thee.
- 3 Some word of hope, for hearts Burdened with fears, Some balm of peace, for eyes Blinded with tears,
- Some dews of mercy shed, Some wayward footsteps led, Dear Lord, to Thee.
- 4 Thus in Thy service, Lord,
 Till eventide
 Closes the day of life,
 May we abide,
 And when earth's labors cease,
 Bid us depart in peace,
 Dear Lord, to Thee.

Edwin P. Parker, 1888

492 Continued [ST. BEES]

- 2 Take my hands, and let them move At the impulse of Thy love. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee.
- 3 Take my voice, and let me sing, Always, only, for my King. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with messages from Thee.
- 4 Take my silver and my gold; Not a mite would I withhold.

- Take my intellect, and use Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 5 Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no longer mine. Take my heart, it is Thine own; It shall be Thy royal throne.
- 6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure-store. Take myself, and I will be Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal, 1874



- 2 They who tread the path of labor
 Follow where Thy feet have trod:
 They who work without complaining
 Do the holy will of God. [ledge,
 Thou, the Peace that passeth knowDwellest in the daily strife;
 Thou, the Bread of heaven, art broken
 In the sacrament of life.
- Every deed of love and kindness

 Done to man is done to Thee.

 Jesus, Thou Divine Companion,

 Help us all to work our best,

 Bless us in our daily labor,

 Lead us to our Sabbath rest.

 Henry Van Dyke, 1909

Sets the soul that does it free;

3 Every task, however simple,



2 Where the sad, the poor, despairing, Are uplifted, cheered and blest; Where in others' labor sharing, We can find our surest rest. Where we heed the voice of duty, Tread the path that Jesus trod; This is heaven, its peace, its beauty, Radiant with the love of God.

(Also CRUCIFER, No. 375.)

John G. Adams, 1846



- 2 Promises in sorrow made, Left, alas! too long unpaid; Fervent wishes, earnest thought, Never into action wrought-Long withheld, we now restore them, On Thy holy altar pour them: There in trembling faith to leave them, Christ, present them! God, receive them!
- 3 Vows and longings, hopes and fears, Broken-hearted sighs and tears, Dreams of what we yet might be Could we cling more close to Thee,
- Which, despite of faults and failings, Help Thy grace in its prevailings— On Thine altar laid we leave them: Christ, present them! God, receive them!
- 4 To the Father, and the Son, And the Spirit, Three in One, Though our mortal weakness raise Offerings of imperfect praise, Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly, Crying, Holy! holy! holy! On Thine altar laid we leave them: Christ, present them! God, receive them!

John S. B. Monsell, 1871



2 O give us of Thy Spirit

That joys to give its all;

Thy voice—O when we hear it

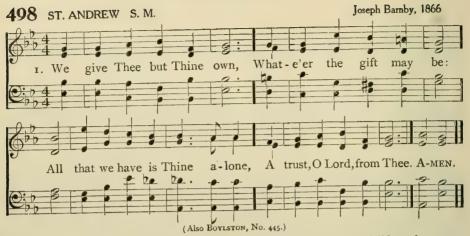
May we obey its call.

That voice whose call is pleading

From nations far away—

We hear it, we are heeding;

Lord, help us to obey.

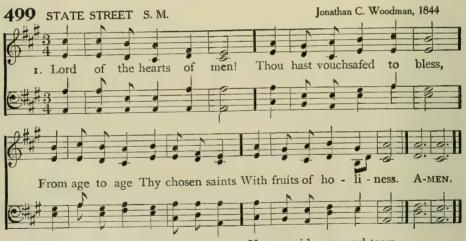


- As stewards true receive,
 And gladly as Thou blessest us,
 To Thee our first-fruits give.
- 3 The captive to release, To God the lost to bring,

To teach the way of life and peace, It is a Christ-like thing.

4 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

William Walsham How, 1854



- 2 Here faith, and hope, and love Reign in sweet bonds allied; There, when this little day is o'er, Shall love alone abide.
- 3 O love, O truth, O light!
 Light never to decay!
 O rest from thousand labors past!
 O endless Sabbath-day!
- 4 Here, amid cares and tears,
 Bearing the seed we come;
 There, with rejoicing hearts, we bring
 Our harvest-burdens home.
- 5 Give, mighty Lord divine,
 The fruits Thyself dost love;
 Soonshalt Thou from Thy judgment seat,
 Crown Thine own gifts above.

 Latin Tr. by James R. Woodford



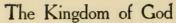
- 2 Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying, Speak to their hearts with a message of peace; Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying, Grant the departing a gentle release.
- 3 Raise, Lord, to health again those who have sickened,
 Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;
 Give of Thy grace to the souls Thou hast quickened,
 Gladness for sorrow, and brightness for gloom.
- 4 We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and must wither; We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die; Gather us, Lord, to Thy bosom forever, Grant us a place in Thy house in the sky.

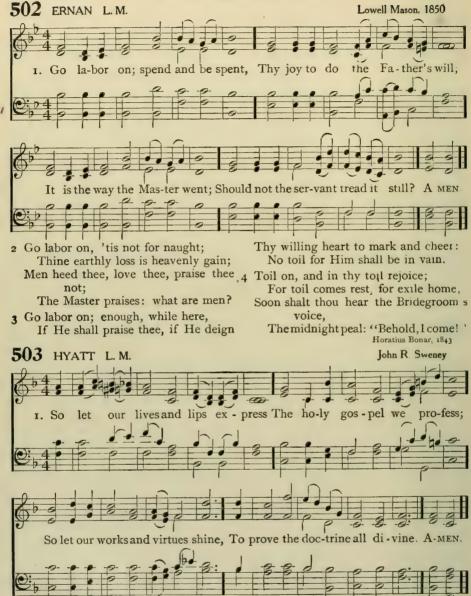
Abel Cerald Wilson Blunt

501 STATE STREET S.M. (No. 499)

- Teach me, my God and King, In all things Thee to see, And what I do in anything, To do it as for Thee;
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway, While still to Thee I tend; In all I do be Thou the way, In all be Thou the end.
- 3 All may of Thee partake;
 Nothing so small can be
 But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
 Greatness and worth from Thee.
- 4 If done to obey Thy laws,
 E'en servile labors shine;
 Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
 The meanest work, divine.

George Herbert, 1652





(Also Duke Street, No. 207.)

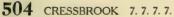
2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad The honors of our Saviour God; When His salvation reigns within, And grace subdues the power of sin.

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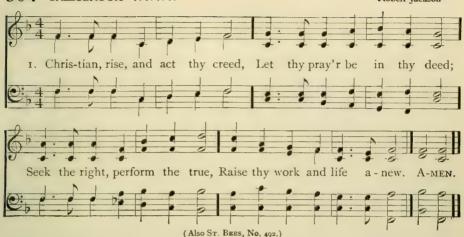
3 Our flesh and sense must be denied, Passion and envy, lust and pride; While justice, temperance, truth, and Our inward piety approve. [love.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning or His word.

Isaac Watts, 1709



Robert lackson

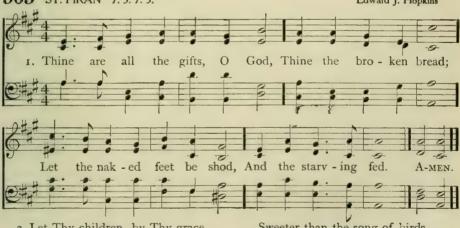


- 2 Hearts around thee sink with care; Thou canst help their load to bear, Thou canst bring inspiring light, Arm their faltering wills to fight.
- 3 Let thine alms be hope and joy, And thy worship God's employ;
- Give Him thanks in humble zeal. Learning all His will to feel.
- 4 Come then, Law divine, and reign, Freest faith assailed in vain. Perfect love bereft of fear. Born in heaven and radiant here.

Francis A. R. Russell, 1803

505 ST. PIRAN 7, 5, 7, 5,

Edward J. Hopkins



- 2 Let Thy children, by Thy grace, Give as they abound, Till the poor have breathing-space, And the lost are found.
- 3 Wiser than the miser's hoards Is the giver's choice;

Sweeter than the song of birds Is the thankful voice.

4 Welcome smiles on faces sad. As the flowers of spring; Let the tender hearts be glad With the joy they bring. John Greenleaf Whittier, 1878



- 2 Sons of labor, pray to Jesus; O how Jesus prayed for you, In the moonlight, on the mountain Where the shimmering olives grew. When you rise up at the dawning, Ere to toil you wend your way, Pray, as He prayed, in the morning, Long before the break of day.
- 3 Sons of labor, be like Jesus,
 Undefiled chaste, and pure,
 And, though Satan tempt you sorely,
 By His grace you shall endure.
 Husband, father, son, and brother,
 Be ye gentle, just, and true,
 Be ye kind to one another,
 As the Lord is kind to you.
- 4 Sons of labor, go to Jesus
 In your sorrow, shame, and loss;
 He is nearest, you are dearest
 When you bravely bear His cross;
 Go to Him, who died to save you,
 And is still the sinner's Friend,
 And the great love which forgave you
 Will forgive you to the end.
 - 5 Sons of labor, live for Jesus,
 Be your work your worship too;
 In His name, and to His glory,
 Do whate'er you find to do,
 Till the night of sin and sorrow
 Be forever overpast,
 And we see the golden morrow

And we see the golden morrow, Home with Jesus, home at last.

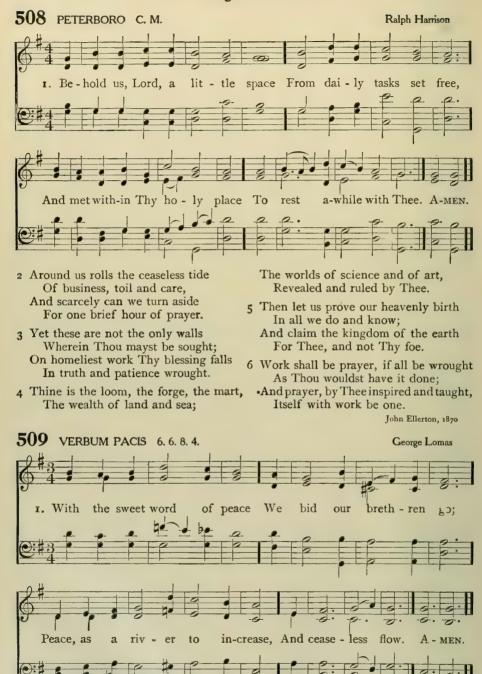
Samuel R. Hole



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- 2 Work, for the night is coming, Work through the sunny noon; Fill brightest hours with labor, Rest comes sure and soon: Give every flying minute Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies, While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for daylight flies; Work, till the last beam fadeth, Fadeth to shine no more; Work, while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Coghill, 1854



Missions



And, with Pentecostal measure, Send forth reapers o'er our land; Faithful reapers Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand.

3 Broad the shadow of our nation, Eager millions hither roam; Lo, they wait for Thy salvation;

Bring Thy ransomed people home.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping, Soon the reaping time will come; Heaven and earth together keeping God's eternal harvest-home. Saints and angels Shout the world's great harvest-home.

Mary Hamlin Maxwell, 1849

509 Continued [VERBUM PACIS]

- 2 With the calm word of prayer We earnestly commend Our brethren to Thy watchful care, Eternal Friend.
- 3 With the dear word of love We give our brief farewell; Our love below, and Thine above, With them shall dwell.
- 4 With the strong word of faith We stay ourselves on Thee:

- That Thou, O Lord, in life and death Their help shalt be.
- 5 Then the bright word of hope Shall on our parting gleam, And tell of joys beyond the scope Of earth-born dream.
- 6 Farewell! in hope, and love, In faith, and peace, and prayer; Till He whose home is ours above Unite us there.

George Watson



Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

2 See heathen nations bending

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."
Samuel Francis Smith, 1832

Missions



- 2 To Him shall endless prayer be made, And endless praises crown His head; His name like sweet perfume shall rise With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song; And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns; The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;

The weary find eternal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.

- 5 Where He displays His healing power, Death and the curse are known no more; In Him the tribes of Adam boast More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise and bring Peculiar honors to our King; Angels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1719

513 WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. D. (No. 511)

- r Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's greater Son!
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun!
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.
- 2 Kings shall fall down before Him,
 And gold and incense bring:
 All nations shall adore Him;
 His praise all people sing;
 For He shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.
- 3 He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth;
 And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
 Spring in His path to birth;
 Before Him on the mountains
 Shall peace, the herald, go;
 And righteousness in fountains
 From hill to valley flow.
- 4 O'er every foe victorious,
 He on His throne shall rest,
 From age to age more glorious,
 All blessing and all-blest;
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand for ever,
 That name to us is love.

James Montgomery, 1822

514 MATERNA C. M. D.

Samuel A. Ward, 1882



2 A holy war those servants wage; Mysteriously at strife, The powers of heaven and hell engage For more than death or life.

Ye armies of the living God, His sacramental host,

Where hallowed footsteps never trod Take your appointed post:

3 Though few and small and weak your bands,

Strong in your Captain's strength Go to the conquest of all lands; All must be His at length. The spoils at His victorious feet
You shall rejoice to lay,
And lay yourselves, as trophies me

And lay yourselves, as trophies meet, In His great judgment-day.

4 O fear not, faint not, halt not now;

In Jesus' Name be strong;
To Him shall all the nations bow,
And sing with you this song:
Uplifted are the gates of brass;

The bars of iron yield; Behold the King of Glory pass; The cross hath won the field.

James Montgomery, 1843

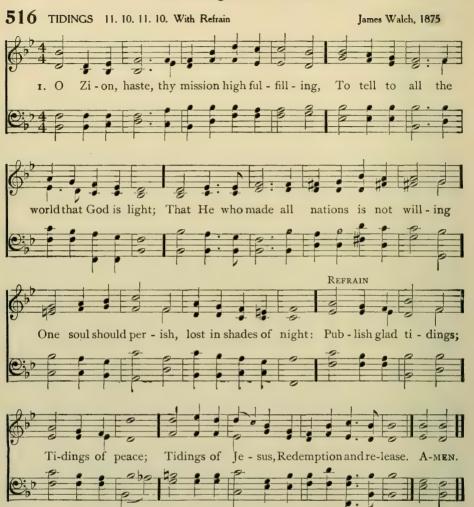
Missions



- So many eyes are to us turned
 With eager, wistful gaze;
 So many minds for light have yearned,
 And waited weary days.
 Forbid it, Lord, that we withhold.
- Forbid it, Lord, that we withhold, And fail to do our share
- In sending forth our gift of gold, Accompanied with prayer.
- 3 Enlarge our vision, Lord; may we
 Be guided by Thy power
 Our opportunity to see,
 And seize the present hour.
 To lands beyond the waters wide,
 Send out the message clear:
 That souls for whom the Christ has died

May now His gospel hear.

Julia H. Bartholomew

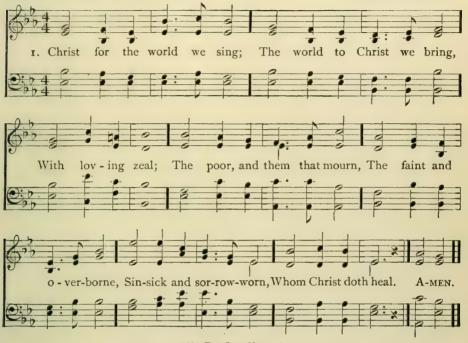


- 2 Behold how many thousands still are lying Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying, Or of the life He died for them to win.
- 3 Proclaim to every people, tongue and nation
 That God, in whom they live and move, is Love:
 Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,
 And died on earth that man might live above.
- 4 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
 Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;
 Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
 And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.

Missions

517 CUTTING 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

William F. Sherwin



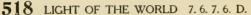
(Also FIAT LUX, No. 522.)

- 2 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With fervent prayer;
 The wayward and the lost,
 By restless passion tossed,
 Redeemed, at countless cost,
 From dark despair.
- 3 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With one accord;
 With us the work to share,
 With us reproach to dare,
 With us the cross to bear,
 For Christ our Lord.
- 4 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring,
 With joyful song;
 The new-born souls, whose days,
 Reclaimed from error's ways,
 Inspired with hope and praise,
 To Christ belong.

Samuel Wolcott, 1869

516 Continued [TIDINGS]

5 He comes again; O Zion, ere thou meet Him, Make known to every heart His saving grace; Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him, Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face.



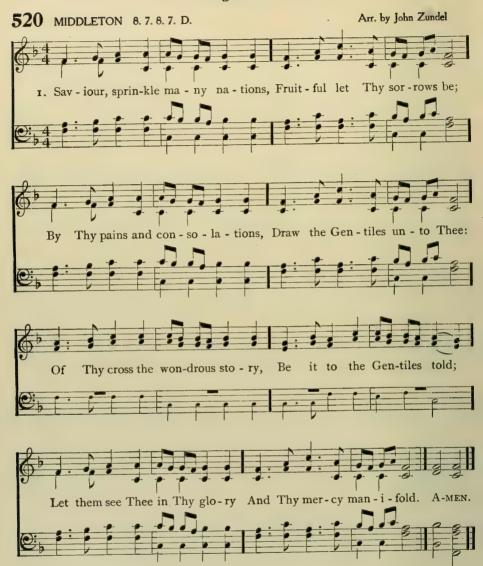


- 2 Light of the world, Thy beauty Steals into every heart And glorifies with duty Life's poorest, humblest part; Thou robest in Thy splendor The simple ways of men, And helpest them to render Light back to Thee again.
- 3 Light of the world, before Thee Our spirits prostrate fall; We worship, we adore Thee, Thou Light, the Life of all;
- With Thee is no forgetting Of all Thine hand hath made; Thy rising hath no setting, Thy sunshine hath no shade.
- 4 Light of the world, illumine This darkened land of Thine, Till everything that's human Be filled with what's divine; Till every tongue and nation, From sin's dominion free. Rise in the new creation Which springs from Love and Thee. Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1863

Missions



- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Long by the prophets of Israel foretold; Hail to the millions from bondage returning, Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing, Streams ever copious are gliding along; Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing, Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.
- 4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
 Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
 Fallen the engines of war and commotion,
 Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.



- 2 Far and wide, though all unknowing, Pants for Thee each mortal breast; Human tears for Thee are flowing, Human hearts in Thee would rest: Thirsting as for dews of even, As the new-mown grass for rain; Thee they seek, as God of heaven, Thee as Man for sinners slain.
- 3 Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting,
 Stretched the hand and strained the
 For Thy Spirit, new creating, [sight,
 Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.
 Give the word, and of the preacher
 Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
 Till on earth by every creature
 Glory to the Lamb be sung.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1851



- What though th'embattled legions
 Of earth and hell combine?
 His power, throughout their regions,
 Shall soon resplendent shine.
 Ride on, O Lord, victorious
 Immanuel, Prince of Peace;
 Thy triumph shall be glorious
 Thy empire still increase.
- 3 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,
 O Jesus, King of kings:
 Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
 Each ransomed captive sings.
 The isles for Thee are waiting,
 The deserts learn Thy praise,
 The hills and valleys, greeting,
 The song responsive raise.



- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring On Thy Redeeming wing Healing and sight, Health to the sick in mind, Sight to the inly blind, O now to all mankind Let there be light.
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving, holy Dove,
 Speed forth Thy flight;
 Move o'er the water's face,
 Bearing the lamp of grace,
 And in the earth's darkest place
 Let there be light.
- 4 Holy and blessed Three,
 Glorious Trinity,
 Wisdom, Love, Might!
 Boundless as ocean's tide,
 Rolling in fullest pride,
 Through the world far and wide
 Let there be Light.

John Marriott, 1813; verse 4, line 1, alt.

Missions



- 2 From eastern dawn has beamed the Gospel light, To cheer, illumine, and endue with might; Still more and more its gracious realm extend, While glad hosannas to Thy throne ascend.
- 3 O Sun of Righteousness, Thy healing give, That all the earth may look to Thee and live; That all the peoples gathered here may know The health and peace that from Thy presence flow.
- 4 May many tongues acquire one language here, To tell Thy glory, and promote Thy fear; Thy Spirit's voice be in the message heard, And every heart receive the living Word.
- 5 Grant us the fruitage of the heavenly birth;
 Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth;
 O'er mighty river, and from sea to sea,
 Let all be one in loyalty to Thee.

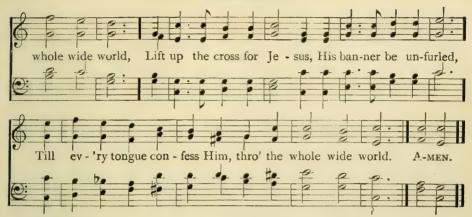
Franklin W, Bartlett

524 THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD 7. 6. 7. 6. D. With Refrain



Used by permission of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

Missions



- The whole wide world for Jesus,
 The marching order sound,
 Go ye and preach the gospel
 Wherever man is found.
 The whole wide world for Jesus,
 Our banner is unfurled,
 We battle now for Jesus,
 And faith demands the world.
- 3 The whole wide world for Jesus,
 In the Father's home above
 Are many wondrous mansions,
 Mansions of light and love.
 The whole wide world for Jesus,
 Ride forth, O conquering King,
 Through all the mighty nations,
 The world to glory bring.

 1. Demster Hammond



- Over our spirits first
 Extend Thy healing reign;

 Then raise and quench the sacred thirst
 That never pains again.
- 3 Come, kingdom of our God, And make the broad earth Thine; Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod That flowers with grace divine.
- 4 Soon may all tribes be blest
 With fruit from life's glad tree,
 And in its shade, like brothers, rest,
 Sons of one family.
- 5 Come, kingdom of our God,
 And raise Thy glorious throne
 In worlds by the undying trod,
 Where God shall bless His own.

 John Johns, 1837



- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night; Higher yet that star ascends: Traveler, blessedness and light, Peace and truth, its course portends Watchman, will its beams alone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Traveler, ages are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn;
 Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease,
 Hie thee to thy quiet home;
 Traveler, lo, the Prince of Peace,
 Lo, the Son of God is come.

John Bowring, 1825

Missions



- 3 Where no fruit appears to cheer them, 5 There to reap, in joy for ever, And they seem to toil in vain, Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them, Then their sinking hopes sustain: Thus supported, Let their zeal revive again
- Fruit that grows from seed here sown; There to be with Him, who never Ceases to preserve His own, And with gladness Give the praise to Him alone.



- What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile:
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone,
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
- Salvation! O salvation!

 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till like a sea of glory
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

 Reginald Heber, 1850

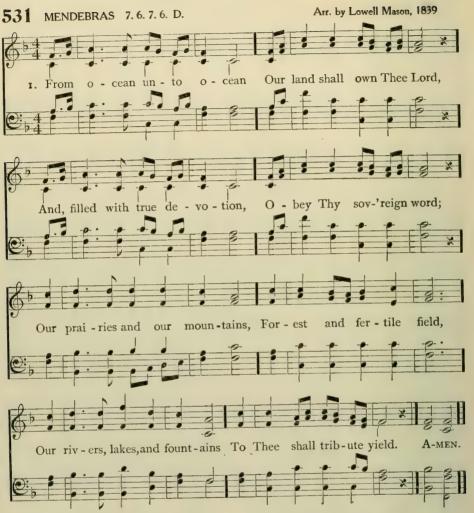
Missions



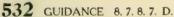
530 MISSIONARY HYMN 8. 7. 8. 7. D. (No. 528)

- Our country's voice is pleading,
 Ye men of God, arise!
 His providence is leading,
 The land before you lies;
 Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
 And promise clothes the soil;
 Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
 Invite the reaper's toil.
- 2 Go where the waves are breaking On California's shore, Christ's precious gospel taking, More rich than golden ore;
- On Alleghany's mountains, Through all the western vale, Beside Missouri's fountains, Rehearse the wondrous tale.
- 3 The love of Christ unfolding,
 Speed on from east to west,
 Till all, His cross beholding,
 In Him are fully blessed.
 Great Author of salvation,
 Haste, haste the glorious day,
 When we, a ransomed nation,
 Thy scepter shall obey.

 Maria Frances Anderson, 1848



- 2 O Christ, for Thine own glory, And for our country's weal, We humbly plead before Thee Thyself in us reveal; And may we know, Lord Jesus, The touch of Thy dear hand, And, healed of our diseases, The tempter's power withstand.
- 3 Where error smites with blindness, Enslaves and leads astray, Do Thou in loving-kindness Proclaim Thy gospel day,
- Till all the tribes and races
 That dwell in this fair land,
 Adorned with Christian graces,
 Within Thy courts shall stand.
- 4 Our Saviour-King, defend us,
 And guide where we should go;
 Forth with Thy message send us,
 Thy love and light to show:
 Till, fired with true devotion
 Enkindled by Thy word,
 From ocean unto ocean
 Our land shall own Thee Lord.
 Robert Murray, 1880



Arr. from Flotow



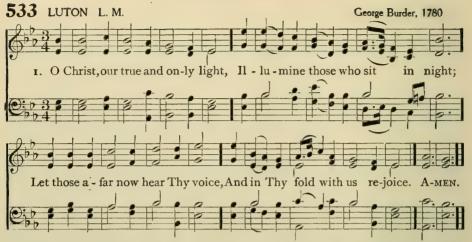
2 We would celebrate the changes Which the passing years have made, Since our fathers—poor—and strangers— Sought the Western forest's shade. From Helvetia's vine-clad mountains Came a little friendless band: By the rich Rhine's infant fountains Others left their fatherland.

3 Here the little vine, increasing, Spread its branches green and fair; Now by Thine especial blessing See how wide Thy vineyards are.

Come and take the ripened cluster; All the vintage, Lord, is Thine; But let mercy temper justice, Where Thou meet'st a fruitless vine.

4 May our institutions flourish, Sending forth a pious band, With the words of life to nourish All who hunger through the land. Zion spreads her hands before Thee; Come, and in her temples reign, While we give all praise and glory To the Holy Triune God.

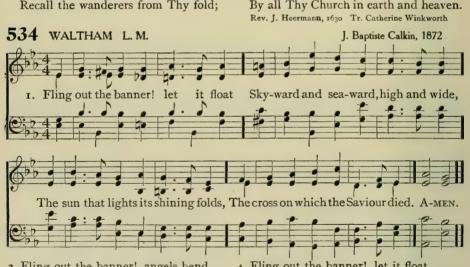
Lydia Jane Pierson



- 2 O make the deaf to hear Thy word, And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord, Who dare not yet the faith avow Though secretly they hold it now.
- 3 Shine on the darkened and the cold, Recall the wanderers from Thy fold;

Unite those now who walk apart, Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

4 So they, with us, may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
And endless praise to Thee be given.
By all Thy Church in earth and heaven.
Rev. J. Heermann, 1630 Tr. Catherine Winkworth



- 2 Fling out the banner! angels bend In anxious silence o'er the sign, And vainly seek to comprehend The wonder of the love divine.
- 3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
 Shall see from far the glorious sight,
 And nations, crowding to be born,
 Baptize their spirits in its light.
- 4 Fling out the banner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide: Our glory only in the cross; Our only hope, the Crucified.
- 5 Fling out the banner! wide and high, Seaward and skyward, let it shine: Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours; We conquer only in that sign.

George Washington Doane, 1848

535 MERIBAH 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

Lowell Mason, 1839



- 2 Then through our solitary coast, The desert features soon were lost, Thy temples there arose; Our shores, as culture made them fair, Were hallowed by Thy rites, by prayer, And blossomed as the rose.
- 3 And oh, may we repay this debt To regions solitary yet Within our spreading land;

There brethren, from our common home, Still westward, like our fathers, roam, Still guided by Thy hand.

4 Saviour, we owe this debt of love;
O shed Thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast;
Till heralds shall Thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise to fix Thy name,
Through all our desert west.

Henry Ustic Onderdonk

536 WALTHAM L. M. (No. 534)

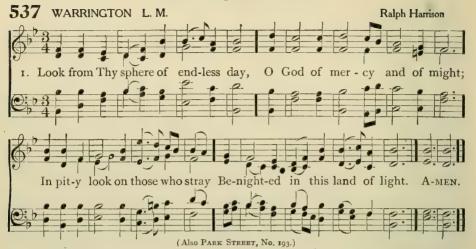
- I Go, heralds of salvation, forth;
 Go in your heavenly Master's name,
 From east to west, from south to north,
 The glorious gospel wide proclaim.
- 2 Go forth to sow the living seed; Seek not earth's praise, nor dread its frown;

Nor labors fear, nor trials heed; Win jewels for Immanuel's crown.

- 3 Lo, I am with you, saith the Lord, My grace your spirit shall sustain; Strong is My arm, and sure My word; My servants shall not toil in vain.
- 4 Go forth in hope; My burden take,
 Till God's great reaping day shall
 come;

Then they who sowed in tears shall wake, And hail the joyful harvest home.

Samuel F. Smith



In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men

Hear not the message sent from Thee.

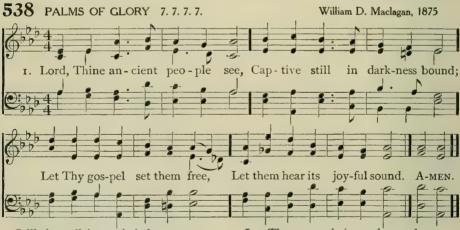
3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened 5
old,

A scattered, homeless flock, till all Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak, Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,

To awe the bold, to stay the weak, And bind and heal the broken heart.

Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.
William Cullen Bryant, 1859



2 Still the veil is on their heart;

Rend it, Lord, at length in twain; Bid their unbelief depart, Bring them to Thy fold again.

3 Let Thy love their blindness heal; God of Israel, hear our prayer; Let Thy grace their pardon seal, Still Thy covenant let them share.

4 Harp of Judah! long unstrung,
Sound at length the Saviour's praise;
Jew and Gentile, old and young,
Loud the glad hosannas raise.

Edward Harland

The Communion of Saints



done.

No more their weary course they run, No more they faint, no more they fall, No foes oppress, no fears appal: O happy saints! for ever blest, In that dear home how sweet your rest!

3 The saints of God! life's voyage o'er, 5 Safe landed on that blissful shore, No stormy tempests now they dread, No roaring billows lift their head: O happy saints! for ever blest, In that calm haven of your rest!

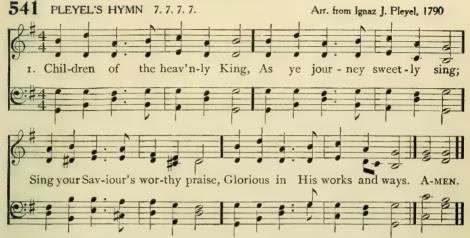
- The saints of God! their wanderings 4 The saints of God their vigil keep While yet their mortal bodies sleep, Till from the dust they too shall rise And soar triumphant to the skies: O happy saints! rejoice and sing; He quickly comes, your Lord and King.
 - O God of saints, to Thee we cry; O Saviour, plead for us on high; O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend, Grant us Thy grace till life shall end; That with all saints our rest may be In that bright Paradise with Thee.

William D. Maclagan, 1870



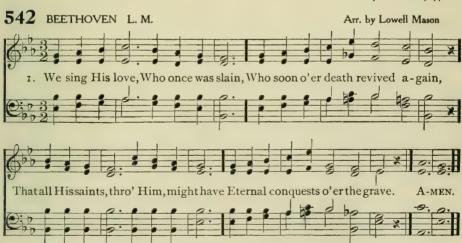
- 2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might; Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight; Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light. Alleluia!
- 3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold, Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old, And win with them the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia.
- 4 O blest communion, fellowship divine! We feebly struggle, they in glory shine; Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long, Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song, And hearts are brave again and arms are strong. Alleluial
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west; Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest; Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!
- 7 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast, Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host, Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

The Communion of Saints



- 2 We are traveling home to God, In the way the fathers trod; They are happy now, and we Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light, Zion's city is in sight; There our Lord we soon shall see, There our endless home shall be.
- 4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand On the borders of your land; Jesus Christ, your Father's Son, Bids you undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we go, Gladly leaving all below; Only Thou our Leader be, And we still will follow Thee.

John Cennick, 1742



2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep, His own almighty power shall keep, Till dawns the bright illustrious day,

When death itself shall die away.

3 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day, And this delightful scene display; When all Thy saints from death shall rise,

Raptured in bliss beyond the skies.

Rowland Hill, 1796



When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown:
But oh, 'tis good to think of them,

But oh, 'tis good to think of them, When we are troubled sore:

- Thanks be to God that such have been, Although they are no more.
- 3 More homelike seems the vast unknown, Since they have entered there;

To follow them were not so hard, Wherever they may fare;

They cannot be where God is not, On any sea or shore;

Whate'er betides, Thy love abides, Our God, for evermore.

John W. Chadwick, 1876

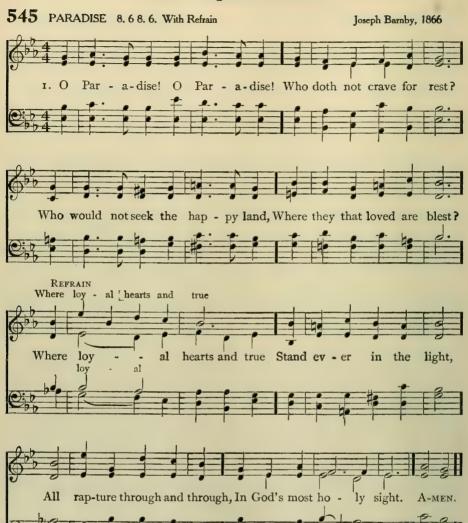
The Future Life



- 2 O Christ, He is the Fountain, The deep, sweet Well of love! The streams on earth I've tasted; More deep I'll drink above. There to an ocean fullness His mercy doth expand, And glory, glory dwelleth In Emmanuel's land.
- 3 With mercy and with judgment, My web of time He wove, And aye the dews of sorrow Were lustred with His love:

- I'll bless the hand that guided,
 I'll bless the heart that planned,
 When throned where glory dwelleth
 In Emmanuel's land.
- 4 The bride eyes not her garment,
 But her dear bridegroom's face;
 I will not gaze at glory,
 But on my King of grace;
 Not at the crown He giveth,
 But on His piercèd hand:
 The Lamb is all the glory
 Of Emmanuel's land.

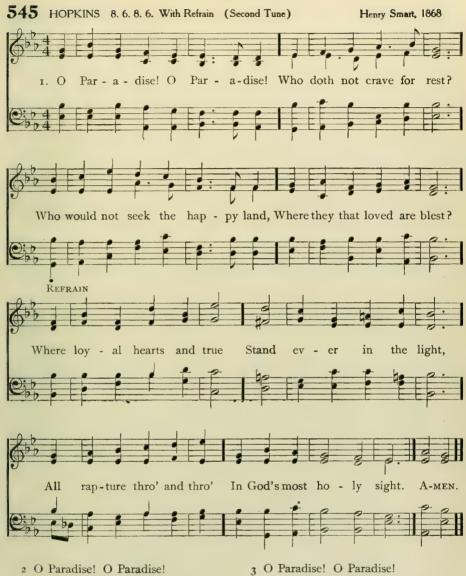
Anne E. Cousin, 1857



- 2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 The world is growing old;
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold?
- 3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 I want to sin no more;
 I want to be as pure on earth
 As on thy spotless shore;
- 4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
 O keep me in Thy love,
 And guide me to that happy land
 Of perfect rest above;

Frederick W. Faber, 1862: Hymns Ancient and Modern, 1869

The Future Life



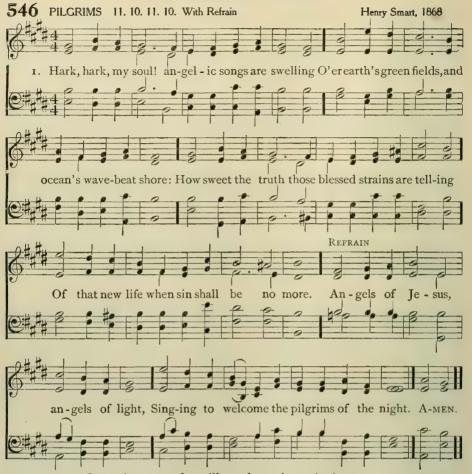
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 Who would not be at rest and free

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- 4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
 O keep me in Thy love,
 And guide me to that happy land
 Of perfect rest above;

Frederick W. Faber, 1862: Hymns Ancient and Modern, 1868



2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;" And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing, The music of the gospel leads us home.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Frederick W. Faber, 1854

The Future Life

546 ARMSTRONG 11. 10. 11. 10. With Refrain (Second Tune)



- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;" And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing, The music of the gospel leads us home.
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
 And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
- 4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
- 5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping; Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above, Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Frederick W. Faber, 1854



No murky cloud o'ershadows thee, Nor gloom, nor darksome night; But every soul shines as the sun, For God Himself gives light. O my sweet home, Jerusalem, Thy joys when shall I see? The King that sitteth on thy throne In His felicity?

3 The gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant
As nowhere else are seen. [flowers

Right through the streets, with silver
The living waters flow, [sound,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

(Founded on "F. B. P." MSS., 16th or 17th Cent.) Alt, by David Dickson

The Future Life

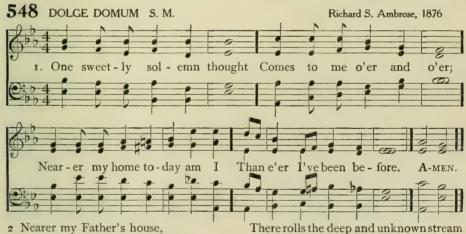


O happy harbor of God's saints! O sweet and pleasant soil! In thee no sorrow can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee, Nor gloom, nor darksome night; But every soul shines as the sun; For God Himself gives light,

4 O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

(Founded on "F. P. B." Mss., 16th or 17th Cent.) Alt. by David Dickson, 1649



2 Nearer my Father's house, Where many mansions be; Nearer to-day the great white throne, Nearer the crystal sea.

- 3 Nearer the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down: Nearer to leave the heavy cross; Nearer to gain the crown.
- 4 But, lying dark between, Winding down through the night,

There rolls the deep and unknown stream That leads at last to light.

- 5 E'en now, perchance, my feet
 Are slipping on the brink,
 And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
 Nearer than now I think.
- 6 Father, perfect my trust!
 Strengthen my power of faith!
 Nor let me stand, at last, alone
 Upon the shore of death.
 Phoebe Cary, 1852



- Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
 But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross the narrow sea;
 And linger, shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 3 O could we make our doubts remove,
 These gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unbeclouded eyes;
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
 Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts, 1709

The Future Life



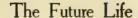
2 They stand, those halls of Zion, All jubilant with song, And bright with many an angel And all the martyr throng. The Prince is ever in them. The daylight is serene; The pastures of the blessèd Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David; And there, from care released, The song of them that triumph, The shout of them that feast; And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet, and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, 1145 Tr. by John M. Neale, 1851







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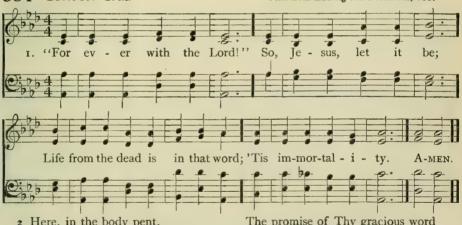
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Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145 Tr, by John M. Neale, 1851

551 GORTON S. M.

Arr. from Ludwig von Beethoven, 1807



2 Here, in the body pent, Absent from Thee I roam: Yet nightly pitch my moving tent A day's march nearer home.

- 3 My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near At times to faith's aspiring eye, Thy golden gates appear!
- 4 "For ever with the Lord!"
 Father, if 'tis Thy will,

The promise of Thy gracious word E'en here to me fulfil.

- 5 So, when my latest breath Shall rend the vail in twain,By death I shall escape from death,And life eternal gain.
- 6 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 "For ever with the Lord!"

 James Montgomery, 1835



2 I saw the Holy City,The New Jerusalem,Come down from heaven a Bride adornedWith jeweled diadem:

The flood of crystal waters

Flowed down the golden street;

And nations brought their honors there,

And laid them at her feet.

3 O great and glorious vision!— The Lamb upon His throne— O wondrous sight for man to see! The Saviour with His own: To drink the living waters,
And stand upon the shore,
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death,
Shall ever enter more.

4 O Lamb of God, who reignest!
Thou Bright and Morning Star,
Whose glory lightens that new earth
Which now we see from far;

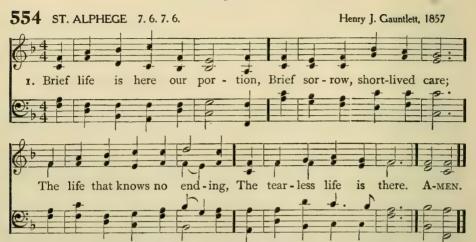
O worthy Judge Eternal!
When Thou dost bid us come,
Then open wide the gates of pearl,
And call Thy servants home.

Godfrey Thring, 1886

The Future Life



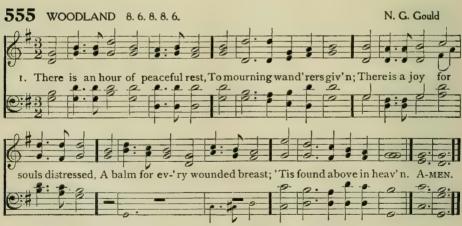
- What rush of alleluias
 Fills all the earth and sky!
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
 - O day for which creation And all its tribes were made; O joy for all its former woes
 - O joy for all its former woes A thousand-fold repaid!
- On Canaan's happy shore;
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more!
- Then eyes with joys shall sparkle
 That brimmed with tears of late;
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.
- 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
 Then take Thy power, and reign:
 Appear, Desire of nations,
 Thine exiles long for home;
 Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come!
 Henry Alford, 1867



- ² And now we fight the battle, But then shall wear the crown Of full, and everlasting And passionless renown.
- 3 And now we watch and struggle, And now we live in hope, And Zion in her anguish With Babylon must cope.
- 4 The morning shall awaken, The shadows shall decay,

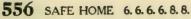
And each true-hearted servant Shall shine as doth the day.

- 5 Then all the halls of Zion
 For aye shall be complete,
 And in the land of beauty,
 All things of beauty meet.
- 6 Yes, God, my King and Portion, In fulness of His grace, We then shall see forever, And worship face to face. Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145 Tr. by John M. Neale, 1851

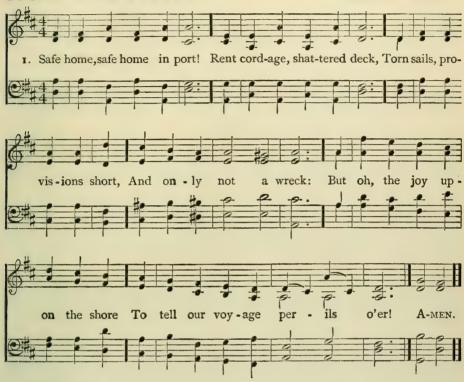


2 There is a home for weary souls, By sin and sorrow driven; When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And all is drear but heaven.

The Future Life



Arthur Sullivan, 1872



The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well.
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!

O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins, and doubts and fears.
What matter now (when so men say)
The King has wiped those tears away?

Joseph of the Studium, c. 830 Tr. by John M. Neale, 1863

555 Continued [WOODLAND]

- There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye
 To brighter prospects given;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There, fragrant flowers, immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given;
 There, rays divine disperse the gloom:
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

William B. Tappan, 1820



- These through fiery trials trod, These from great afflictions came; Now, before the throne of God, Sealed with His almighty name, Clad in raiment pure and white, Victor-palms in every hand, Through their dear Redeemer's might, More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne
 Shall to living fountains lead;
 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
 Perfect love dispells all fears;
 And forever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away their tears.

James Montgomery, 1819

Occasional Hymns



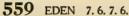
(Also Aurelia, No. 416.)

O Love divine and tender,
 That through our home dost move,
 Veiled in the softened splendor
 Of holy household love;
 A throne without Thy blessing
 Were labor without rest,

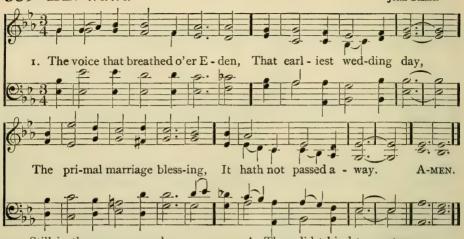
And cottages possessing
Thy blessèdness, are blest.

God bless these hands united;
God bless these hearts made one!
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on;
Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above,
And there for ever sharing
Its joy where "God is Love."

John S. B. Monsell, 1862



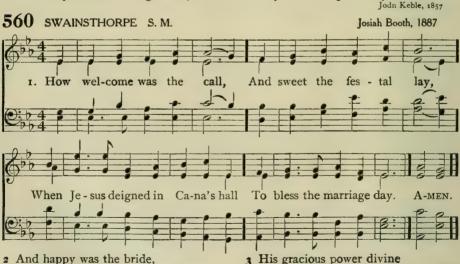
John Stainer



- 2 Still in the pure espousal Of Christian man and maid, The holy Three are with us, The threefold grace is said.
- 3 Be present, loving Father,
 To give away this bride,
 As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
 Out of his own pierced side:
- 4 Be present, Son of Mary, To join their loving hands,

As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands!

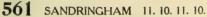
- 5 Be present, holiest Spirit, To bless them as they kneel, As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom, The heavenly Spouse dost seal!
- 6 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them, Let no ill power find place, When onward to Thine altar Thy hallowed path they trace. Jodn Keble, 1857



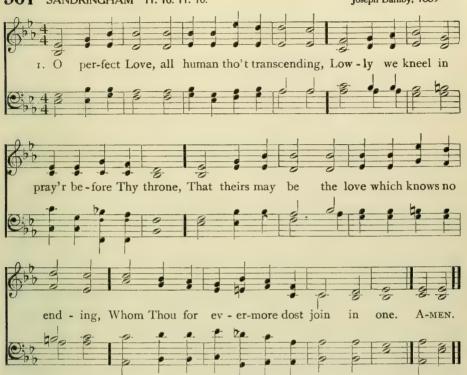
And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For He who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

3 His gracious power divine
The water vessels knew;
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.

Henry W. Baker, 1861



Joseph Barnby, 1889



- 2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance Of tender charity and steadfast faith, Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance, With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.
- 3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow; Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife, And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow That dawns upon eternal love and life.
- 4 Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
 Through Jesus Christ Thy co-eternal Word,
 Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
 Now and to endless ages art adored.

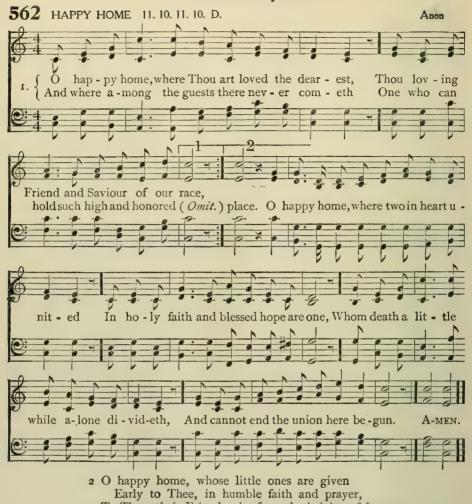
Dorothy F. Blomfield, 1883 Doxology (John Ellerton, 1875) added

560 Continued [SWAINSTHORPE]

- 4 O Lord of life and love, Come Thou again to-day; And bring a blessing from above That ne'er shall pass away.
- 5 Before Thine altar throne
 This mercy we implore;
 As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
 So bless them evermore.

Henry W. Baker, 1867

Occasional Hymns



To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of heaven Guides them, and guards with more than mother's care.

O happy home, where each one serves Thee lowly, Whatever his appointed work may be,

Till every common task seems great and holy, When it is done, O Lord, as unto Thee.

3 O happy home, where Thou art not forgotten When joy is overflowing, full and free;

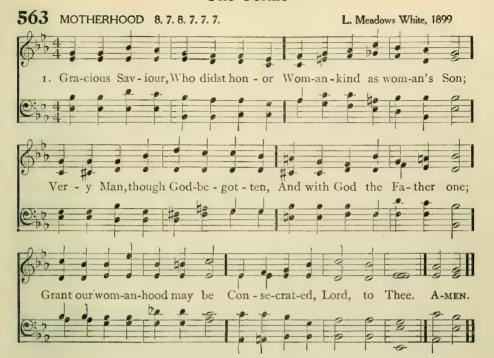
O happy home, where every wounded spirit Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee,

Until at last, when earth's day's-work is ended, All meet Thee in the blessed home above,

From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended, Thy everlasting home of peace and love.

Carl J. P. Spitta Tr. by Sarah B. Findlater

The Home



- 2 Jesus Son of human mother, Bless our motherhood, we pray; Give us grace to lead our children, Draw them to Thee day by day; May our sons and daughters be Dedicated, Lord, to Thee.
- 3 Thou Who didst with Joseph labor,
 Nor didst humble work disdain,
 Grant we may Thy footsteps follow
 Patiently through toil or pain;
 May our quiet home life be
 Lived, O Lord, in Thee, to Thee.
- 4 Thou Who didst go forth in sorrow,
 Toiling for the souls of men,
 Thou Who shalt draw all men to Thee,
 Though despised, rejected then;
 Humble though our influence be,
 Use it in the world for Thee.
- 5 Bless our homes, Lord, through our members
 World-wide may Thy work be wrought;
 Through the homes in every nation
 Many to Thy fold be brought;
 Fathers, mothers, children be
 Led to live true life for Thee.



- 2 There the tears of earth are dried; There its hidden things are clear; There the work of life is tried By a juster Judge than here. Father, in Thy gracious keeping Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- There the sinful souls that turn
 To the cross their dying eyes,
 All the love of Christ shall learn
 At His feet in Paradise.
 Father, in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 4 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust:"

 Calmly now the words we say;

 Left behind, we wait in trust

 For the Resurrection-day.

 Father, in Thy gracious keeping

 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

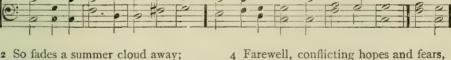
The Burial of the Dead





The Burial of the Dead





How mildly beam the closing eyes! How gently heaves th'expiring breast! A-MEN.

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are
o'er;

So gently shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around, A calm which life nor death destroys; And naught disturbs that peace profound Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

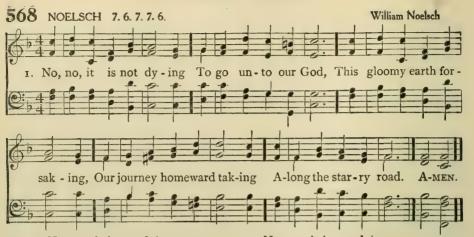
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;

How bright the unchanging morn appears Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

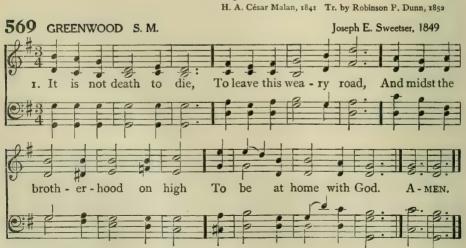
5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to
say,

"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Anna L Barbauld



- 2 No, no, it is not dying Heaven's citizen to be; A crown immortal wearing, And rest unbroken sharing, From care and conflict free.
- 3 No, no, it is not dying
 To hear this gracious word,
 "Receive a Father's blessing,
 For evermore possessing
 The favor of Thy Lord."
- 4 No, no, it is not dying
 The Shepherd's voice to know;
 His sheep He ever leadeth,
 His peaceful flock He feedeth,
 Where living pastures grow.
- 5 No, no, it is not dying
 To wear a lordly crown;
 Among God's people dwelling,
 The glorious triumph swelling
 Of Him whose sway we own.
- 6 O no, this is not dying, Thou Saviour of mankind! There, streams of love are flowing, No hindrance ever knowing; Here, drops alone we find.



The Burial of the Dead



569 Continued [GREENWOOD]

- 2 It is not death to close The eye long dimmed by tears, And wake in glorious repose To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to fling
 Aside this sinful dust,
 And rise on strong exulting wing
 To live among the just.
- 4 Jesus, Thou Prince of life, Thy chosen cannot die; Like Thee they conquer in the strife, To reign with Thee on high.

H. A. Cesar Maian Tr. by George W. Bethune, 1847



- "I, the Lord, am with thee,
 Be thou not afraid;
 I will help and strengthen,
 Be thou not dismayed.
 Yea, I will uphold thee
 With My own right hand;
 Thou art called and chosen
 In My sight to stand."
- 3 For the year before us, O what rich supplies! For the poor and needy Living streams shall rise;

- For the sad and sinful Shall His grace abound; For the faint and feeble Perfect strength be found.
- 4 He will never fail us,
 He will not forsake;
 His eternal covenant
 He will never break.
 Resting on His promise,
 What have we to fear?
 God is all-sufficient
 For the coming year.
 Frances R. Havergal, 1873

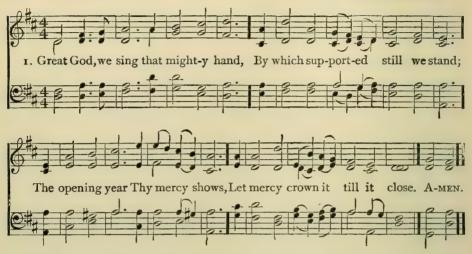
The Year



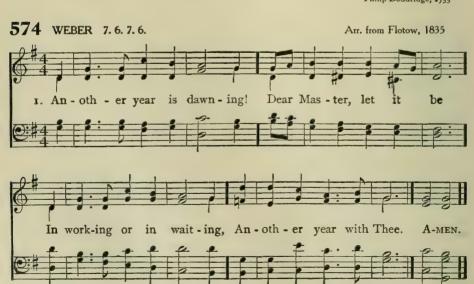
- All its numbered days are sped,
 All its busy scenes are o'er,
 All its joys for ever fled,
 All its sorrows felt no more.
 Mingled with th' eternal past,
 Its remembrance shall decay;
 Yet to be revived at last
 At the solemn judgment-day.
- Cleanse us from each guilty stain;
 Let Thy grace within us live,
 That we spend not years in vain.
 Then, when life's last eve shall come,
 Happy spirits, may we fly
 To our everlasting home,
 To our Father's house on high.
 Ray Palmer, 1839

573 TRURO L.M.

Charles Burney, 1779

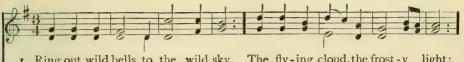


- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad, Still we are guarded by our God; By His incessant bounty fed, By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own; The future, all to us unknown, We to Thy guardian care commit, And peaceful leave before Thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed, Be Thou our Joy, and Thou our Rest; Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise, Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs And seal in silence mortal tongues, Our Helper, God, in whom we trust, In better worlds, our souls shall boast. Philip Doddridge, 1755



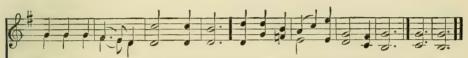
575 MOZART L. M.

Arr. from Mozart



7. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The fly-ing cloud, the frost-y light:





The year is dy-ing in the night; Ringout wild bells, and let him die.



- 2 Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells, across the snow: The year is going, let it go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.
- 3 Ring out the grief that saps the mind, 5 Ring out old shapes of foul disease, For those that here we see no more; Ring out the feud of rich and poor, Ring in redress to all mankind.
- 4 Ring out false pride in place and blood, The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and right, Ring in the common love of good.
- Ring out the narrowing lust of gold; Ring out the thousand wars of old, Ring in the thousand years of peace.
 - 6 Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kindlier hand; Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred Tennyson, 1849.

574 Continued [WEBER]

- 2 Another year of mercies, Of faithfulness and grace, Another year of gladness In the shining of Thy face.
- 3 Another year of progress, Another year of praise; Another year of proving Thy presence "all the days."
- 4 Another year of service, Of witness for Thy love; Another year of training For holier work above.
- 5 Another year is dawning! Dear Master, let it be On earth, or else in Heaven, Another year for Thee!

Frances R. Havergal, 1874



This new-born ecstacy of song And fragrancy of prayer!

Through the new earth and heaven.
Thomas H. Gill, 1867

And grant the glad new song to ring

Seasons and Thanksgiving



- 2 God's free mercy streameth Over all the world, And His banner gleameth Everywhere unfurled; Broad and deep and glorious As the heaven above, Shines in might victorious His eternal love.
- 3 Lord, upon our blindness, Thy pure radiance pour; For Thy loving-kindness Make us love Thee more.

And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light;
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of light! Shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way;
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

William Walsham How, 1878



- Thine, Father, is the river
 That maketh rich the earth;
 Through Thee, O gracious Giver,
 The buried seed had birth:
 Thou, on the furrows raining,
 Didst make them soft with showers,
 The thirsty crops maintaining
 Through silent summer hours.
- 3 The year, by Thee anointed,
 Is now with goodness crowned;
 Robed in the robes appointed,
 With gladness girded round:
- We thank Thee for the blessing Which meets us on our way, And come, Thy love confessing, With happy hearts to-day.
- 4 But while our lips are praising,
 Our lives to Thee belong;
 With them we would be raising
 A nobler, sweeter song;
 One that may sound forever,
 While earth's great harvest speeds,—
 A song of high endeavor
 Rung out in earnest deeds.

Seasons and Thanksgiving



- 2 All the world is God's own field,
 Fruit unto His praise to yield;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown:
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear;
 Lord of harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come And shall take His harvest home; From His fields shall in that day All offences purge away;
- Give His angels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast, But the fruitful ears to store In His garner evermore.
- 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
 To Thy final harvest home;
 Gather Thou Thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin;
 There forever purified,
 In Thy presence to abide:
 Come, with all Thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious harvest-home.

Henry Alford, 1844



Seasons and Thanksgiving



- 2 All the plenty summer pours; Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores; Flocks that whiten all the plain; Yellow sheaves of ripened grain: Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 3 Peace, prosperity and health, Private bliss, and public wealth, Knowledge with its gladdening streams,

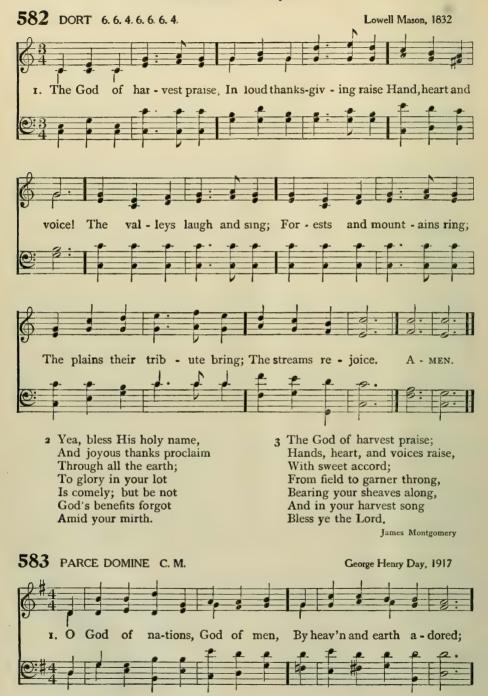
Pure religion's holier beams: Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grateful vows and solemn praise.

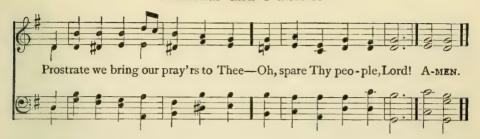
4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest, May we give Thee of our best; And by deeds of kindly love For Thy mercies grateful prove; Singing thus through all our days, Praise to God, immortal praise.

Anna L. Barbauld, 1772

580 Continued [DRESDEN]

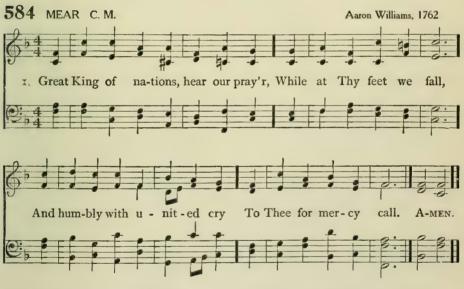
- 2 He only is the Maker
 Of all things near and far;
 He paints the wayside flower,
 He lights the evening star;
 The winds and waves obey Him;
 By Him the birds are fed;
 Much more to us, His children,
 He gives our daily bread.
- 3 We thank Thee then, O Father,
 For all things bright and good,
 The seed-time and the harvest,
 Our life, our health, our food;
 Accept the gifts we offer
 For all Thy love imparts,
 And, what Thou most desirest,
 Our humble, thankful hearts.
 M. Claudius, 1782 Tr. by Jane M. Campbell, 1861





- 2 May counsellors and all who rule Consent with one accord To ways of peace and righteousness— From warfare, spare us, Lord!
- 3 Stretch forth Thy strong, almighty arm, Break cannon, spear and sword; Call back the far-flung battle lines— Oh, spare Thy people, Lord!
- 4 Come, Prince of Peace, Thy peace proclaim; Make wars forever cease: Make all the world's great Brotherhood Clasp hands in lasting peace.

Ambrose M. Schmidt, 1917



- 2 Our fathers' sins were manifold, And ours no less we own; Yet wondrously from age to age Thy goodness hath been shown.
- 3 When dangers, like a stormy sea, Beset our country round, To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried, And help in Thee was found.
- 4 With one consent we meekly bow
 Beneath Thy chastening hand,
 And pouring forth confession meet,
 Mourn with our mourning land.
- 5 With pitying eye behold our need, As thus we lift our prayer; Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord, Then let Thy mercy spare.

Rev. John H. Gurney, 1838



- 2 My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song:

Let mortal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong,

4 Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King.

Samuel Francis Smith, 1832

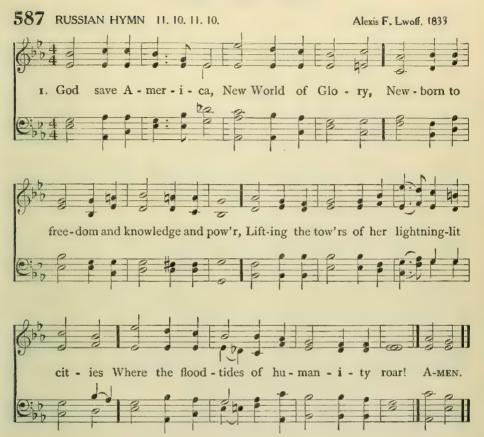
586 AMERICA 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. (No. 585)

- I God bless our native land;
 Firm may she ever stand,
 Through storm and night:
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do Thou our country save
 By Thy great might.
- 2 Not for this land alone, But be God's mercy shown From shore to shore;

And may the nations see That men should brothers be And form one family The wide world o'er.

3 God bless our absent ones;
Father, protect thy sons,
On field or foam.
Give them brave hearts to fight;
Use them to stablish right;
Shield them with loving might,
And bring them home.

Charles T. Brooks, 1834 John S. Dwight, 1844 v. 3 Dr. Grenfell



- 2 God save America! here may all races Mingle together as children of God, Founding an empire on brotherly kindness, Equal in liberty, made of one blood!
- 3 God save America! brotherhood banish Wail of the worker and curse of the crushed; Joy break in songs from her jubilant millions, Hailing the day when all discords are hushed!
- 4 God save America! bearing the olive,
 Hers be the blessing the peacemakers prove,
 Calling the nations to glad federation,
 Leading the world in the triumph of love!
- 5 God save America! mid all her splendors, Save her from pride and from all luxury; Throne in her heart the unseen and eternal; Right be her might and the truth make her free!

W. G. Ballantine



The strength of every state increase In Union's golden chain;
Her thousand cities fill with peace,
Her million fields with grain.
The virtues of her mingled blood
In one new people blend;
By unity and brotherhood,
America, America befriend!

3 O suffer not her feet to stray;
But guide her untaught might,
That she may walk in peaceful day,
And lead the world in light.

Bring down the proud, lift up the poor, Unequal ways amend; By justice, nation-wide and sure,

America, America befriend!

A Through all the waiting land proclaim
Thy gospel of good-will;

And may the joy of Jesus' name In every bosom thrill.

O'er hill and vale, from sea to sea, Thy holy reign extend;

By faith and hope and charity, America, America befriend!
Henry Van Dyke, 1912



(Also Melita, No. 410.)

- 2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past, In this free land by Thee our lot is cast; Be Thou our Ruler, Guardian, Guide and Stay, Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.
- 3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence, Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence; Thy true religion in our hearts increase, Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.
- 4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way, Lead us from night to never-ending day; Fill all our lives with love and grace divine, And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.



- 2 The tumult and the shouting dies; The captains and the kings depart; Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice, An humble and a contrite heart: Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget.
- 3 Far-called our navies melt away,
 On dune and headland sinks the fire;
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.
- 4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the law:
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,

Lest we forget, lest we forget.

5 For heathern heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard;
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard:
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!
Rudyard Kipling, 1807

(For the Men at the Front)



- Be Thou a sure Defence and Shield! Console and succor those who fall. And help and hearten each and all! O hear a people's prayer for those Who fearless face their country's foes!
- 3 For those who weak and broken lie, In weariness and agony-Great Healer, to their beds of pain Come, touchand make them whole again! O hear a people's prayers, and bless Thy servants in their hour of stress!
- We pray Thy tender welcome home; The toil, the bitterness all past, We trust them to Thy love at last. O hear a people's prayers for all Who, nobly striving, nobly fall!
- 5 For those who minister and heal, [zeal; And spend themselves, their skill, their Renew their hearts with Christlike faith, And guard them from disease and death. And in Thine own good time, Lord, send Thy peace on earth till time shall end.

John Oxenham, 1925



2 O beautiful for pilgrim feet, Whose stern, impassioned stress

A thoroughfare for freedom beat Across the wilderness:

America! America! God mend thine every flaw,

Confirm thy soul in self-control Thy liberty in law.

3 O beautiful for heroes proved In liberating strife,

Who more than self their country loved, And mercy more than life!

America! America! May God thy gold refine Till all success be nobleness, And every gain divine.

4 O beautiful for patriot dream That sees beyond the years Thine alabaster cities gleam Undimmed by human tears;

America! America!

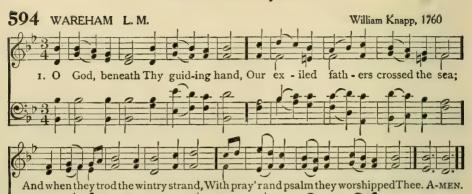
God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea.

Katharine Lee Bates, 1910



2 Unite us in the sacred love
 Of knowledge, truth and Thee:
 And let our hills and valleys shout
 The songs of liberty.
 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
 Our Country we commend:
 Be Thou her Refuge, and her Trust,
 Her everlasting Friend.

John R. Wreford, 1837



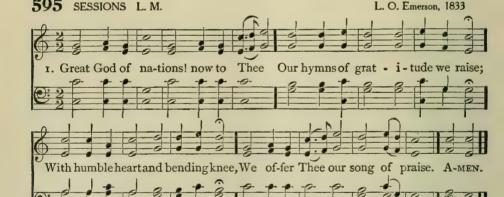
2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer:

Thy blessing came; and still its power Shall onward, through all ages, bear The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God Came with those exiles o'er the waves; And where their pilgrim feet have trod, The God they trusted guards their graves.

And here Thy name, O God of love, Their children's children shall adore. Till these eternal hills remove.

And spring adorns the earth no more. Leonard Bacon



Thy name we bless, Almighty God! For all the kindness Thou hast shown To this fair land the pilgrims trod, This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here freedom spreads her banners wide, 5 And casts her soft and hallowed ray; Here Thou our father's steps did guide In safety through their dangerous way.

4 We praise Thee that the Gospel's light Through all our land its radiance sheds, Dispels the shades of error's night, And heavenly blessings round usspreads.

Great God! preserve us in Thy fear; In dangers still our Guardian be; Ospread Thy truth's bright precepts here, Let all the people worship Thee. Alfred Alexander Woodhull, 1829



- 2 For thee our fathers suffered,
 For thee they toiled and prayed,
 Upon thy holy altar
 Their willing lives they laid:
 Thou hast no common birthright,
 Grand memories on thee shine;
 The blood of noble races
 Commingled, flows in thine.
- 3 O beautiful, our Country!
 Round thee in love we draw;
 Thine be the grace of freedom,
 The majesty of law:
 Be righteousness thy sceptre,
 Justice thy diadem;
 And on thy shining forehead
 Be Peace the crowning gem.
 Frederick L. Hosmer, 1884



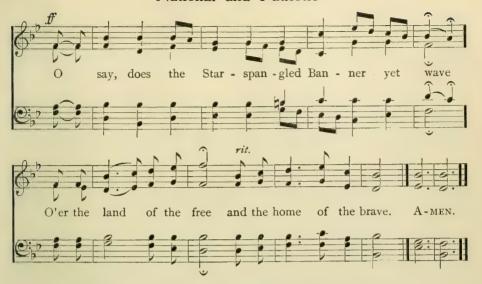
- 2 We praise Thee, O God, for Thy guiding hand, In leading Thy Church to freedom's fair land; Through sore persecution our fathers here came, Where free and unfettered they worshipped Thy name.
- 3 We praise Thee, O God, for years of increase, For faith unassailed, prosperity, peace; United we offer our anthem of praise To Thee our Supporter, our Ancient of Days.
- 4 We pray Thee, O Christ, our Helper and Friend! From error and strife, our Zion defend! Breathe on us, we pray Thee, O Spirit of Love, And fit us for union with Thy Church above.

Ambrose M. Schmidt



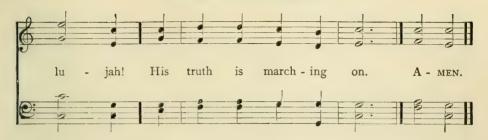
- From all public sin and shame,
 From ambition's grasping aim,
 From rebellion, war, and death,
 From the pestilential breath,
 From dread famine's awful stroke,
 From oppression's galling yoke,
 From the judgments of Thy hand;
 Spare Thy people, spare our land!
- 3 Let our rulers ever be
 Men that love and honor Thee;
 Let the powers by Thee ordained,
 Be in righteousness maintained;
 In the people's hearts increase
 Love of piety and peace;
 Thus united we shall stand
 One wide, free, and happy land!
 Henry Harbaugh, 1860





- 2 On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes, What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glory reflected now shines on the stream; 'Tis the Star-spangled Banner—O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
- 3 O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand Between their loved homes and the war's desolation; Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation. Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our motto, "In God is our trust;" And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
- 4 When our land is illumined with Liberty's smile, If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory, Down, down with the traitor that dares to defile The flag, or her stars and the page of her story! By the millions unchained who our birthright have gained, We will keep her bright blazon forever unstained! And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave While the land of the free is the home of the brave!





He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:
 O be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
 Our God is marching on.

Ref.—Glory, glory, hallelujah! Our God is marching on.

3 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea, With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me: As He died to make men holy, let us live to make men free, While God is marching on.

Ref.—Glory, glory, hallelujah! While God is marching on.

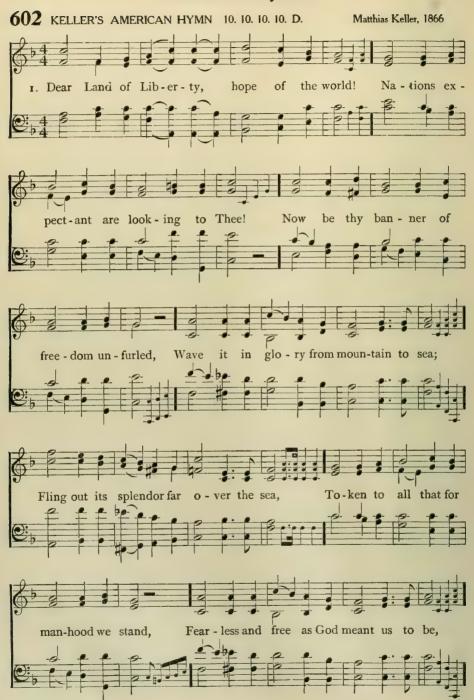
Julia Ward Howe, 1862

601 BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC Irregular (No. 600)

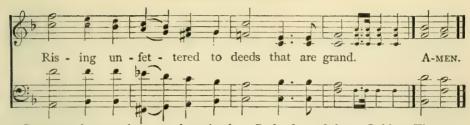
- I From age to age they gather, all the brave of heart and strong, In the strife of truth with error, of the right against the wrong; I can see their gleaming banner, I can hear their triumph-song:

 The truth is marching on!
- 2 'In this sign we conquer;' 'tis the symbol of our faith, Made holy by the might of love triumphant over death; 'He finds his life who loseth it,' forevermore it saith: The right is marching on!
- 3 The earth is circling onward out of shadow into light;
 The stars keep watch above our way however dark the night;
 For every martyr's stripe there glows a bar of morning bright;
 And love is marching on!
- 4 Lead on, O cross of martyr faith, with thee is victory;
 Shine forth, O stars and reddening dawn, the full day yet shall be,
 On earth His kingdom cometh, and with joy our eyes shall see,
 Our God is marching on.

Frederick L. Hosmer, 2807



National and Patriotic



2 Beauty and strength to our homeland 3 God of our fathers, O bless Thou our belong.

Bright shine the stars in her firmament blue;

Brave stand her children, heroic and

Loyal and loving and faithful and true:

Loyal to God, to humanity true; Loving in service of help to the weak; Now to our country our vows we renew, Pledge we our lives as her honor we seek.

land!

Guide of the pilgrims across the wide

Save Thou the nation Thy Providence planned.

Beacon of blessing to all may it be! Beacon of brotherhood here may it

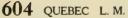
Flashing a message of hope in its ray. Promise of days when the world shall be free!

God of our fathers; defendus we pray! Charles Herbert Richards, 1908

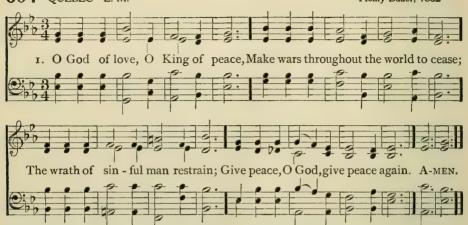


- Wake in our breasts the living fires, The holy faith that warmed our sires; Thy hand hath made our nation free; To die for her is serving Thee.
- 3 Be Thou a pillared flame to show The midnight snare, the silent foe; And when the battle thunders loud, Still guide us in its moving cloud.
- 4 God of all nations, Sovereign Lord, In Thy dread name we draw the sword, We lift the starry flag on high That fills with light our stormy sky.
- 5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain, Guard Thouits folds till peace shall reign, Till fort and field, till shore and sea, Join our loud anthem: Praise to Thee.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1861



Henry Baker, 1862



- 2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of oid, The wonders that our fathers told; Remember not our sin's dark stain; Give peace, O God, give peace again.
- 3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord? Where rest but on Thy faithful word?

None ever called on Thee in vain; Give peace, O God, give peace again.

4 Where saints and angels dwell above
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Henry W. Baker, 1861

REFORMED HYMNS



2 God, exalt Thy holy name By destruction of their work, Strengthen us, so we'll not shirk, To defend Thy holy name, Lord! 3 Grant, that all the bitterness
May depart from our fair land
Let us all united stand
And bring praises to Thy name, Lord!

U. Zwingli. Tr. and arr. by Henry C. Nott and George Stibitz

Reformed and Anniversary

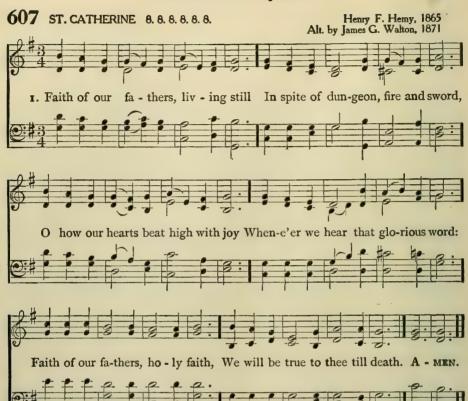


2 Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be losing; Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choosing: Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He! Lord Sabaoth, His name, From age to age the same; And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to undo us, We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to triumph through us: The prince of darkness grim,

His rage we can endure; For lo, his doom is sure, One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers, No thanks to them, abideth; The Spirit and the gifts are ours, Through Him who with us sideth: Let goods and kindred go, This mortal life also: The body they may kill: God's truth abideth still; His kingdom is forever. Martin Luther, 1530



2 Faith of our fathers, faith and prayer
Have kept our country brave and free,
And through the truth that comes from
Her children have true liberty: [God,
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

3 Faith of our fathers, we will strive
To win all nations unto thee; [God
And through the truth that comes from

Mankind shall then indeed be free: Faith of our fathers, holy faith, We will be true to thee till death.

4 Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows how

By kindly words and virtuous life: Faith of our fathers, holy faith, We will be true to thee till death.

Frederick W. Faber, 1849

608 ST. CATHERINE 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. (No. 607)

- I Lord of the endless age! we raise
 To Thee a hymn of grateful praise:
 The mighty past is Thy domain;
 O'er all the future Thou shalt reign;
 Thy love has held the centuries through,
 Thy mercies are forever new.
- The sun shall fade in endless night;
 The moon and stars withold their light;
 Thy love burns on, a quenchless flame,
 In all the centuries the same.
 Strong as of old, as sweet and true,
 Thy love salutes each century new.

Henry C. McCook

Reformed and Anniversary

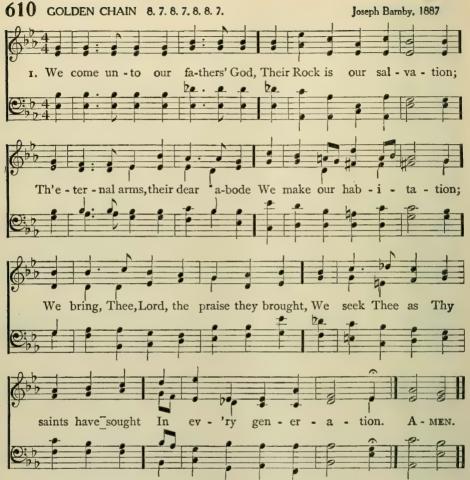


- 2 Thou art the King of mercy and of grace, Reigning omnipotent in every place: So come, O King, and our whole being sway; Shine on us with the light of Thy pure day.
- 3 Thou art the life, by which alone we live, And all our substance and our strength receive; Comfort us by Thy faith and by Thy power, Nor faint our hearts when comes the trying hour.
- 4 Thou hast the true and perfect gentleness, No harshness hast Thou and no bitterness: Make us to taste the sweet grace found in Thee And ever stay in Thy sweet unity.
- 5 Our hope is in no other save in Thee; Our faith is built upon Thy promise free; Come give us peace, make us so strong and sure, That we may conquerors be and ills endure.

John Calvin

608 Continued. [ST. CATHERINE]

- 3 The centuries of time are sped;
 The peoples of the past are dead;
 The quick shall pass away like them,
 But ever, Lord, Thou art the same!
 Thy love has held the centuries through,
 Thy mercies are forever new.
 - 4 O Saviour! bind us unto Thee,
 In holy love and unity;
 In faithful service may we live [give;
 Through all the years Thy grace shall
 Then live in Thee, the ages through,
 Where mercies are forever new.



- The fire Divine, their steps that led, Still goeth bright before us; The heavenly shield around them spread, Is still high holden o'er us; The grace those sinners that subdued, The strength those weaklings that re-Doth vanquish, doth restore us. [newed
- 3 The cleaving sins that brought them low 5 Ye saints to come, take up the strain, Are still our souls oppressing, The tears that from their eyes did flow Fall fast, our shame confessing; As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry, So our strong prayer ascends on high, And bringeth down Thy blessing.
- 4 Their joy unto their Lord we bring, Their song to us descendeth; The Spirit who in them did sing To us His music lendeth: His song in them, in us, is one; We raise it high, we send it on,— The song that never endeth.
 - The same sweet theme endeavor: Unbroken be the golden chain, Keep on the song for ever: Safe in the same dear dwelling-place, Rich with the same eternal grace, Bless the same boundless Giver. Thomas H. Gill, 1868

Reformed and Anniversary



- 2 The fire divine, their steps that led, Still goeth bright before us; The heavenly shield around them spread, Is still high holden o'er us; The grace those sinners that subdued, The strength, those weaklings that re-Doth vanquish, doth restore us. [newed
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 Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
 Rich with the same eternal grace,
 Bless the same boundless Giver.

Thomas H. Gill, 1868

(Huguenot Hymn)



- 2 He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well; But with what love He loveth me My tongue can never tell. It is an everlasting love, In ever rich supply; And so we love each other— My Lord and I.
- 3 Sometimes I'm faint and weary,
 He knows that I am weak,
 And so He bids me lean on Him,
 His help I gladly seek.
 He leads me in the paths of light,
 Beneath a sunny sky,
 And so we walk together—
 My Lord and I.
- 4 I tell Him all my sorrows,
 I tell Him all my joys;
 I tell Him all that pleases me,
 I tell Him what annoys.
 He tells me what I ought to do,
 He tells me what to try
 And so we talk together—
 My Lord and I.
- 5 He knows how I am longing
 Some weary soul to win,
 And so He bids me go and speak
 A loving word for Him:
 He bids me tell His wondrous love,
 And why He came to die;
 And so we work together—
 My Lord and I.

Reformed and Anniversary



The cherubim and seraphim Incessant sing to Thee; The worlds and all the powers therein Adore Thy majesty.

3 The prophets' goodly fellowship, In radiant garments dressed. Praise Thee, Thou Son of God, and reap The fulness of Thy rest.

4 Through all the world, Thy churches join To call on Thee their Head, Brightness of majesty Divine,

Who every power hast made. Among their number, Lord, we love

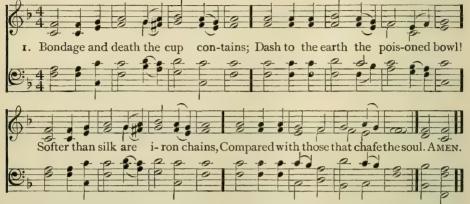
To sing Thy precious blood; Reign here and in the worlds above,

Thou Holy Lamb of God. John Cennick, 1742

(Temperance)

613 HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1824



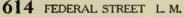
2 Hosannas, Lord, to Thee we sing, Whose power the giant fiend obeys; What countless thousands tribute bring, 4 For happier home and brighter days!

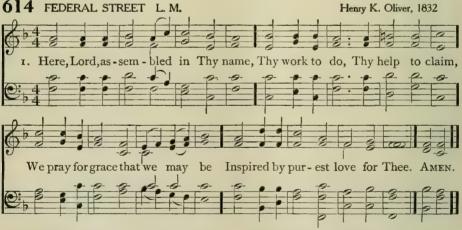
3 Thou wilt not break the bruisèd reed, Nor leave the broken heart unbound: The wife regains a husband freed! The orphan clasps a father found! Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the

blind.

Till man no more shall deem it just To live, by forging chains to bind His weaker brother in the dust.

Lucius M. Sargent





2 Not might, nor power, Thyself hast 4 With Christlike sympathy may we said,

Can vice destroy or virtue spread; Thy Spirit, Lord, this work must do, Who only can our hearts renew.

- 3 O touch our lips that we may speak To guard the tempted, help the weak, And guide the wand'ring to retrace Their steps, and seek a Father's face.
- The sorrows of our brethren see, Who, captive led by love of drink, Beneath a load of evil sink.
- 5 And while sobriety we teach, May we the heart and conscience reach; Make sober men Thy sons, O God Through Thy great power in Christ bestowed. E. Boaden

For Those at Sea



- 2 O Christ, Whose voice the waters heard, And hushed their raging at Thy word, Who walkedst on the foaming deep, And calm amidst its rage did sleep; O hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in peril on the sea.
- 3 Most holy Spirit, Who didst brood Upon the chaos dark and rude, And bid its angry tumult cease, And give, for wild confusion, peace; O hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in peril on the sea.
- 4 O Trinity of love and power, Our brethren shield in danger's hour; From rock and tempest, fire and foe, Protect them wheresoe'er they go; And evermore shall rise to Thee Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting, 1860



Childhood and Youth



2 Now I know Thou lovest and dost plead for me, Make me very thankful in my prayers to Thee. Soon I hope in glory at Thy side to stand; Make me fit to meet Thee in that happy land.

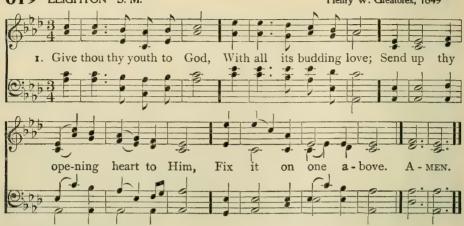
Anon.

617 Continued [POSEN]

- 2 When in danger make me brave, Make me know that Thou canst save; Keep me safe by Thy dear side, Let me in Thy love abide.
- 3 When I'm tempted to do wrong, Make me steadfast, wise and strong; And when all alone I stand, Shield me with Thy mighty hand.
- 4 When my heart is full of glee, Help me to remember Thee, Happy most of all to know That my Father loves me so.

619 LEIGHTON S. M.

Henry W. Greatorex, 1849



2 Be early wise for heaven, Choose thou the narrow way; The gate is straight, the road is rough, But it will end in day.

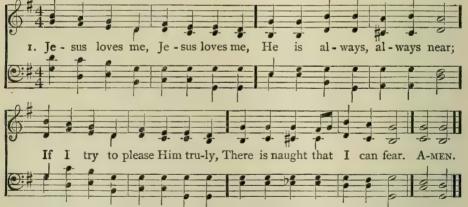
3 Take thou the side of God, In things or great or small, So shall He ever take thy side, And bear thee safe through all.

4 Quail not before the bad,
Be brave for truth and right,
Fear God alone, and ever walk
As in His holy sight.

Horatius Bonar

620 brocklesbury 8.7.8.7.

Charlotte A. Barnard, 1868



- 2 Jesus loves me; well I know it, For to save my soul He died; He for me bore pain and sorrow, Nailèd hands and piercèd side.
- 3 Jesus loves me; night and morning Jesus hears the prayers I pray, And He never, never leaves me, When I work or when I play,
- 4 Jesus loves me, and He watches Over me with loving eye, And He sends His holy angels Safe to keep me till I die.
- 5 Jesus loves me; O Lord Jesus, Now I pray Thee by Thy love Keep me ever pure and holy Till I come to Thee above.

Anon.

Childhood and Youth



- 2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go astray: Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus, Hear Thy children when they pray.
 - Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 astray:
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
 Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
 Early let us seek Thy favor:

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,

4 Early let us seek Thy favor;
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

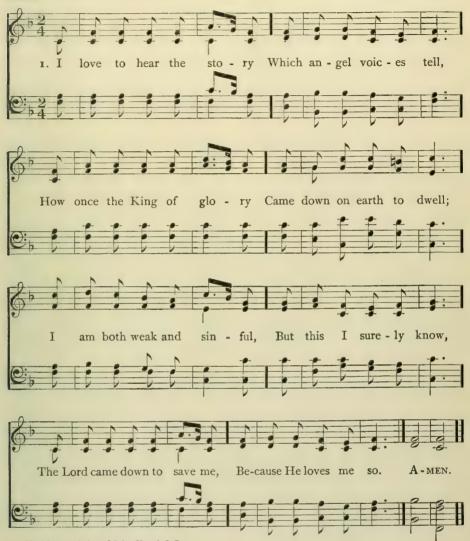


- 2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the little ones come unto Me."
- 3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in His love; And if I thus earnestly seek Him below, I shall see Him and hear Him above.
- 4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
 For all who are washed and forgiven;
 And many dear children shall be with Him there,
 For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
- 5 But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,
 Never heard of that heavenly home;
 I wish they could know there is room for them all;
 And that Jesus has bid them to come,

Jemima Luke, 1841

623 STORY OF LOVE 7.6.7.6. D.

George F. Root



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2 I'm glad my blessèd Saviour Was once a child like me, To show how pure and holy His little ones should be. And if I try to follow His footsteps here below, He never will forget me, Because He loves me so. 3 To sing His love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him
I know He hears my praise;
And He has kindly promised
That I shall surely go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

Emily Huntington Miller



- 2 And when He hung upon the tree, They wrote this name above Him; That all might see the reason we For evermore must love Him.
- 3 So now, upon His Father's throne, Almighty to release us From sin and pain, He gladly reigns, The Prince and Saviour Jesus.
- 4 To Jesus every knee shall bow, And every tongue confess Him, And we unite with saints in light, Our only Lord to bless Him.
- Thy grace shall fail us never;
 To-day as yesterday the same,
 Thou art the same for ever.

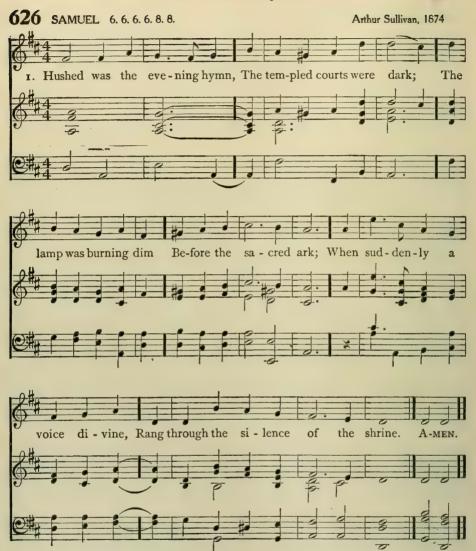
 George W. Bethune, 1858

Childhood and Youth



- 2 There's a home for little children Above the bright blue sky, Where Jesus reigns in glory, A home of peace and joy; No home on earth is like it, Nor can with it compare; For every one is happy, Nor could be happier, there.
- 3 There's a crown for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 And all who look for Jesus
 Shall wear it by and by;
- A crown of brightest glory, Which He will then bestow On those who found His favor And loved His name below.
- 4 There's a song for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 A song that will not weary,
 Though sung continually;
 - A song which even angels Can never, never sing;
 - They know not Christ as Saviour, But worship Him as King.

Albert Midlane, 1860



- 2 O give me Samuel's ear, The open ear, O Lord, Alive and quick to hear Each whisper of Thy word; Like him to answer at Thy call, And to obey Thee first of all.
- 3 O give me Samuel's heart, A lowly heart, that waits Where in Thy house Thou art,

Or watches at Thy gates By day and night; a heart that still Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

4 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with child-like eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

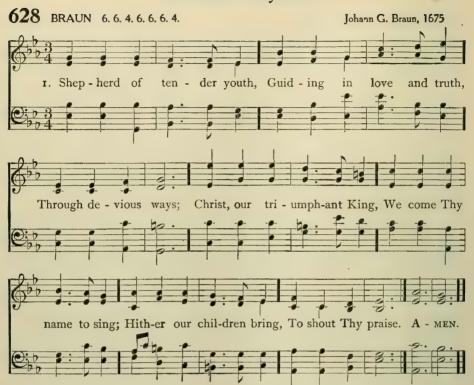
James D. Burns, 1856

Childhood and Youth



- 2 Seek me, my Saviour, For I have lost the way; I will Thy voice obey, Speak to me here: Help me to find the gate Where all Thy chosen wait; Ere it shall be too late, O call me near!
- 3 Show me, my Saviour,
 How I can grow like Thee;
 Make me Thy child to be,
 Taught from above:
 Help me Thy smile to win;
 Keep me safe folded in,
 Lest I should rove in sin,
 Far from Thy love.

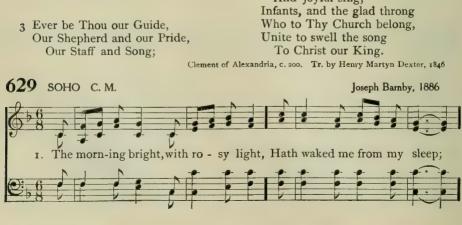
Charles S. Robinson



2 Thou art our holy Lord. The all-subduing Word, Healer of strife; Thou didst Thyself abase, That from sin's deep disgrace Thou mightest save our race, And give us life.

Jesus, Thou Christ of God, By Thy perennial word, Lead us where Thou hast trod; Make our faith strong.

4 So now and till we die. Sound we Thy praises high, And joyful sing; Unite to swell the song



Childhood and Truth



- 2 All through the day I humbly pray, Be Thou my Guard and Guide; My sins forgive, and let me live, Blest Jesus, near Thy side.
- 3 O make Thy rest within my breast, Great Spirit of all grace, Make me like Thee, then shall I be Prepared to see Thy face.



- 2 The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes, But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes: I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky, And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.
- 3 Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask Thee to stay
 Close by me forever, and love me I pray:
 Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,
 And fit us for heaven to live with Thee there.

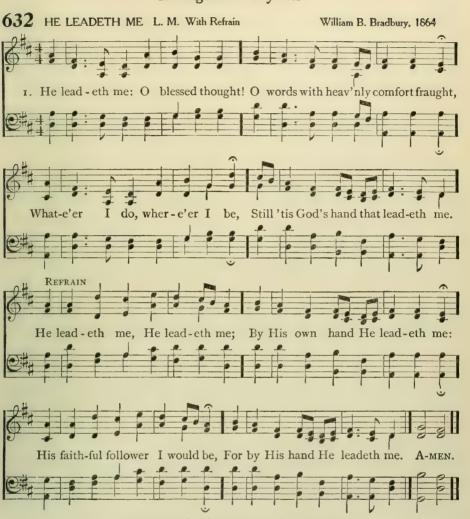
Martin Luther



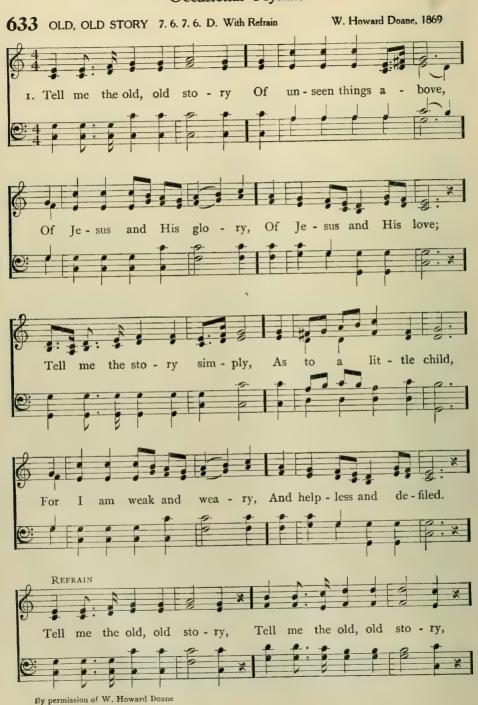
- 2 Shun evil companions; bad language disdain; God's name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true; Look ever to Jesus—He will carry you through.
- 3 To Him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown, Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down; He who is our Saviour, our strength will renew; Look ever to Jesus—He will carry you through.

Horatio R. Palmer, 1868

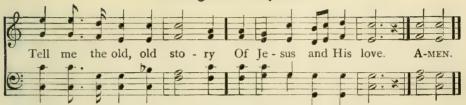
Evangelistic Hymns



- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters calm, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
- 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ever murmur nor repine; Content, whatever lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
- 4 And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace, the victory's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God through Jordan leadeth me.



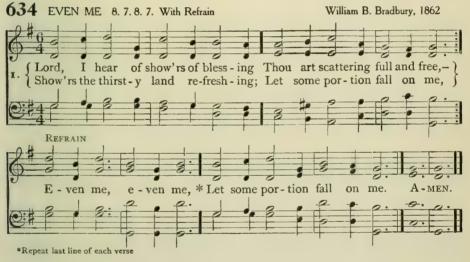
Evangelistic Hymns



- 2 Tell me the story slowly, That I may take it in: That wonderful redemption, God's remedy for sin: Tell me the story often, For I forget so soon; The early dew of morning Has passed away at noon.
- 3 Tell me the story softly, With earnest tones and grave; Remember, I'm the sinner Whom Iesus came to save:

Tell me the story always, If you would really be, In any time of trouble, A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story. When you have cause to fear That this world's empty glory Is costing me too dear: Yes, and when that world's glory Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old story, "Christ Jesus makes thee whole." Katherine Hankey, 1866, the refrain added



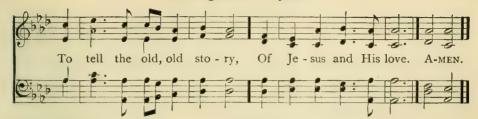
- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father, Sinful though my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the rather 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless, Let Thy mercy light on me.
- 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour, Let me love and cling to Thee; I am longing for Thy favor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit, Thou canst make the blind to see:

- Witnesser of Jesus' merit, Speak the word of power to me.
- Blood of Christ, so rich and free, Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Magnify them all in me.
- 6 Pass me not! this lost one bringing, 'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee; All my heart to Thee is springing; Blessing others, O bless me.

Elizabeth Codner, 1860

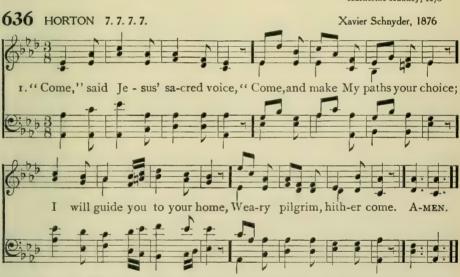


Evangelistic Hymns

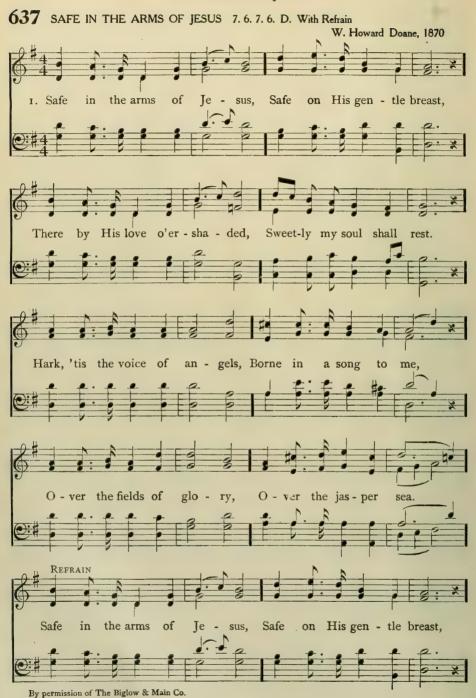


- I love to tell the story;
 More wonderful it seems
 Than all the golden fancies
 Of all our golden dreams.
 I love to tell the story,
 It did so much for me;
 And that is just the reason
 I tell it now to thee.
- 3 I love to tell the story;
 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems, each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet.
- I love to tell the story,
 For some have never heard
 The message of salvation
 From God's own holy Word.
- 4 I love to tell the story;
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest.
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the new, new song,
 'Twill be the old, old story
 That I have loved so long.

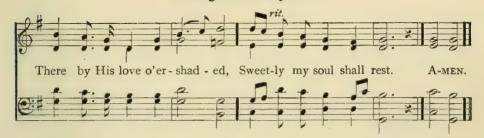
 Katherine Haukey, 1870



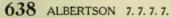
- 2 "Thou who, houseless, lone, forlorn, Long hast borne the proud world'sscorn, Long hast roamed the barren waste, Weary pilgrim, hither haste.
- 3 "Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain; Ye, by fiercer anguish torn, In remorse for guilt who mourn;
- 4 "Hither come, for here is found Balm that flows for every wound, Peace that ever shall endure, Rest eternal, sacred, sure."



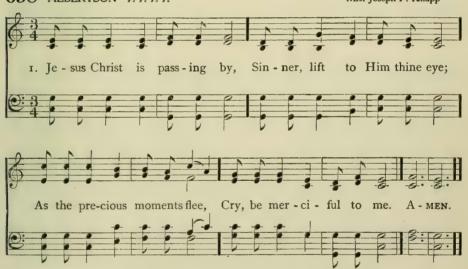
Evangelistic Hymns



- 2 Safe in the arms of Jesus. Safe from corroding care, Safe from the world's temptations, Sin cannot harm me there. Free from the blight of sorrow, Free from my doubts and fears, Only a few more trials, Only a few more tears.
- 3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge, Iesus has died for me: Firm on the Rock of Ages Ever my trust shall be. Here let me wait with patience, Wait till the night is o'er, Wait till I see the morning Break on the golden shore. Fanny J. Crosby, 1870



Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp



- 2 Lo. He stands and calls to thee. "What wilt thou then have of me?" Rise, and tell Him all thy need; Rise, He calleth thee indeed.
- 2 Lord, I would Thy mercy see; Lord, reveal Thy love to me; Let it penetrate my soul. All my heart and life control.
- 4 O how sweet the touch of power Comes,—and is salvation's hour: Jesus gives from guilt release, "Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"



- 2 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sacrifice; I give up myself, and whatever I know— Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat; I wait, blessèd Lord, at Thy crucified feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow— Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait; Come now, and within me a new heart create; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st No— Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Evangelistic Hymns



2 I need Thee every hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their power When Thou art nigh.

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3 I need Thee every hour In joy or pain; Come quickly and abide, Or life is vain.

- 4 I need Thee every hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promises In me fulfil.
- 5 I need Thee every hour, Most Holy One;O make me Thine indeed, Thou blessèd Son.

Annie S. Hawks, 1872

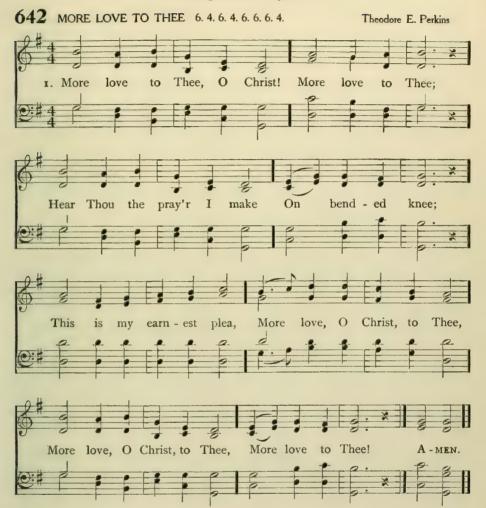


- 2 At the blest mercy-seat,
 Pleading for me;
 My feeble faith looks up,
 Jesus, to Thee.
 Help me the cross to bear,
 Thy wondrous love declare,
 Some song to raise, or prayer,
 Something for Thee.
- 3 Give me a faithful heart, Likeness to Thee, That each departing day Henceforth may see

- Some work of love begun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wanderer sought and won, Something for Thee.
- All that I am and have,
 Thy gifts so free,
 In joy, in grief, through life,
 Dear Lord, for Thee!
 And when Thy face I see,
 My ransomed soul shall be,
 Through all eternity,
 Something for Thee.

Sylvanus D. Phelps, 1869

Evangelistic Hymns



- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and rest;
 Now Thee alone I seek,
 Give what is best:
 This all my prayer shall be!
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!
- 3 Let sorrow do its work, Send grief or pain; Sweet are Thy messengers; Sweet their refrain,

When they can sing with me, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

Elizabeth P Prentiss, 1869

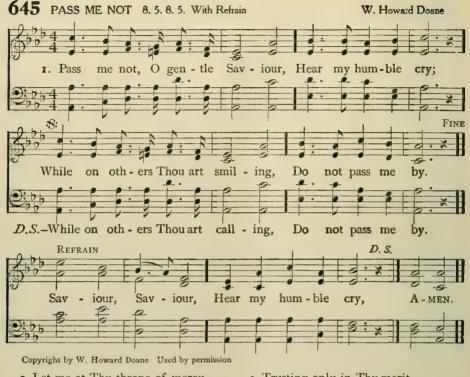


- 2 I love Thee, because Thou hast first loved me, And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree; I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow; If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath; And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow, If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 4 In mansions of glory and endless delight;
 I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
 I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
 If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

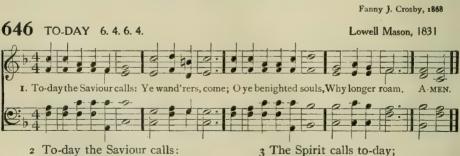
Evangelistic Hymns



- 2 Come to the Saviour now,
 Ye who have wandered far;
 Renew your solemn vow,
 For His by right you are;
 Come, like poor wandering sheep
 Returning to His fold;
 His arm will safely keep,
 His love will ne'er grow cold.
- 3 Come to the Saviour, all,
 Whate'er your burdens be;
 Hear now His loving call,
 'Cast all your care on Me.''
 Come, and for every grief
 In Jesus you will find
 A sure and safe relief,
 A loving Friend and kind.
 John M. Wigner, 1871



- 2 Let me at Thy throne of mercy Find a sweet relief;
 - Kneeling there in deep contrition,
 Help my unbelief.
- 3 Trusting only in Thy merit, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded, broken spirit, Save me by Thy grace.
- 4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
 . More than life to me,
 Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
 Whom in heaven but Thee?



2 To-day the Saviour calls: O listen now; Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow. 3 The Spirit calls to-day;
Vield to His power;
O grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

Samuel F. Smith, 1831 Alt. by Thomas Hastings

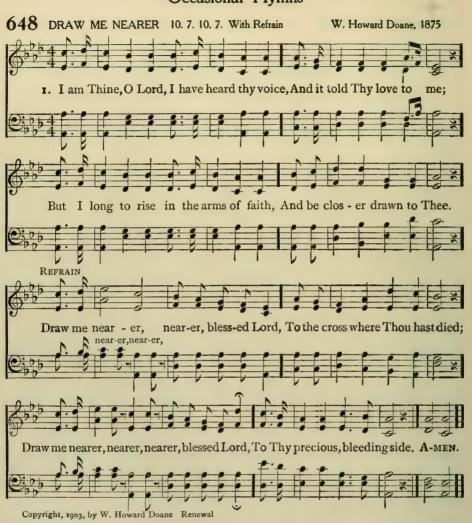
Evangelistic Hymns



2 Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me; There the Bright and Morning Star Shed its beams around me.

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- 3 Near the cross, O Lamb of God!
 Bring its scenes before me;
 Help me walk from day to day
 With its shadow o'er me.
- 4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hoping, trusting ever, Till I reach the heavenly land, Just beyond the river.

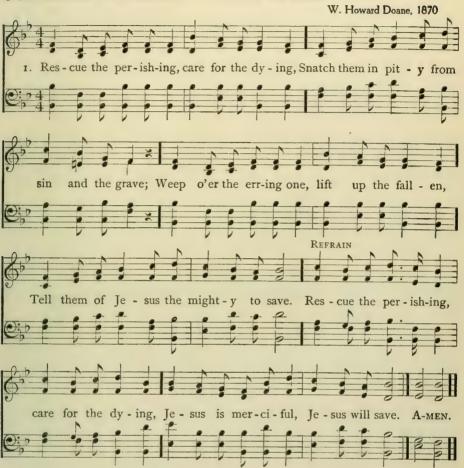


- 2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
 By the power of grace divine;
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
 And my will be lost in Thine.
- 3 O the pure delight of a single hour
 That before Thy throne I spend,
 When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
 I commune as friend with friend.
- 4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
 Till I cross the narrow sea,
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach
 Till I rest in peace with Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby, 1875

Evangelistic Hymns

649 RESCUE THE PERISHING 11. 10. 11. 10. With Refrain



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- 2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting, Waiting the penitent child to receive; Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently; He will forgive if they only believe.
- 3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that grace can restore; Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness, Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
- 4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it; Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide; Back to the narrow way patiently win them; Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.



- 2 Let me feel Thy sacred presence, Then my faith will ne'er decline; Comfort Thou and help me onward, Fill with love this heart of mine.
- 3 Round the cross where Thou hast ledme, Let my purest feelings twine; With the blood from sin that cleansed me, Seal anew this heart of mine.
- 4 Dwell in me, O blessed Spirit,
 Gracious Teacher, Friend divine,
 For the home of bliss that waits me
 O prepare this heart of mine.

Evangelistic Hymns



- 2 I was lost, but Jesus found me, Found the sheep that went astray; Threw His loving arms around me, Drew me back into His way.
- 3 I was bruised, but Jesus healed me; Faint was I from many a fall; Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.
- 4 Days of darkness still come o'er me, Sorrow's paths I often tread, But the Saviour still is with me, By His hand I'm safely led.

Francis H. Rowley



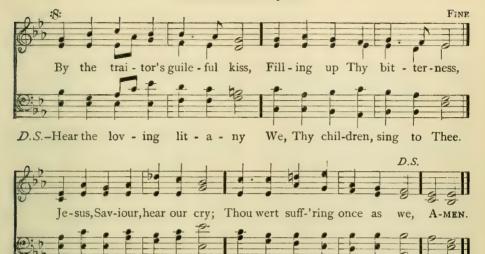
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine: He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
 Here have I found a nobler part,
 Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.



- 2 One, the light of God's own presence, O'er His ransomed people shed, Chasing far the gloom and terror, Brightening all the path we tread: One, the object of our journey, One, the faith which never tires, One, the earnest looking forward, One, the hope our God inspires.
- 3 One, the strain the lips of thousands Lift as from the heart of one; One the conflict, one the peril, One, the march in God begun:
- One, the gladness of rejoicing On the far eternal shore, Where the One Almighty Father Reigns in love for evermore.
- Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers!
 Onward, with the Cross our aid!
 Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
 Till we rest beneath its shade!
 Soon shall come the great awaking;
 Soon the rending of the tomb;
 Then the scattering of all shadows,
 And the end of toil and gloom!

 S. Baring-Gould





- By the cords that, round Thee cast,
 Bound Thee to the pillar fast,
 By the scourge so meekly borne,
 By the purple robe of scorn,
 Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry, etc.
- 3 By the thorns that crowned Thy head, By the sceptre of a reed, By Thy foes on bending knee Mocking at Thy royalty, Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry, etc.
- 4 By the people's cruel jeers,
 By the holy women's tears,
 By Thy footsteps faint and slow,
 Weighed beneath Thy cross of woe,
 Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry, etc.
- 5 By the nails and pointed spear,
 By Thy desolation drear,
 By Thy dying prayer which rose
 Begging mercy for Thy foes,
 Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry, etc.
- 6 By the darkness thick as night,
 Blotting out the sun from sight,
 By the cry with which in death
 Thou didst yield Thy parting breath,
 Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry, etc.

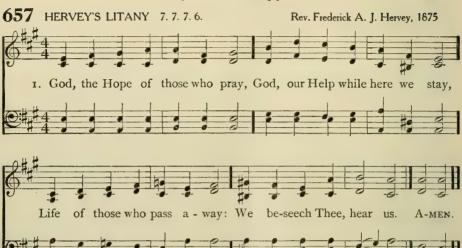
F. W. Faber

656 ST. AGNES C. M. (No. 290)

- This all my hope and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin, Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art; Wash me, but not my feet alone, My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve,
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley, 1740

(War-time Litany)



- 2 Hear us for the men who fight For our honor and the right, Shield them with Thy glorious might: We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 3 Father, Thou who lovest all, Help them when on Thee they call, Ever keep them lest they fall: We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 4 Christ, who died to right the wrong, Make our brothers brave and strong, Though the war be fierce and long: Hear us, Holy Jesus.
- 5 By Thy cross, O Christ, draw near Those who die, that they may hear Thine own voice, and have no fear: Hear us, Holy Jesus.
- 6 Holy Spirit, come, we pray Guide our country day by day In the high and holy way: Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 7 Make us all a worthier race, Formed and strengthened by Thy grace, Make this world a holier place: Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Harold Trask, 1915: arranged

(Church Anniversary)

658 DUKE STREET (No. 207)

- I Our fathers in the olden days Founded in faith this house of praise: Heirs of their sturdy faith, we sing-The Lord Omnipotent is King.
- 2 Thou, Lord, from corner stone to spire 4 To God the future years belong, Hast kept it safe from storm and fire: With glad thanksgiving let us sing-The Lord Omnipotent is King.
- 3 Our God through all the kindly years Has given us gladness more than tears: With humble gratitude we sing-The Lord Omnipotent is King.
- The endless war of right and wrong: In trusting faith we still may sing— The Lord Omnipotent is King,

Louis Bevier, 1918

659 A MIGHTY FORTRESS (No. 606)

- Thank! hark! the organ loudly peals,
 Our thankful hearts inviting
 To sing our Holy Father's praise,
 Both rich and poor uniting!
 Ye heavens and earth rejoice!
 And every heart and voice
 Your joyous strains upraise,
 In notes of endless praise,
 Before His Throne forever.
- Our thank! the organ loudly peals,
 Our thankful hearts inviting
 To sing the praise of Christ our King,
 Both rich and poor uniting!
 He left His throne on high,
 And lowly came to die,
 That we from earth might rise
 To realms beyond the skies,
 And live with Him forever.
- 3 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,
 Our thankful hearts inviting
 To sing the Holy Spirit's praise,
 Both rich and poor uniting!
 He bids us flee from sin,
 And makes us pure within,
 Till, warmed with heavenly love,
 We yearn to sing above
 Glad songs of praise forever!
- 4 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,
 Our thankful hearts inviting
 To high upraise our songs of praise,
 Both rich and poor uniting,—
 To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, three in One;
 Till soaring higher and higher,
 We join the heavenly choir
 Before His throne forever.

(A National Hymn of Victory)

660 ALL SAINTS NEW (No. 396)

- The shouts of war shall cease;
 The Glory dawns! the Day is come
 Of Victory and Peace!
 And now upon a larger plan
 We'll build the common good,
 The temple of the Love of Man,
 The House of Brotherhood!
- What though its stones were laid in tears, Its pillars red with wrong, Its walls shall rise through patient years To soaring spires of song! For on this House shall Faith attend, With Joy on airy wing, And flaming loyalty ascend To God, the only King!
- 3 America, America,
 Ring out the glad refrain!
 Salute the Flag, salute the dead
 That have not died in vain!
 O Glory! Glory to thy plan
 To build the common good,
 The temple of the Rights of Man,
 The House of Brotherhood!

Allen Eastman Cross, 1918

Opening Sentences







Gloria Patri



Anon.



Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er shall | be, || world | without | end.—

A- | men.



Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

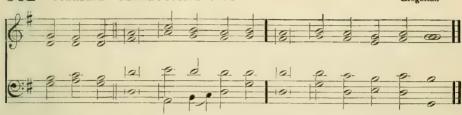
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world | without | end.—

A- | men.

Responses

662 Concluded GLORIA PATRI No. 6

Gregorian



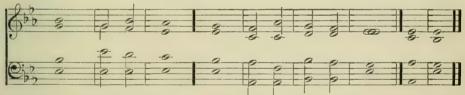
Glory || be to the Father, | and · to · the · Son, || and | to · the · Ho-ly · Ghost; As it || was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er · shall · be | world | with-out end. A-men.

663 RESPONSE AFTER PRAYER No. 1



RESPONSE AFTER PRAYER No. 2

Joseph Barnby



Let the words of my mouth and the meditation | of my | heart, || be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my | Strength and | my Re- | deemer. | A- | men.

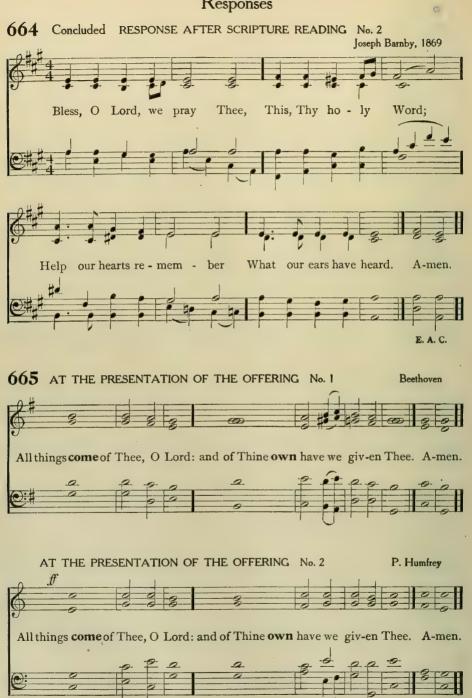
664 RESPONSE AFTER SCRIPTURE READING No. 1



God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us; || And cause His. | face to | shine up- | on us:

That Thy way may be | known up-on | earth, || Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations. | A- | men.

Responses



Gloria Tibi



Responses

667 Concluded RESPONSE TO THE COMMANDMENTS No. 2



Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed | be Thy | name; || Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in | earth · as it | is in | heaven;

Give us this **day** our | daily | bread, || and forgive us our **debts**, as | we for- | give our | debtors;

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | ever · and | ever. A- | men.

The Lord's Prayer

669 Concluded THE LORD'S PRAYER No. 2

Horatio R. Palmer



Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed | be Thy | name; || Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in | earth · as it | is in | heaven;

Give us this day our | daily | bread, || and forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors;

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | ever and | ever. A- | men.

THE LORD'S PRAYER No. 3

Gregorian



Our Father, who art in **heav**en, | hallow-èd | be Thy | name; || Thy kingdom come; Thy will be **done** in | earth · as it | is in | heaven;

Give us this | day our | daily | bread, || and forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors;

And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; || for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | ever. | A- — | men.

THE LORD'S PRAYER No. 4

Gregorian



Our || Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be · Thy · name; || Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on | earth · as it · is · in · heaven;

Give us this day our | dai-ly · bread, || and forgive us our debts, as | we · for-give · our debtors;

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us · from · e-vil; || for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | ev-er, · A-—men.

Tersanctus

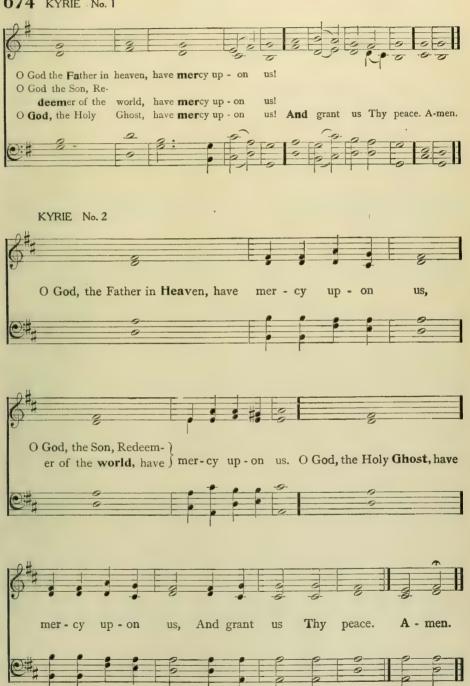




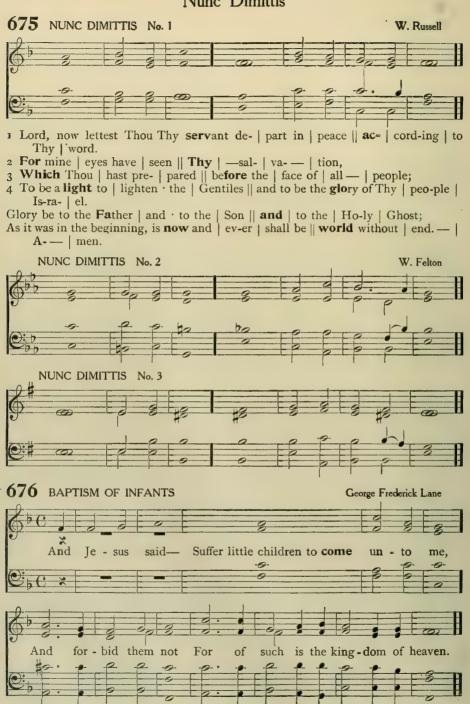
Seraphic Hymn



674 KYRIE No. 1



Nunc Dimittis



Te Deum Laudamus



O Lord, | save · Thy | people: || and | bless · Thine | her-it- | age.

Gov- | = · ern | them: || and | lift · them | up · for | ever.

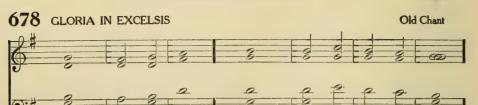
Day $| = \cdot$ by | day : || we | mag-ni- | fy = | Thee;

And we | worship · Thy | name: || ever | world · with- | out = | end. Vouch- | safe, O | Lord: || to keep us | this · day | with-out | sin.

O Lord, have | mercy · up- | on us: || have | mer-cy · up- | on · = | us.
O Lord, let Thy mercy | be · up- | on us: || as our | trust = | is · in | Thee.

O Lord, in Thee | have I | trusted: || let me | nev-er | be con- | founded.

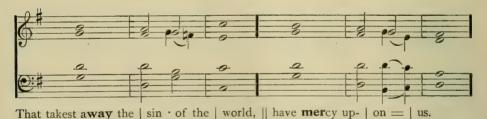
Gloria in Excelsis



Glory be to | God on | high: || and on earth | peace, good- | will toward | men.
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | wor-ship | Thee: || we glorify Thee, we give
thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



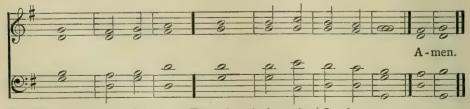
- O Lord God, | heaven-ly | King: || God the | Fa-ther | Al- = | mighty.
- O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Je-sus | Christ: || O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son = | of the | Father,



Thou that takest away the | sin · of the | world, || have mercy up- | on = | us.

Thou that takest away the | sin · of the | world, || re- | ceive our | prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy up- | on = | us.



For Thou | only · art | Holy: || Thou | on-ly | art the | Lord.

Thou only, O Christ, with the | Ho-ly | Ghost: || art most high in the | glory · of |

God the | Father. || A- | men.

Gloria in Excelsis

678 Concluded GLORIA IN EXCELSIS No. 2

Gregorian



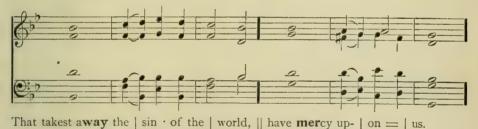
Glory be to | God on | high: || and on earth | peace, good- | will toward | men.

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | wor-ship | Thee: || we glorify Thee, we give

thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



- O Lord God, | heaven-ly | King: || God the | Fa-ther | Al- == | mighty.
- O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Je-sus | Christ: || O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son = | of the | Father,



Thou that takest away the $|\sin \cdot|$ of the $|\operatorname{world}, ||$ have mercy up- $|\operatorname{on} = |\operatorname{us}|$. Thou that takest away the $|\sin \cdot|$ of the $|\operatorname{world}, ||$ have mercy up- $|\operatorname{on} = |\operatorname{us}|$. Thou that takest away the $|\sin \cdot|$ of the $|\operatorname{world}, ||$ re- $|\operatorname{ceive}|$ our $|\operatorname{prayer}|$. Thou that sittest at the right hand of $|\operatorname{God}|$ the $|\operatorname{Father}, ||$ have mercy up- $|\operatorname{on} = |$



For Thou | only art = | holy: || Thou | on-ly | art the | Lord.

Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory of |

God the | Father. || A- | men.

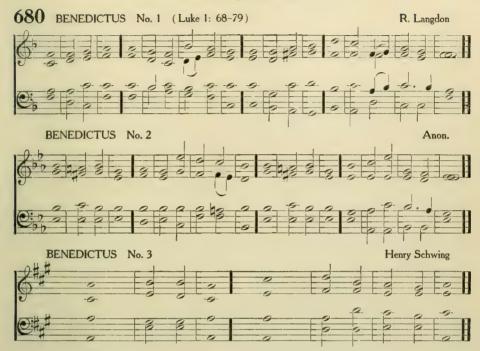
Morning Chants



- I O come, let us sing | unto · the | Lord; || let us make a joyful noise to the | Rock of | our sal- | vation.
- 2 Let us come before His **pres**ence | with thanks- | giving, || and make a joyful **noise** | un-to | Him with | psalms.
- 3 For the Lord is a | great = | God, || and a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
- 4 In His hand are the deep places | of the | earth: || the strength of the | hills is | His == | also.
- 5 The sea is **His**, | and He | made it: || and His **hands** | formed the | dry == | land.
- 6 O come let us worship | and bow | down: || let us kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
- 7 For He | is our | God; || and we are the people of His pasture; | and the | sheep of His | hand.
- 8 To-day if ye will hear His voice, **hard**en | not your | hearts || as in the provocation, and as the day of temp**ta**tion | in the | wil-der- | ness:
- When your fathers | tempted | me, | proved | me, and | saw my | work.
- 10 Forty years long was I grieved with this **gene** | ration, and | said, || it is a people that do err in their **heart**, and they | have not | known my | ways.
- 11 *Unto whom I sware | in my | wrath, || that they should not | enter in- | to my | rest.
- Glory be to the Father | and to the | Son: | and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
- As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be, | world without | end. = | A-= | men.

^{*} Last half of Double Chant.

Morning Chants



Blessed be the Lord | God of | Israel; | for He hath visited | and re- | deemed His | people;

2 And hath raised up a horn of sal- | va-tion | for us, || in the house | of His |

servant | David:

3 As He spake by the **mouth** of His | ho-ly | prophets, || which have **been** | since the | world be- | gan;

4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies, || and from the | hand of | all

that | hate us:

5 To perform the mercy **prom**ised | to our | fathers, || and to remem**ber** His | ho-ly | cov-e- | nant:

6 The oath | which He | sware | to our | fa-ther | A-bra- | ham.

7 That He would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our | enemies, | might | serve Him | with-out | fear,

8 In holiness and righteousness be- | fore = | Him, || all the | days = | of our |

9 And Thou, Child, shalt be called the **Proph**et | of the | Highest; || for Thou shalt go before the face of the **Lord** to pre | pare = | His = | ways;

10 To give knowledge of salvation | unto His | people, | by the re- | mis-sion | of

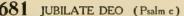
their | sins.

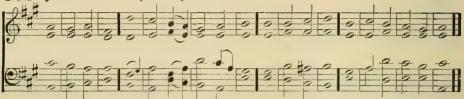
II Through the tender **mer**cy | of our | God; || whereby the day-**spring** from on | high hath | vis-ited | us;

12 To give light to them that sit in **dark**ness, and in the | shadow of | death; | to

guide our feet | into the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the Father | and | to the | Son: | and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be, | world without | end. = | A - = | men.





Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands, || serve the Lord with gladness: come be- | fore His | presence with | singing.

2 Know ye that the Lord | He is | God: || it is He that hath made us, and | not = | we our- | selves;

3 We | are His | people, | and the | sheep of His | past- = | ure.

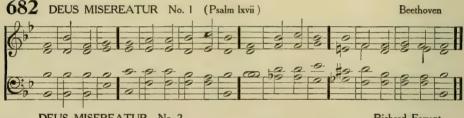
4 Enter into His gates | with thanks- | giving, || and | into · His | courts with | praise:

5 Be thankful | un-to | Him, | and | bless = | His = | name.

6 For the Lord is good; His mercy is | ev-er- | lasting, || and His truth endureth to | all == | gen-e- | rations.

Glory be to the Father | and · to the | Son: || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be, || world without | end. = | A- = | men.





I God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us; || and cause His | face to | shine up- | on us:

2 That Thy way may be | known upon | earth, || Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.

3 Let the **peo**ple | praise Thee, · O | God; || let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.

4 O let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy: || for Thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the | na-tions | up-on | earth.

5 Let the people | praise Thee, O | God; || let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.

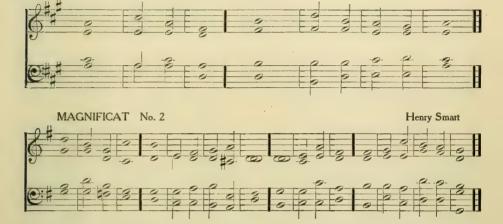
6 Then shall the earth | yield her | increase; || and God, even our | own = | God, shall | bless us.

7 *God | shall == | bless us; || and all the ends of the | earth shall | fear == | Him. Glory be to the Father | and | to the | Son: || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be, || world without | end. = | A-= | men.

* Last half of Double Chant

683 MAGNIFICAT No. 1 (St. Luke 1: 46-55)



MAGNIFICAT No. 3

John Robinson



- I My soul doth magni- | fy the | Lord, || and my spirit hath re- | joiced in | God my | Saviour.
- 2 For He | hath re | garded || the low e- | state of | His hand- | maiden.
- 3 For behold, | from hence- | forth || all gene- | rations shall | call me | blessed.
- 4 For He | that is | mighty, || hath done to me great things; and | holy | is His | name.
- 5 And His mercy is on them that | fear = | Him, || from gene- | ra-tion | to gene- | ration.
- 6 He hath shewed **strength** | with His | arm; || He hath scattered the proud in the imagi- | na-tion | of their | hearts:
- 7 He hath put down the **mighty** | from their | seats, || and exalted | them of | low = | degree.
- 8 He hath filled the **hung**ry | with good | things, || and the **rich** He | hath sent | empty a- | way.
- 9 He hath holpen His | serv-ant | Israel, || in re- | mem-brance | of His | mercy.
- Io As He **spake** | to our | fathers, || to Abraham, and | his = | seed for- | ever. Glory be to the **Fa**ther, | and · to the | Son: || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost,
- As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be, || world without | end. = | A- = | men.

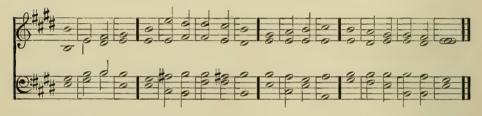
684 CANTATE DOMINO No. 1 (Psalm xcviii)

T. S. Dupuis



CANTATE DOMINO No. 2

John Randall

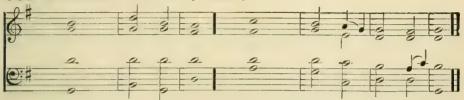


- 1 O sing unto the **Lord** a | new = | song; || for **He** hath | done = | mar-velous | things:
- 2 His right hand and His | ho-ly | arm, | hath | got-ten | Him the | victory:
- 3 The Lord hath made **known** | His sal- | vation: || His righteousness hath He openly **show**ed in the | sight = | of the | heathen.
- 4 He hath remembered His mercy and His truth toward the | house of | Israel: || all the ends of the earth have seen the sal- | va-tion | of our | God.
- 5 Make a joyful noise unto the **Lord**, | all the | earth: || make a loud **noise** and re- | joice == | and sing | praise.
- 6 Sing unto the Lord | with the | harp; || with the harp, and the | voice = | of a psalm.
- 7 With **trump**ets and | sound of | cornet | make a joyful **noise** be- | fore the | Lord, the | King.
- 8 Let the sea roar, and the | fulness there- | of: || the world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.
- 9 Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together be- | fore the | Lord; || for He | cometh · to | judge the | earth.
- 10 With righteousness shall He | judge the | world, | and the | people with | eq-ui- | ty.

Glory be to the **Fa**ther, | and · to the | Son: || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be: || world without | end. = | A- = | men.

685 BONUM EST CONFITERI (Psalm xcii)



1 It is a good thing to give **thanks** un- | to the | Lord, || and to sing **prais**es unto Thy | name, = | O Most | High.

2 To show forth Thy loving kindness | in the | morning, || and Thy | faithful-

ness | ev-ery | night.

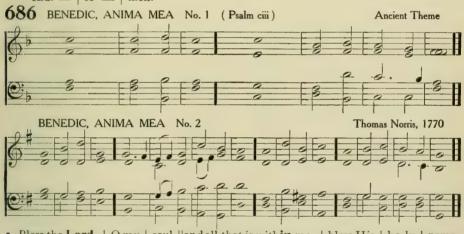
3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | psaltery; || upon the harp | with a | sol-emn | sound.

4 For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through Thy | work. | I will triumph in

the | works == | of Thy | hands.

Glory be to the Father, | and ' to the | Son: || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be, || world without |
end. = | A-= | men.



Bless the Lord, | O my | soul, | and all that is within me, | bless His | ho-ly | name.

2 Bless the Lord, | O my | soul, || and forget not | all His | ben-e- | fits:

3 Who forgiveth all | thine in- | iquities; | who healeth | all = | thy dis- | eases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life | from de- | struction; || who crowneth thee with loving | kindness and | ten-der | mercies;

5 The Lord hath prepared His | throne · in the | heavens; || and His kingdom | rul-eth | ov-er | all.

6 Bless the Lord, ye His angels, that ex- | cel in | strength, || that do His commandments, hearkening unto the | voice of | His == | word!

7 Bless ye the Lord, all | ye His | hosts! || ye ministers of | His, that | do His | pleasure!

8 Bless the Lord, all His works! in all **pla**ces of | His do- | minion: || **bless** the | Lord, = | O my | soul!

Glory be to the Father, | and \cdot to the | Son: || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be, || world without |
end. = | A- = | men.

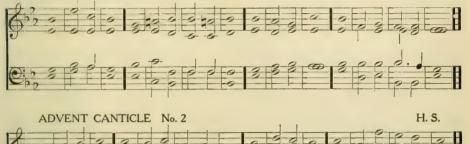
Occasional Chants

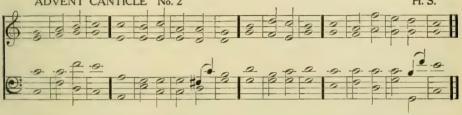


- I Have mercy upon me, | O = | God: | according to Thy | lov-ing | kind = | ness:
- 2 According unto the multi**tude** of Thy | ten-der | mercies: || blot **out** | my trans-| gres- = | sions.
- 3 Wash me thorughly from | mine in- | iquity: | and cleanse me | from my | sin.
- 4 For I acknowledge | my trans- | gressions: | and my sin is | ever ' be- | fore = | me.
- 5 Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil | in Thy | sight: || that Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest, and be | clear = | when Thou | judgest.
- 6 Behold, I was **shap**en in in- | iq-ui- | ty: || and in **sin** did my | mother con- | ceive = | me.
- 7 Behold, Thou desirest **truth** in the | in-ward | parts: || and in the hidden **part** Thou shalt | make me to | know = | wisdom.
- 8 Purge me with **hys**sop, and I | shall be | clean: || wash **me**, and I | shall be | whiter than | snow.
- 9 Make me to **hear** | joy and | gladness: || that the bones which **Thou** hast | bro-ken | may re- | joice.
- 10 Hide Thy face | from my | sins: | and blot out | all ' mine in- | iq-ui- | ties.
- II Create in me a clean **heart**, | O = | God: || and renew a right | spirit with- | in = | me.
- 12 Cast me not away | from Thy | presence: | and take not Thy | Ho-ly | Spir-it | from me.
- .13 Restore unto me the joy of | Thy sal- | vation: | and uphold me | with Thy | free = | spirit.
- 14 Then will I teach trans**gress**ors | Thy = | ways: || and sinners shall **be** con- | vert-ed | un-to | Thee.
- 15 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, Thou God of | my sal- | vation: || and my tongue shall sing aloud | of Thy | right-eous- | ness.
- 16 O Lord, open | Thou my | lips: | and my mouth shall | shew forth | Thy = | praise.
- 17 For Thou desirest not sacrifice, else | would I | give it: || Thou delightest | not in | burnt = | offering.
- 18 The sacrifices of God are a | bro-ken | spirit: || a broken and a contrite heart, O God, | Thou wilt | not de- | spise.
- 19 Do good in Thy good **pleas**ure | un-to | Zion: || build Thou the **walls** | of Je- | ru-sa- | lem.
- 20 Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and | whole burnt | offering: || then shall they offer | bullocks 'up- | on Thine | altar. Glory be to the Father | and 'to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
- As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev-er | shall be, || **world** without | end. = | A- = | men.

688 ADVENT CANTICLE No. 1

J, Robinson

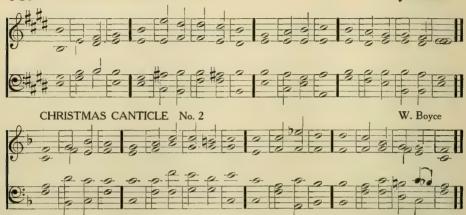




- I Sing unto the Lord a new song; and His **praise** from the | end · of the | earth, || ye that go down to the sea, and | all that | is there- | in.
- 2 Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift | up their | voice; || let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them **shout** | from the | tops · of the | mountains.
- 3 Let them give glory unto the Lord, and declare His **praise** a- | mong the | heath-en. || The **Lord** hath | com-forted | His == | people;
- 4 He hath made bare His holy arm in the **eyes** of | all = | nations: || and all the ends of the earth shall **see** the sal- | va-tion | of our | God.
- 5 Say to the Daughter of Zion, behold, thy sal- | va-tion | cometh; || behold, His reward is with Him, | and His | work be- | fore Him.
- 6 Fear Thou **not**; for | I am | with thee; || be not dis**may**ed; for | I am | thy == | God.
- 7 I will strengthen thee; **yea**, I will | help = | thee. || Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with | heal-ing | in His | wings!
- 8 The glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and | all · flesh shall | see it. || Death shall be swallowed up in victory, and God will wipe away | all tears | from our | eyes.
- 9 And it shall be said in that day, Lo! | this is our | God; || we have waited for **Him**, and | He will | save == | us;
- To This is the Lord; we have | waited · for | Him, || we will be glad and re- | joice in | His sal- | vation.
- II Sanctify and prepare yourselves to look upon the glory of our God; for the | Lord = | cometh. || Prepare ye the way of the Lord and | make His | paths = | straight.
- 12 Let us serve Him with gladness, and come before His | presence with | singing! | Blessed is He that cometh in the | name = | of the | Lord!
- Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost,
- As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev-er | shall be, || **world** without | end. = | A- = | men.

689 CHRISTMAS CANTICLE No. 1

I. Randall



I Behold, I bring you good tidings of | great == | joy; || for unto you is born this day a Saviour, | which is | Christ the | Lord!

2 Glory to God | in the | high-est, | and on earth | peace, good | will toward |

men!

3 The Lord hath remembered His | cov-e- | nant || and sent sal- | va-tion | to His | people.

4 Israel is saved | by the | Lord || with an | ever- | lasting sal- | vation.

5 This is the Lord's doing, and marvelous | in our | eyes. || This is the day the Lord hath made; we will rejoice | and be | glad in | it.

6 Let the voice of rejoicing and sal- | vation be | heard, || in the taber- | nacles | of the | righteous.

7 Blessed is He that cometh in the name | of the | Lord! | Blessed be the kingdom of our father David! Ho- | san-na | in the | highest!

8 Open to me the gates of | right-eous- | ness, | I will enter | in and | praise

the | Lord.

9 Say among the **hea**then, that the | Lord = | reigneth. || Let the multitudes of the isles be glad thereof: let the heavens rejoice, and | let the | earth be | glad.

10 He shall judge the world with | right-eous- | ness; | and the | peo-ple | with His | truth.

11 *Blessed be His glorious name for | ever and | ever: || and let the whole earth be | fill-ed | with His | glory.

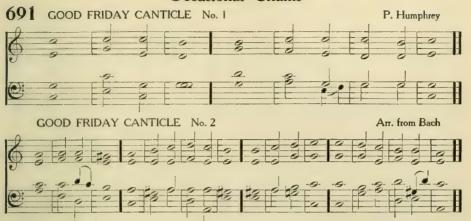
Glory be to the Father | and · to the | Son, | and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be, | world without | end. = | A - = | men.



I He was wounded for | our trans- | gressions; | He was | bruised · for | our in- | iquities.

^{*} Last Half of Double Chant.



I Christ our Passover was offered for us on this day. He was delivered for our of- | fen- == | ses.

2 He bore our sins in His own body on the tree, and the Lord hath laid on Him the in- | iq-uity | of us | all.

3 He hath trodden the wine- | press a- | lone, | and of the people | there was |

none with | Him. 4 He was taken from prison | and from | judgment; | He was cut off out of the |

land = | of the | living.

5 Thou wast slain, and hast re- | deem-ed | us || out of every kindred, and tongue, and | peo- = | ple, and | nation;

6 Thou hast loved us, and washed us from our sins in | Thine own | blood; | and hast made us unto our God, | kings = | = and | priests.

7 Worthy is the Lamb | that was | slain || to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, for | ever \cdot and | ev- = | er.

8 Now is come sal- | vation and | strength, | and the kingdom of our God, and the | power · of | His = | Christ.

9 *Death shall be swallowed | up in | victory, | and God shall wipe away all | tears = | from our | eyes.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. = | A - = | men.

690 Concluded [PASSION WEEK CANTICLE]

2 The chastisement of our **peace** | was up- | on Him, || and with His | stripes = | we are | healed.

3 All we like sheep have | gone a- | stray; || we have turned every | one to | his own | way;

4 And the Lord hath | laid on | Him | the in- | iq-uity | of us | all.

5 He was oppressed, and He | was af- | flicted, | yet He | open-ed | not His | mouth.

6 He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a **sheep** before her | shearers. is | dumb, | so He | open-ed | not His | mouth.

Glory be to the **Fa**ther, | and · to the | Son, || **and** | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be, | world without | end. = |A - =| men. * Last Half of Double Chant,

692 EASTER CANTICLE

I. F. Petri



I Christ our Passover | has = | risen. || He was dead, and behold He is alive for evermore, and hath the keys of | hell = | and of | death.

2 Christ our Passover was dead, a sacrifice | for our | sins. || He was put to death

in the flesh, but was | quick-ened | by the | Spirit.

3 Christ is risen from the dead, and henceforth | dieth · no | more; | death hath no more do- min-ion o-ver Him. 4 He died unto sin once, but now He liveth | un-to | God; | the Prince of Life

could not be | hold-en | of = | death.

5 God did not leave His soul | in the | grave, | nor suffer His Holy One to | see = | cor = | ruption.

6 Christ is risen, the first fruits of | them that | slept. | Since by man came

death, by man came also the resur- | rec-tion | of the | dead.

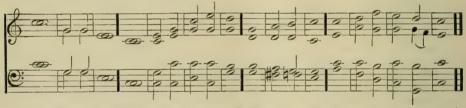
7 Death is swallowed | up for | ever! | O Death, | where = | is thy | sting?

8 O Grave, | where is thy | victory? | Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory, | through our · Lord | Je-sus | Christ.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son, | and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end. = |A - = | men.

693 ASCENSION DAY CANTICLE

Arr. by J. F. P.



I O clap your hands, | all ye | people. | Shout unto God with the | voice = | of = | triumph!

2 God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound | of a | trumpet. || Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of | glo-ry | shall come | in!

3 Who is this | king of | glory? | The Lord, strong and mighty; | He is the |

king of | glory.

4 Sing praises to God, and unto our **King!** | Sing = | praises! || For **He** is the | King of | all the | earth.

5 God reigneth | over the | heathen; | He sitteth upon the | throne of | His = |

6 Let all the world bow | down be- | fore Him, | and all the angels of | God = | wor-ship | Him!

7 Thy throne, O God, is for | ever and | ever; || the sceptre of Thy kingdom |

is a | right == | sceptre.

604 WHITSUNDAY CANTICLE

I. F. Petri



I Let us praise the Lord, and ex- | alt His | goodness. || Let us come before Him

with songs of | praise, and | hymns of thanks- | giving.

2 God hath raised up His holy Child Jesus, who, being by His right hand exalted, shed forth the promise of the Holy Ghost up- on the a- postles, so that they spake with new tongues, and wrought signs and won-ders in His name.

3 He gave power to the testimony of His servants. | The kingdoms of the

earth, the people and | nations · have | heard His | voice,

4 And have rendered obedience | unto · our | Lord, | and | to = | His = | Christ.

5 We render thanks unto | Thee, O | Lord, || who art the Alpha and Omega, the | first = | and the | last,

6 That Thou hast re- | vealed . Thy | power, | and entered up- | on Thy |

king = | dom.

7 Thou hast sent unto | us the | Comforter, || even the Spirit of truth, that He

may a- | bide with | us for- | ever.

8 Thou hast sent the Spirit of Thy Son into our hearts, whereby we cry unto Thee: Ab-ba, Father. It is the Spirit, which witnesseth with our spirits, that | we are · the | children · of | God.

9 The Spirit also helpeth | our in- | firmities, | and with groanings, which cannot

be uttered, | maketh · inter- | ces-sion | for us.

10 We wait for the redemption | of our | body, | and for the manifestation of the glorious liberty | of the | sons of | God.

II The Spirit is the earnest and pledge of | our in- | heritance; || whereby also we

are sealed | unto · the | day of · re- | demption.

12 O Lord, we praise Thee, and | render · Thee | thanks, || that Thou hast | giv-en | us the | Spirit.

Glory be to the Father, | and ' to the | Son, | and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be, | world without | end. = |A-=| men.

693 Concluded [ASCENSION DAY CANTICLE]

8 Thou lovest righteousness and | hat-est | wickedness; | therefore God, Thy God, hath anointed Thee with the oil of | gladness · a- | bove Thy | fellows.

9 Thou hast as- | cended · on | high; || Thou hast led cap- | tiv-i- | ty= | captive.

To Thou hast received | gifts for | men. | Thou hast entered into Thy Father's house, to pre- | pare a | mansion · for | us.

II Thou hast prepared Thy throne | in the | heavens; | and Thy kingdom | ruleth | ov-er | all.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without

end. = | A - = | men.

695 DOMINUS REGIT ME No. 1 (Psalm xxiii)

Lowell Mason



- I The Lord | is my | Shepherd; | I | shall = | not = | want;
- 2 He maketh me to lie down in | green = | pastures: || He leadeth me be- | side the | still = | waters.
- 3 He re- | storeth · my | soul : || He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for His | name's == | sake.
- 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil: || for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy | staff they | com-fort | me.
- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the **presence** | of mine | enemies; | Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup = | run-neth | over.
- 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of · my | life: || and I will dwell in the | house · of the | Lord for- | ever.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son, | and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev-er | shall be, || world without | end. = | A- = | men.

DOMINUS REGIT ME No. 2

Gregorian



- The = | Lord | is my | Shepherd; | I | shall = | not = | want;
- 2 He maketh me to lie **down** in | green= | pastures: || He **lead**eth me be- | side the | still = | waters.
- 3 He re- | storeth · my | soul: || He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for His | name's = | sake.
- 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of **death**, I will | fear no | evil: || for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy | staff they | com-fort | me.
- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the-presence | of mine | ene-mies; | Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup == | run-neth | over.
- 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of · my | life: || and I will dwell in the | house · of the | Lord for- | ever.
- Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son, | and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
- As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev-er | shall be, || **world** without | end. = | A-= men.

696 THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD No. 1

William B. Bradbury



I I am the resurrection and the life, | saith the | Lord; || He that believeth in me, though he were | dead, yet | shall he | live.

2 And whosoever | liv- == | eth, || and believeth in | me, shall | nev-er | die.

3 None of us liveth to himself, and no man **di**eth | to him- | self: || for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we **die**, we | die un- | to the | Lord:

4 Whether we live therefore or **die**, we | are the | Lord's ;|| for to this end Christ both died and rose, and revived, that He might be **Lord** | both · of the | dead and | living.

5 And now is Christ risen | from the | dead, | and become the first | fruits of |

them that | slept.

6 O death, | where is thy | sting? | O grave, | where is thy | victo- | ry?

7 Thanks be to God, which **giv**eth | us the | victory || through our **Lord** | Je-sus | Christ! A- | men.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev-er | shall be, || world without | end. = |A - = | men.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD No. 2

Gregorian



I I = | am the resurrection and the life, | saith the | Lord; | He that believeth in me, though he were | dead, yet | shall he | live.

2 And = who= | soever | liv- = | eth, || and believeth in | me, shall | nev-er | die.

3 None | of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth | to him | self: | for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we | die un- | to the | Lord:

4 Wheth- | = er we live therefore or die, we | are the | Lord's; || for to this end Christ both died and rose, and revived, that He might be Lord | both of the | dead and | living.

5 And = now | is Christ risen | from the | dead, || and become the first | fruits of |

them that | slept.

6 O = death, | = | where is thy | sting? || O grave, | where is thy | victo- | ry?

7 Thanks = | be to God, which giveth | us the | victory | through our Lord | Je-sus | Christ! A- | men.

Glo= | ry be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost; As it was | in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be, || world without | end. = | A- = | men.

77 THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

Thomas Tallis



Blessed are the dead who die in the **Lord** | from hence- | forth; || Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their | works do | fol-low | them.

2 Our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is | none a- | biding; || We are but of yesterday; there is but a | step be-tween | us and | death;

3 Man's days are as grass: as a flower of the **field**, so he | flourisheth; || He

appeareth for a little **time**, then | van-ish- | eth a- | way.

4 Watch! for ye know not what **hour** your | Lord doth | come; || Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think **not**, the | Son of | Man = | cometh.

5 It is the Lord; let Him do what | seemeth him | good; | The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and | blessed be the | name of the | Lord.

6 Blessed are the dead, who die in the **Lord** | from hence- | forth; || Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their | works do | fol-low | them. Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ev-er | shall be, || **world** without | end. = | A- = | men.



I Lord, Thou hast been our | dwell-ing- | place | in | all = | gen-er- | ations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the **earth** | and the | world, || even from everlasting to **ever**- | last-ing | Thou art | God.

3 Thou turnest man to de-struction and sayest, Re-turn, ye children of men.

4 For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as **yes**terday | when · it is | past || and as a | watch == | in the | night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a **flood**; they | are · as a | sleep; || in the morning they **are** like | grass which | grow-eth | up;

6 In the morning it flourisheth, and | grow-eth | up; || in the evening it is cut | down and | with-er- | eth.

7 For all our days are passed away | in Thy | wrath; || we spend our years as a | tale == | that is | told.

8 The days of our years are threescore | years and | ten; || and if by reason of | strength · they be | four-score | years,

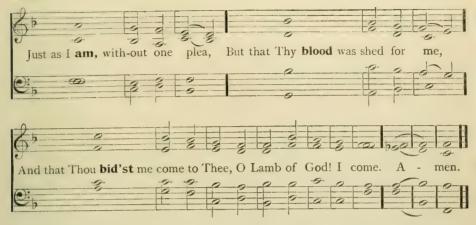
9 Yet is their **strength** | labor · and | sorrow; || for it is soon cut **off** | and we | fly a- | way.

10 So teach us to | number · our | days, || that we may apply our | hearts = | unto | wisdom.

Glory be to the Father, | and · to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be, || world without |
end. = | A- = | men.

699 JUST AS I AM

Anon.



- 2 Just as I am, and | waiting | not
 To rid my soul of | one dark | blot,
 To Thee, whose blood can | cleanse each | spot,
 O | Lamb of | God, | I | come.
- 3 Just as I am, though | tossed a- | bout With many a conflict, | many a | doubt, Fighting and fears with- | in, with- | O | Lamb of | God, | I | come. [out,
- 4 Just as I am, poor, | wretched, | blind, Sight, riches, healing | of the | mind—Yea, all I need—in | Thee to | find, O | Lamb of | God, | I | come.
- Just as I am, Thou | wilt re- | ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, | cleanse, re- | lieve;
 - Because Thy **prom**ise | I be- | lieve, O | Lamb of | God, | I | come.

6 Just as I am, Thy | love un- | known Has broken every | barrier | down; Now to be Thine, yea, | Thine a- | lone O | Lamb of | God, | I | come.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836

700 THY WILL BE DONE

Lowell Mason



"Thy will be | done!" || In devious way | 2 "Thy will be | done!" || If o'er us shine The hurrying stream of | life may | run; || A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, || Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done." | "Thy will be | done!"

3 "Thy will be | done!" || Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, | one comfort—one
Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done."

John Bowring

DE PROFUNDIS (Psalm cxxx)

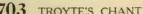
J. F. Petri

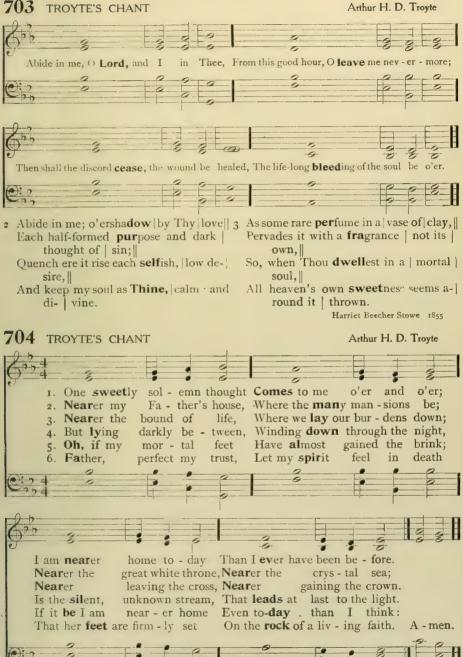


- 1 Out of the depths have I cried unto | Thee, O | Lord. | Lord, | hear = | my = | voice.
- 2 Let Thine ears | be at- | tentive | to the | voice of my | sup-pli | cations.
- 3 If Thou, Lord, shouldest | mark in- | iquities, || O | Lord, = | who shall | stand?
- 4 But there is for- | given-ess | with Thee, || that | Thou= | mayest · be | feared.
- 5 I wait for the Lord, my | soul doth | wait, | and in His | word = | do I | hope.
- 6 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch | for the | morning : || I say more than they that | watch = | for the | morning.
- 7 Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord | there is | mercy, || and with | Him is | plenteous · re- | demption.
- 8 And He shall re- | deem = | Israel || from | all = | His in- | iquities.
- Glory be to the Father, | and ' to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
- As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be, | world without | end. = | A - = | men.

702 TROYTE'S CHANT

- 1 My God, my Father, | while I | stray Far from my home in life's rough way, O teach me from my | heart to | say, "Thy | will be | done."
- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot, 5 If but my fainting | heart be | blest Let me be still and | murmur | not, Or breathe the **prayer** di- | vinely | "Thy | will be | done." | taught,
- 3 What though in lonely | grief I | sigh 6 Renew my will from | day to | day, For friends beloved, no | longer | nigh, Submissive still would | I re- | ply, "Thy | will be | done."
- 4 If Thou should'st call me | to re- | sign What most I **prize**, it | ne'er was | mine; I only yield Thee | what is | Thine: "Thy | will be | done."
- With Thysweet Spirit | for its | guest, My God, to Thee I | leave the | rest; "Thy | will be | done."
 - Blend it with **Thine**, and | take a-|way All that now makes it | hard to | say, "Thy | will be | done."
 - 7 Then, when on earth I | breathe no | more The prayer oft mixed with | tears be- | fore, I'll sing upon a | happier | shore, "Thy | will be | done."





C.M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God whom we adore, Be glory, as it was, is now, And shall be evermore.

C. M. D.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all-divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One
Let saints and angels join:
Glory to Thee, blest Three in One,
The God Whom we adore,
s was, and is, and shall be done,
When time shall be no more.

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

L. M. D.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, praise be given,
The everlasting Three in One,
Adored by all in earth and heaven;
As was in circling ages past,
Is now, and shall forever be,
While saints their crowns of glory cast
Before Thy throne, blest Trinity.

S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One and Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

S. M. D.

Praise, as in ages past,
Praise, as in glory now,
Praise, while eternity shall last,
To Thee, O God, we vow;
Whom all the Heavenly host
And saints on earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Be glory evermore.

6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

To Father, Spirit, Son,
Whom we adore;
Eternal Three in One,
Praise evermore:
As was in ages past,
Is now, and still shall be,
While endless time shall last,
Blest Trinity.

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

To Father and to Son, And Spirit, Three in One, All praise be given, As hath been heretofore, And shall be evermore; Let all His name adore In earth and heaven.

6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

To God, the Father, Son, And Spirit, Three in One, All praise and glory be; As was in ages past, And shall forever last, Most Holy Trinity.

.6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8,

To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit, praise:
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

From all in earth and heaven,
To God, the Three in One,
Be boundless glory given,
And ceaseless service done.
Co-equal praise to Father,
To Son, and Spirit be:
One God, they reign together
In Holy Trinity.

Doxologies

7. 7. 7. 7.

Sing we to our God above, Praise eternal as His love; Praise Him, all ye heavenly host, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Praise the name of God most high, Praise Him all below the sky, Praise Him all ye heavenly host, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; As through countless ages past, Evermore His praise shall last.

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Praise our glorious King and Lord, Angels waiting on His word, Saints that walk with Him in white, Pilgrims walking in His light: Glory to the eternal One, Glory to His only Son, Glory to the Spirit be Now and through eternity.

8. 7. 8. 7.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven, Praise the Son, the Spirit praise, As it was, and is, be given Glory through eternal days.

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. or 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Glory be to God the Father, Glory be to God the Son, Glory be to God the Spirit, Great Jehovah, Three in One: Glory, glory, While eternal ages run.

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Praise the God of all creation,
Praise the Father's boundless love,
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
Praise the Spirit from above,
Praise the fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

To God the Father, God the Son And God the Spirit, Three in One, Be honor, praise and glory given By all on earth and all in heaven, As was through ages heretofore, Is now and shall be evermore.

10. 10. 10. 10.

To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest, Eternal praise and worship be addressed, From age to age, ye saints, His name adore,

And spread His fame, till time shall be no more.

11, 11, 11, 11,

O Father Almighty, to Thee be addressed,

With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blest,

All glory and worship from earth, and from heaven,

As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

706

